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THE CONTRACTING ENGINEER

By Benjamin Brooks

WITH DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING SOME OF HIS PROBLEMS

THE contracting engineer, as you will easily imagine from his name, is part contractor and part engineer. An engineer, pure and simple, designs and advises what other people are to execute. A contractor, pure and simple, executes what some one has designed for him. All this would be as simple as an oyster if the two professions were bounded by definite straight lines, but they are not. Their boundaries are as irregular and indefinite as the famous seacoast of Bohemia, and when you come to fit them together there are places where they overlap and places where no amount of stretching will make them meet. I have never in my life seen a thing (involving more parts or greater complication than, say, an ordinary monkey wrench) that was finally constructed and used exactly as it appeared in the original plans and specifications. And, beginning at the monkey wrench, you may go as far as the Panama Canal, and, whatever undertaking you choose to study, the same apparently inevitable differences between designing things and doing things, between paper engineering and field engineering, will appear. The contractor will be criticising the designer for his impractical details; the designer will be criticising the contractor for his rough-and-ready disregard of the same—no doubt with perfect good-nature, but from a radically different point of view.

When, therefore, a man undertakes to be both contractor and engineer he is doomed to spend his life trying to sit on two stools without falling between them.

To illustrate a point of difference between engineering on paper and in the field, suppose the directors of a railroad decide to cross the Platte, or the Arkansas, or the Colorado, or some other unruly, quicksandy river, so as to tap new territory. Their engineer chooses the site, bores a string of deep wells to ascertain the depth down to bed rock, and draws up preliminary plans showing the geography of the crossing, the position of the piers, the weights that the bridge is to carry.

He may also design the bridge in detail or leave that part to a firm of bridge engineers. But after every one is finished with it on paper it is then up to the contracting engineer to go and sit on the river bank for awhile and rack his brain for the exact method by which he is to dig a pit down through thirty feet of torrential water and sixty feet of quicksand, get out of the hole alive, fill it up behind him with solid concrete and come away with honors and money in his pocket. First he plans out his own temporary bridge to carry him and his pile-driver; next he figures how he is to build a fence around his pit by driving long steel or wooden staves deep into the earth so that the fence will be almost water-tight, and how he is to brace it with timbers against the tremendous weight of the surrounding earth. And then he decides the most expeditious way to dig the earth from the enclosure. Very likely he will have in his mind's eye a huge bucket swinging from the end of a long boom, and split like the four quarters of an orange peel, that opens and closes its jaws in a lobster-like manner and devours the sand ravenously. Nor must he fail to consider his pumps and the boilers to run them, nor his concrete mixing machinery, nor how he is to remove the stout interior braces by degrees, as

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he begins to build the pier, and yet not allow his bulkheads to burst and the sand to run in on him. So much for the piers. Next he must consider how he is going to get those graceful spider-web steel trusses—spider-webs that weigh hundreds of tons—to span over the intervening torrent. He must be very positive and definite on the whole process. He figures how he is to clear a space back from the river bank so that he can first of all erect one span temporarily on dry land. This seems like a lot of unnecessary and fruitless trouble—to the uninitiated; but having one span built on dry land with its riverward end resting on the first pier, he can connect to it, with suitably enormous links, the beginning of a second span, and can continue to build this second span piece by piece out over the water, knowing that the span on dry land will always balance it like a seesaw and prevent its falling until it reaches pier number two. Having arrived at pier number two, he can proceed likewise to pier number three, and so on across, until finally he takes down his dry land span and rebuilds it permanently over the last stretch of water.

Throughout all this process he has designed not one fragment of the bridge; yet he has thought out a score of equally ingenious things without which it could never have become an accomplished fact. Thus he earns the title of engineer. And he has accomplished each and all of them for a certain agreed price; has guarded against all manner of mishaps and the fury of spring floods; has foreseen and successfully met the changes in plans (for mind you, the "bed rock" that the engineer's boring struck may have been only hard boulders resting on nothing) and finally comes to have money in the bank when everything is finished. Thus he earns the title of contractor.

It is very much the same with any large undertaking. After the paper engineering is all done, the actual field engineering begins to call forth the real ingenuity. There is a large undertaking in progress at the present time which is a striking example. It calls for a pair of railway tunnels across a swift river full of ice in winter, full of ships in summer, and having nothing under it but stiff blue mud to build on. In order to be sure of the very best way to do it, the railway engineers and the contracting engineers all got their heads together beforehand and argued it out. They finally agreed first to dig a deep trench across stream through the stiff mud by means of a floating dredger having a long-handled spoon projecting down from it—a mighty spoon with a sixty-foot handle, holding a few cart loads at a time, working ponderously and blindly along under water (but none the less surely) by virtue of enormous chains and snorting engines. They decided next to lower from a barge into this trench a criss-crossed foundation of steel beams and to place it on the mud bottom at exactly the right location and height; after that to build a pair of long steel tubes or tunnel sections together side by side into a floating vessel with their ends closed air-tight; and, having navigated the cumbrous craft exactly to the required spot on the river's swift surface, to open the air valves —"scuttle the ship," in other words—and sink it exactly into its foundation cradle at the bottom of the trench. Having sunk a goodly fleet of such extraordinary craft precisely in line without mishap, they planned to secure them by pouring concrete around and over their intersections from another barge having three long elephants' trunk spouts to let down through the water; and finally to pump out all the water from their interior, and line them heavily with more concrete, which will form a permanent and deeply-buried thoroughfare after the iron exterior of the original fleet shall have rusted away.

But after all their arguments and conferences beforehand, an engineering paper, in commenting on the project, recently stated that "the general plans were described and illustrated in our issue of . . .; but important changes have been made in the actual execution of the work." Small wonder at that; for countless complicated left-handed and impractical methods must have been tried out, run to earth, and abandoned before these simple rudimentary moves were hit upon and arranged in order on the board.

In fact, the characteristic of simplicity is a very large and important factor in this very broad and all-embracing profession. "Nine-tenths of the business," said a very able contractor to me, "is common horse-sense." But of course he did not literally mean common-sense, but that very rare,

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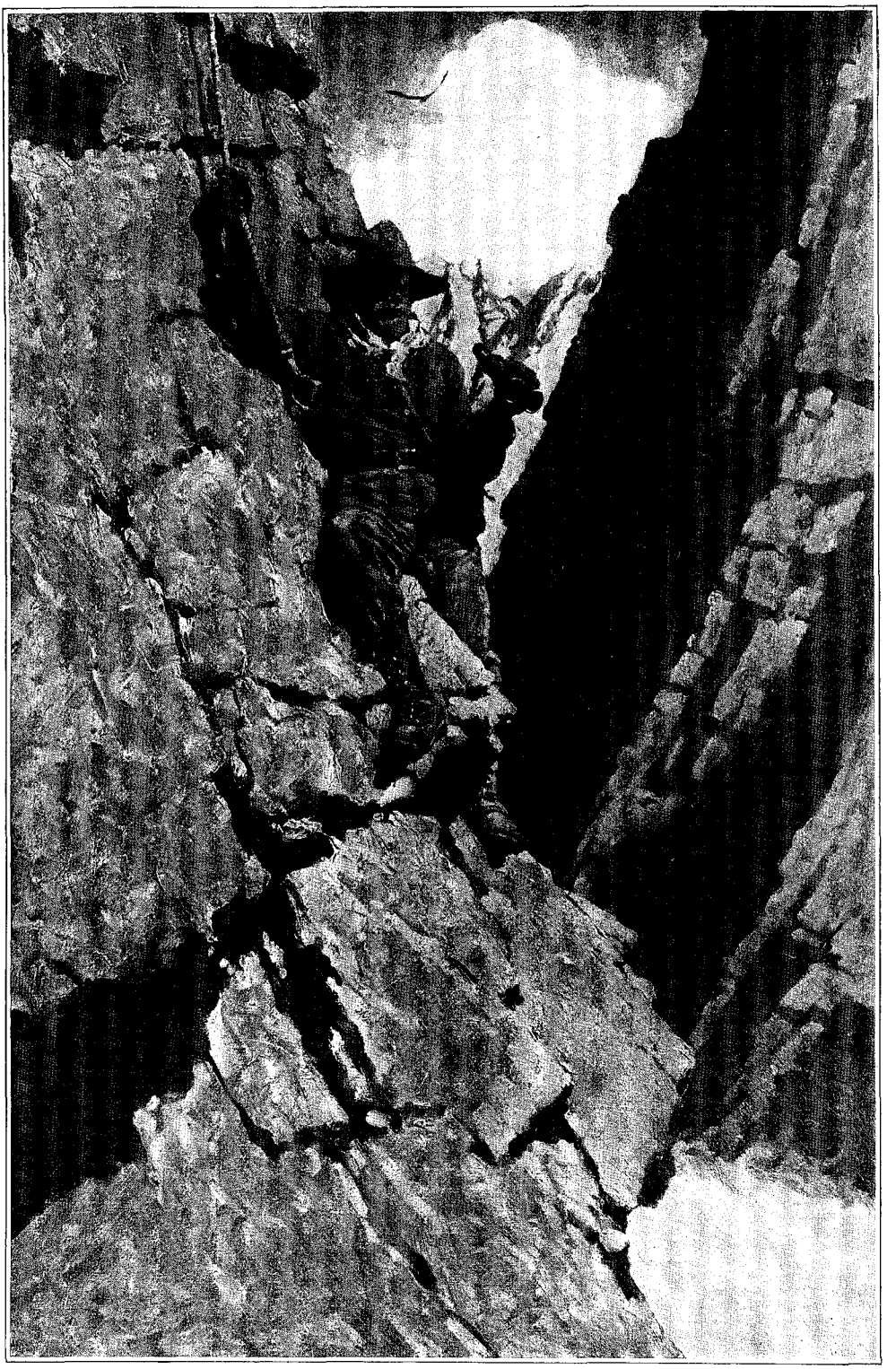

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The locating engineer—the first man on the ground who often risks his life to approximate possible routes.

The rope to which the engineer is attached has been made fast either to a rock or stump and he has let himself down the full length, or perhaps an assistant is holding it.

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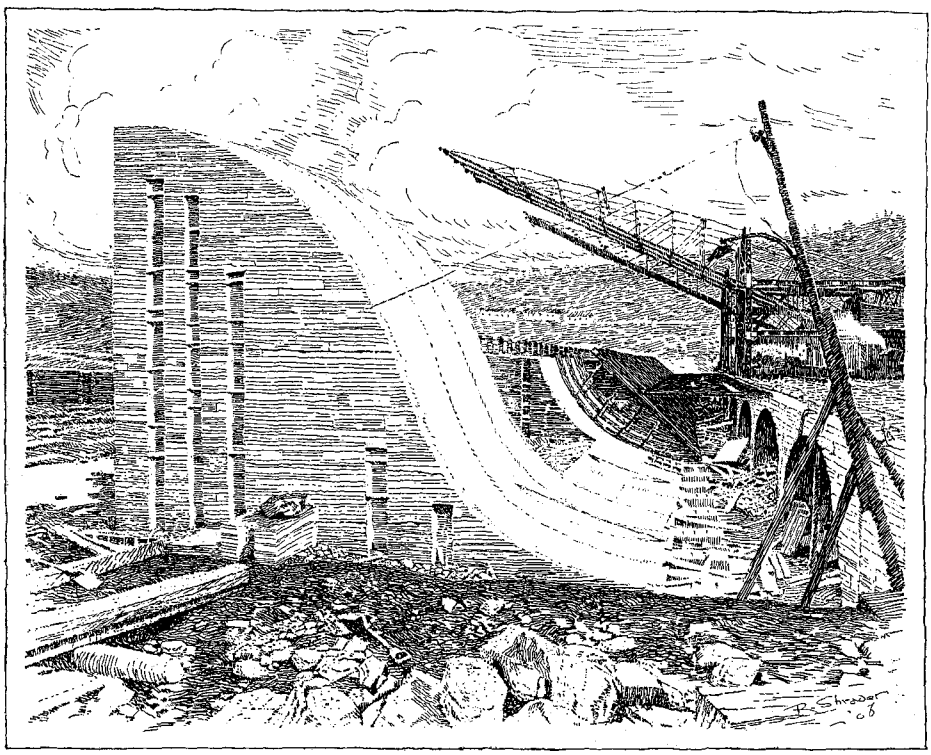
uncommon gift of straight simple thinking accredited to a possible majority of horses but actually possessed by mighty few men. You will see it in all the great engineering undertakings—possibly not on paper in the office, but by grim necessity in the field. Thus they are building a half-mile-long wall straight across the raging Susquehanna to-day by the simple expedient of a convenient island and a temporary dam made of great boxes full of stone (technically styled cribs) floated into line and sunk. Safely behind this barricade, while the river occupies one-half of its bed, they build the great wall across the other—not solid, but with alternate blocks and spaces. Having this much done, the river may roar and foam through the spaces to its heart's content and no harm done; and in its quieter moods these can be filled gradually by lowering a water-tight canvas curtain over them on a skeleton steel frame and setting the concrete behind it.



Sections of the McCall's Ferry Concrete Dam in course of construction.

Showing the temporary construction bridge (on the right) and the powerful steel cranes which handle the concrete buckets. The steel framework which makes the mould is also shown.

It might puzzle the ordinary mortal to state in legal form just how much time and how much money he would require to take down a tall brick chimney. The contracting engineer would make it take itself down. After doing a small sum of arithmetic on his cuff, he would direct certain portions of the base removed. In the spaces thus left he would fit a lot of very stout timbers, then remove the bricks which remained between them. Then he would set fire to the timbers and, watching from a safe distance with a camera, would take a snap-shot of it as it fell.

"The easiest money I ever earned," said an old-time contractor to me, "was when I agreed to dredge the ferry slip of the—— Transportation Company. They were in a bad plight, telegraphing everywhere for a dredger that could be towed up in a hurry; for the river had silted up their landing slip right in their busiest season and it meant a thousand dollars a day to them. In the

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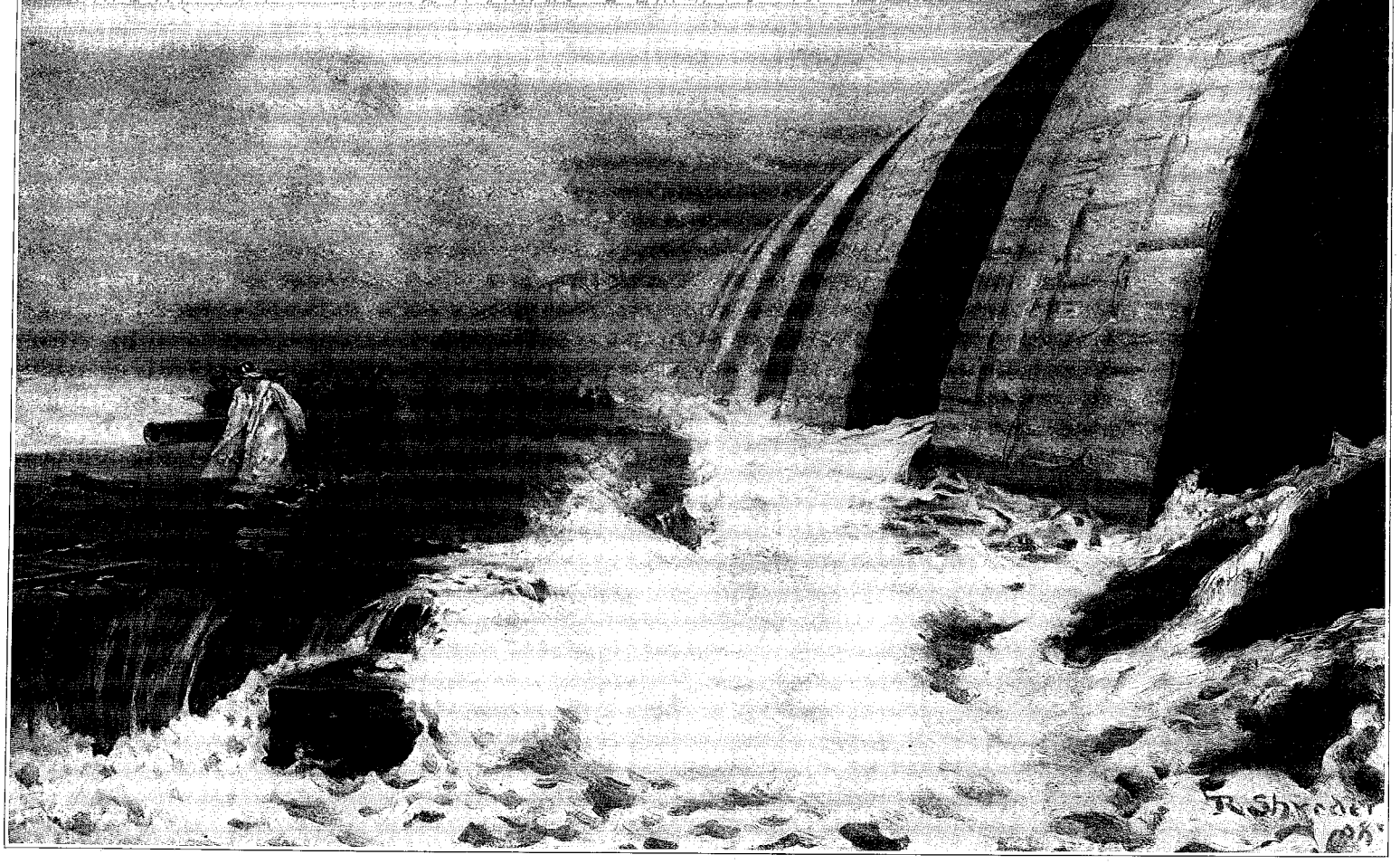

Drawn by R. Shrader.

The McCall's Ferry Dam on the Susquehanna.

Unjoined sections of the concrete dam during a spring freshet. Workmen are clearing the surface of the construction bridge to prevent the loss of implements and material. When the dam, 2,500 feet in length, is completed, all the sections which now appear open will be closed, making a solid, continuous structure, over the top of which the water will flow. The dam from river bottom to top is 75 feet at the deepest part. It will run ten turbines which will drive dynamos producing 100,000 horse-power of electricity.

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midst of their excitement I happened into their office and offered to dredge the slip for $500. 'Done,' said they, and we signed papers on the spot. Then I went out and hired a big tug for five dollars an hour, backed her into the slip, tied her close and fast, and started the engine. In about a minute that big propeller set up such a current that the silt began floating out of the slip in tons. In two hours I called at their office again, left a good cigar and got my $500."

Thus has the "common horse-sense" of the contracting engineer made many things possible and practicable, like building railways on mud, hanging suspension bridges in the clouds, erecting thirty-story buildings on earthquake faults and Liverpool docks on quicksands—things, which may have lain waiting for years in the fevered mind of some inventor as mere scintillating ideas with no way of becoming real.

But the successful contracting engineer cannot live by this alone. He must possess a deal of theoretical knowledge, too, which he must know when to use and when not to use—the latter being quite as important as the former: for, be it remembered, the great Quebec bridge could not possibly fall—theoretically: but practically it fell, bringing down with it much human life and many a time-honored theory of bridges. He must possess tact almost to the point of genius, for he does business with all manner of men—some very technical and severe, some with very grand ideas but no knowledge of how to carry them out, some as ignorant as a Dahome and crooked as a dog's hind leg, but elected to important public offices nevertheless; and some with red tape and gold braid and arrogance all over them. And he must be rather long on courage—courage to stand at the danger point, after he has ordered all his men out of harm's way, and listen to the cracking and crushing of his bursting bulkheads with a cool head saving what he can of life and property and "staying with the baggage till the water runs into his ears;" courage also, of perhaps a higher order, sufficient to enable him to resist the frequent opportunities he has to lend the scheming inspector twenty dollars, which the latter has no thought of returning—for this is but the beginning of one of those devious ways leading on to bribery and grand juries. He must even be game to appear smiling at the next meeting of the Honorable Board, after a crushing disaster, with his outfit held for debt or sunk to the bottom of the sea, himself and possibly his bondsmen without a cent, and figure on the next job with a perfectly steady hand and begin again from the beginning. Considering all things together, it might be said the contracting engineer, like orators and generals, is born and not made.

He begins his career most naturally and best from the possession of a peculiar streak of what might be called geographic romance. I mean that, whereas, for instance, the devotee of history is to be found poring over old books or standing in fascination before the pictures of great battles, or glorying in the great men long since dead as his personal acquaintances, so your true contracting engineer with the real gypsy streak in his blood will never rest entirely free from the yearning to discover what's on the far side of the ridge. All maps of all places are interesting to him just because they are maps; and he gloats over them. He watches the far horizon to see the grand old peaks that he knows rise upon it, and takes leave of them regretfully as of friends. He can sit in a lonely railway station, staring at the wall apparently, and can carry on brave conquests against roaring rivers and avalanches and solid cliffs all in his mind's eye, and can see endless caravans of pack mules and pioneers and soldiers of fortune marching by in clouds of dust to conquer the rough old planet for human use and habitation. Day after day have I been abroad at sunrise for no other object than to watch one same old chain of mountains sculptured in deep, clear shadows and flaming peaks, and longed for them with as queer romantic longing as that which started the most famous and best-beloved of all knights errant across the long brown plains of Andalusia.

Being thus endowed by nature to start with, the young candidate for promotion must soon learn two very essential things; first, "to carry the message," and second, to take care of himself wherever the fates carry him. He must be like the soldier or the war correspondent, ready and able to get anywhere, to the very last place on earth; beyond the railways, beyond the

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Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Blackwell's Island Bridge, New York City, in course of construction.

Looking toward the central span from which the cantilever, self-supported, projects over half the intervening space of nearly 1,000 feet. The net work of steel beams, girders and braces in the foreground is all "false-works," a fine instance of a contracting engineer's problems.

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limits of the vaguest maps. In the order of conquest he is but the third man on the spot—first the missionary; then the soldier; then the contracting engineer. After that come the ordinary mortals known as population. And only by the previous efforts of these three and over their white bones can the world's population and commerce proceed.

He learns to take thirty miles a day on foot as a mere constitutional, to sleep on the ground, to steer by the sun, to guess his altitude by the trees, to sense the characteristics of the country he journeys in as a sportsman judges a horse. He must ride and swim (in water or quicksand, as the case may be) and not be afraid of high places or deep tunnels. He must explore treacherous rivers in an egg-shell of a boat and not miss a single feature which he passes nor turn up missing himself. He is supposed to be able to get ashore somehow in safety when rolled out of a boat in the heavy breakers on an unknown coast. I have met more than one of him who had fought cannibals; so that should, no doubt, be put down as one of his accomplishments too. And sometimes he has to recover from a broken leg or a fever with nobody but a superstitious Cholo woman for a nurse and a fragrant mud hut for a hospital and goodness knows who for a doctor.

All the while he is roaming over and learning the old planet in its natural magnificence; he is studying how to make it, possibly not so magnificent, but vastly more convenient to live in. Where you sweep gracefully round the curve on the cliff and hang for a moment in mid-air on the great steel cantilever and catch a flashing look at what the guide-book calls its scenic marvel, you will be making far better time than the fellow who blasted out the curve and climbed by inches down one side of the gorge and up the other leaving a string of stone piers behind him; and for comfort and convenience you will be tremendously more fortunate, but you will never see the region as he saw it, when he was hewing his way and your way through it, nor ever know it as he did when he lived in a little hut on the ledges and watched his army working and heard the faint noise of his machinery drifting down the weird, lonesome valley with the thin smoke of his donkey boilers. Or when you land at the long pier you will have little sympathy with the man who previously clung to the top of the swaying pile-driver that drove its foundations, and think little of the anxious stormy times with all work ceased and everybody hoping nothing would carry away; or those still ghostly nights before the town and the people came when the phosphorescence spit blue fire upon the sea and churned it into the breakers. When you visit the pretty blue lake in the mountains you will find it most difficult to imagine the scene before the pretty blue lake was there, when a very sunburned individual sat on a height, running the valley over with his eye and a little pocket level, discovering how he could blast out the rock from this knoll, divert a rivulet here, build a concrete wall across a gap there, and so capture the water.

Always there is the keen interest of coming at things first hand, of dealing with great undertakings in a simple direct way. I delight to hear good engineers and contractors in discussion. They think by the year, by the mile, in ten thousands of tons, in millions of dollars. It is truly magnificent. Once I came upon two young men by the side of a river. One was drawing pictures with a stick in the sand (for an engineer never can tell or explain anything without pictures) and the other was discussing them between mouthfuls of a very delicious orange just appropriated from off the tree. I soon got the drift of the argument; it was merely that these two transitory mortals were deciding with almost insolent assurance how to turn the river—the river that for a million years had always gone its way. And, what is more to the point, having designed and built suitable jetties, they turned it and saved ten thousand acres for the orange tree and the plough.

A very well recognized authority on the subject says, and also sets it down in a book, that beyond a certain point the success of the contractor depends upon his ability to handle men. Let him be ever so technical or so naturally ingenious, still must he be fully able to maintain himself a ruling monarch against all comers. He must not only be a king without the expedient of an awe-inspiring sceptre (other than a hickory pick-handle) but a very just benevolent king at that; for whatever the

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Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Constructing the new railroad yards of the Pennsylvania system in Long Island City.

The work of excavating and filling extends over 250 acres.

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government of the country in which he toils, his own little camp is always a kingdom; and all the subjects on his long payroll are not only soldiers in his cause to fight against time and all obstacles, but children in his care as well. He must be severe and just with all and endeavor never to hurt or kill one. A mighty lot depends on this, and it is his men more than his money that will keep him awake nights thinking about floods and fires and landslides. All good soldiers love a successful general. In the same way a contracting engineer's success depends on the fact that his men have confidence in him, will follow him anywhere, will undertake anything he says can be done and stay with anything he says must be finished. A corollary to this and part of the code of honor of a contractor king is that he will never order a man to go where he will not go himself, and go first. Only thus does he come to deserve his loyal subjects—the stayers—and to earn the right to banish arbitrarily from his realm all the quitters.

Despots have had a tendency to be hearty, good, popular fellows under their outward show of severity, yet mighty hard fighters too. And even in this later day of republics one occasionally meets the true type. I once had the extreme honor of rubbing elbows with true royalty in a no less democratic place than a Los Angeles café. It never occurred to me, however, that the rather tanned but otherwise perfectly conventional person in evening dress, who chanced to sit opposite at the same little round table, was anything but an ordinary mortal. But suddenly there arose a great scuffling and cries of "police." The row soon began to involve everybody, but the unknown gentleman at my table kept perfectly calm until some one drew a gun. At this point he rose quickly, broke his chair completely apart with a single jounce and, flourishing the two hind legs of it like a thoroughly accomplished single-stick artist, he emptied the café. The management was exceedingly grateful and assured him "der was no extra charge for der chair," and I immediately recognized my neighbor as a distinguished person, for although I had once seen a dare-devil newspaper man empty a Boston theatre by making a speech from a box, I had never seen a man empty a café with the hind legs of a chair. So I made appropriate overtures and he finally told me his story. Even as I had begun to suspect, he was a ruling monarch. He told how he had changed from a mere subject to a man of power by inheriting a dilapidated pile-driver outfit and its attendant responsibilities; how he had wandered over the earth, a gypsy with a cosmopolitan crew, had mastered the cuss words of every language current, and built good bridges with Zuni Indians, Russian emigrants and Mexican bandits while his competitors were complaining of the scarcity of good labor; how he had fought Chicago safe-crackers and clubbed them into good mule drivers; he hinted at the hard money he had parted with learning the art of self-defence and the sharp knocks he got from the blue-jackets of the navy learning how to single stick with the hind legs of a chair. And now he had a kingdom all his own—a wandering polyglot kingdom with never the same boundaries but always the same purpose—to make history on the map.

"And if you get down into the thumb-hand corner of Arizona where we are now," said he in parting, "come out to camp. I'll have a horse at the station for you. Bring tobacco and magazines and I'll appoint you Secretary of State, or Prime Minister, or whatever you like."

Of course I finally went, for contracting engineers get everywhere in time. I rode all night in a decrepit and ill-lighted smoking-car—not because there were no sleepers to be had, but it was hot for one thing, and there was the beautiful silver-gray desert to watch for another thing, going by in long sweeps, guarded by its black shadowy mesas, lighted by its wonderful white stars and fragrant as lavender with perfume of sage brush. And, besides, it was too interesting. In the seat opposite there were the mining engineer from Borneo and the little German tramp scientist who had walked all the way through Patagonia and come out alive. There was a bunch of young surveyors from everywhere. And the newspaper men were along, with a real war correspondent from the "Far East"—very appropriately, too, for ahead of us was a great war going on, war against a furious untamed river, red as blood and stronger than all the armament in the world.

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Drawn by G. W. Peters.

Excavating for the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Ninth Avenue and Thirty-Third Street, New York City.

Showing the temporary support of the elevated railroad and the street level.

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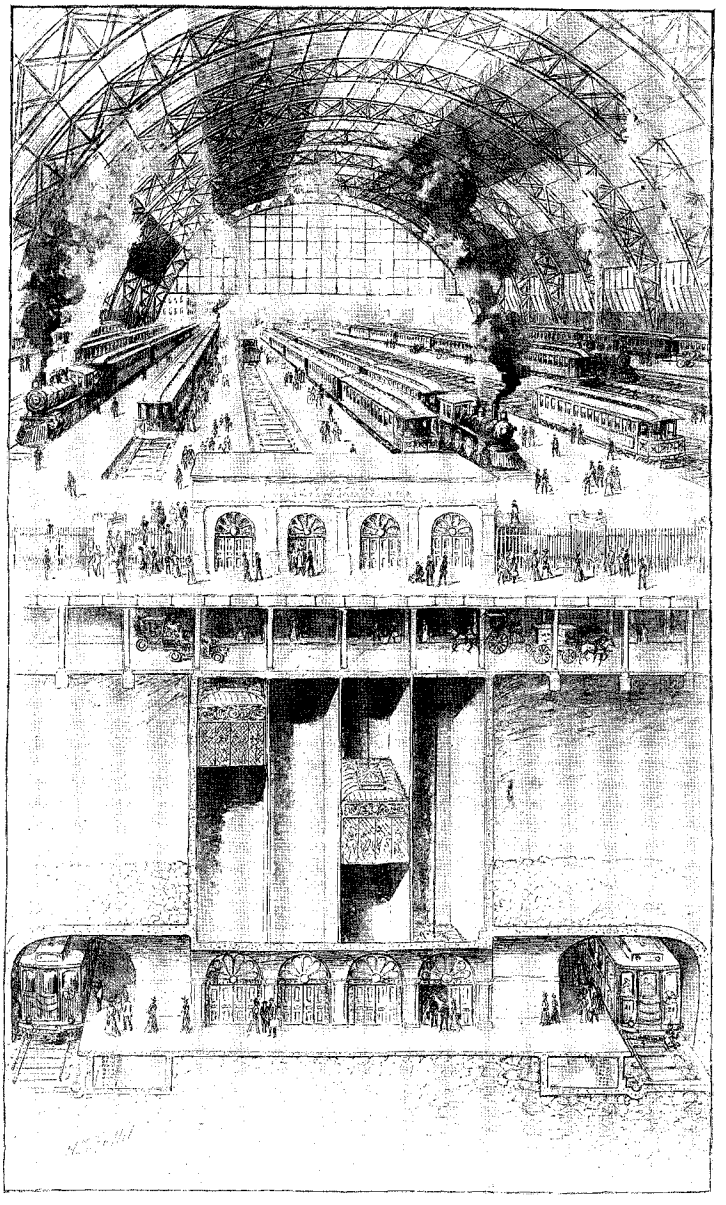

Interior of Pennsylvania Railroad Station in Jersey City.

Showing a section underground, explaining the elevator connection with the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company's trains to and from Manhattan. The tracks of the Hudson and Manhattan Company are 80 feet below the street level.

When morning came—a great flare of yellow light behind a range of rose-pink mountains—we were jogging along a half ballasted track temporarily laid on the flat floor of the valley, the lowest below sea level of any place on earth, the hottest, the most fertile and the newest under irrigation and the plough. The train stopped at the firing-line; and there, sure enough, was my friend the king with his pile-driver slamming away, and his swarthy subjects swearing in many languages at his dusty mules. There were many besides him, many absolute monarchs whose names have appeared very often of late in engineering journals; for several gypsy kingdoms

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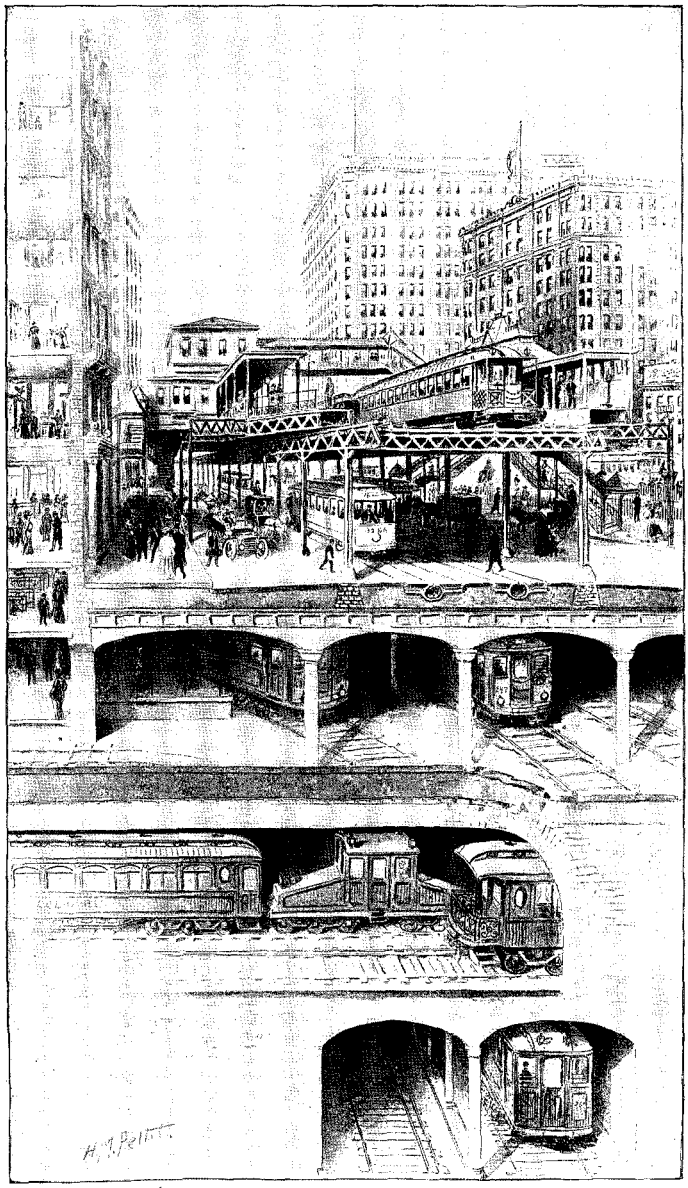

Five levels of traffic in New York City.

Thirty-third Street Elevated R. R. Station on Sixth Avenue looking north; besides the elevated and surface lines of traffic there are shown in the underground section, the Hudson and Manhattan R. R. with trains swinging around into the projected terminal buildings on the left of the illustration; below, crossing under Sixth Avenue, is the Pennsylvania R. R. and below that a projected line running north and south.

had united to fight this common enemy, the untamed Colorado.

It was with downright unconcealed enthusiasm that I greeted him once more as he rode toward me, his lean brown face firm against the wind, his eye looking keenly from under his sombrero, his slim, straight body erect in the saddle; for I had been thinking about the great valley hemmed by the rose-pink mountains, of the three crops of figs they picked in it each year, of the seven cuttings of alfalfa, of the car-loads of cantaloupes that ripened earlier than any in the world, of the sun-burned kids—farmers that were potentially wealthy before they were old enough to

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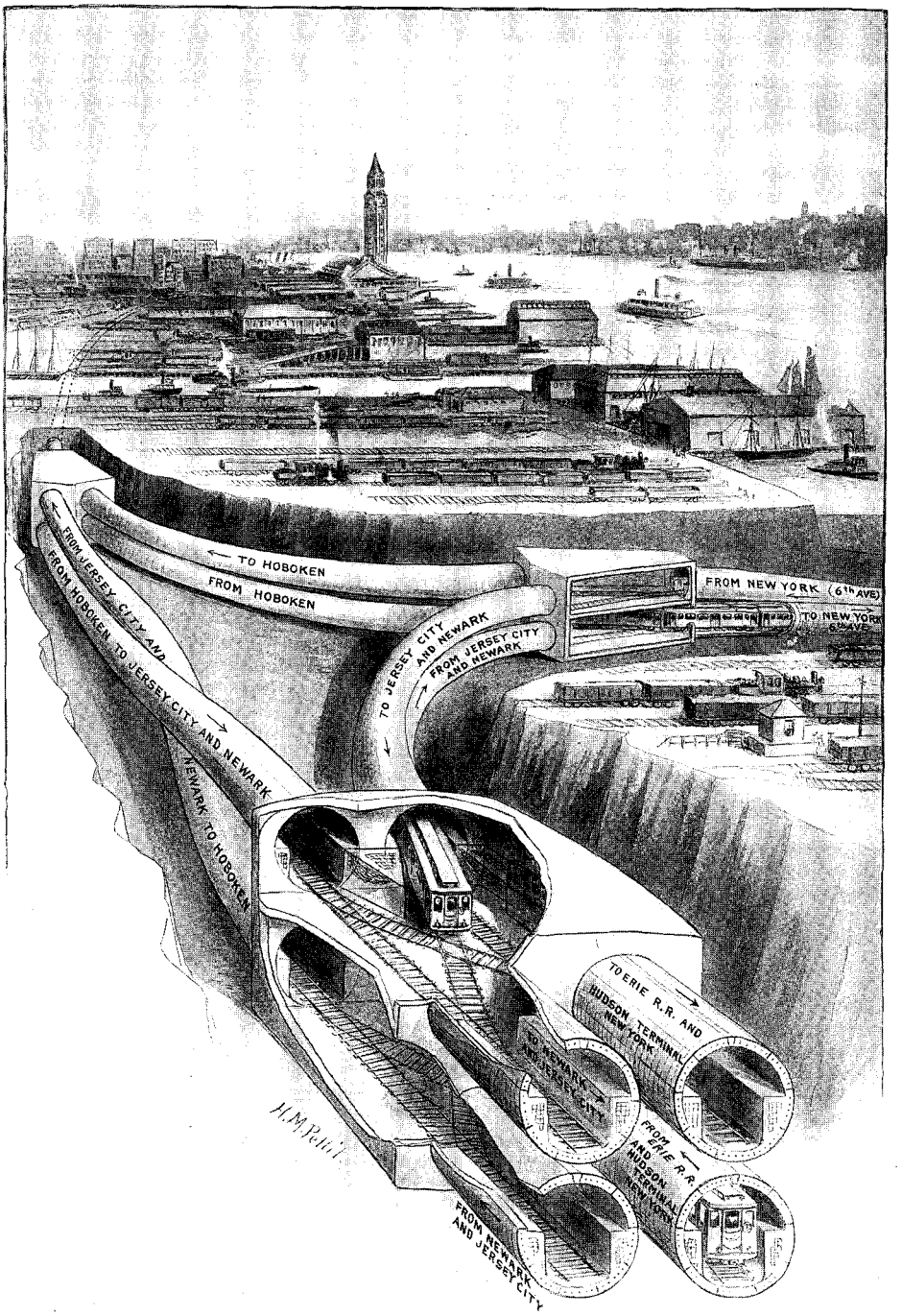
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FROM ERIE R.R. AND HUDSON TERMINAL NEW YORK
FROM NEWARK AND JERSEY CITY
H.M. Pettit

Redrawn from a sketch by Jacobs and Davies, Consulting Engineers.

The junctions of the tunnels of the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Company in Jersey City and Hoboken, N. J.

This illustrates the construction necessary for the "turn-outs" and the elimination of grade crossings.

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vote. All these things I saw before me that my friend the king and the others of his calibre, with their dikes and jetties, their science and their utter disregard of science, with their indomitable will and their tons of rock, had made from mere salt sea bottom and sun-baked desert. How could it possibly be, I wondered, that the uniformed takers of territory should become so very famous while fellows like my sun-parched dusty king—the real *makers* of territory—should generally remain unknown.

Even a lack of fame can be compensated for, however; and one of the consolations for that and all other hardships which the contracting engineer falls heir to is the blessing of almost perpetual youth. An engineer is almost sure to die young—at any age. Being "blooded to the open and the sky," being almost always upon the march, so far from the club fireside, the upholstered chair, the terrapin and the martini, with the responsibility and the love of great works always at hand, who would have time to grow old? I once came upon a whole flock of contracting engineers assembled at some obscure country seat for bids. And a most jovial flock they make, for part of their business is being good fellows, and although quite ready to knife each other in the matter of prices, they still abide by the philosophy of Shakespeare's attorneys who "strive mightily but eat and drink as friends."

There were so many of us together we naturally fell to discussing the one absent member—absent for all time. They were recalling—not without considerable feeling—his rough weather-beaten face with its short grizzly beard, his gruff good humor, his picturesque profanity, his habit of getting into his buggy at five in the morning to begin work; and how, after spending all his life working, his horse drew up one morning at the accustomed post at the accustomed hour, and when the foreman came up to report to his chief he noted a queer droop of his head, grasped his arm and found him stone dead.

They were all mightily sorry for "poor old John," to work all his life and die finally in harness without respite—all but one man. Said the one man by way of argument, "He's the last man to feel sorry for, according to my philosophy. He worked hard all his life, to be sure, but I've often heard him say, when he refused invitations to hunt or for a cruise on account of his operations, 'I love it, boys, I love my work; some day, blast me, I'll die working,' and, sure enough, he did. I suppose he'll go to heaven; and yet with all that paving going on in the other place it seems a waste of energy to send him where everything's all built and perfected. But here's my point: Can any of you bridge animals think of a greater reward in life than to spend it all to good purpose doing what you're keen on doing and, finally, without intervention of lawyers, doctors or the clergy, to die doing it?"

None of us could.

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MRS. McCAFFERTY EXPLAINS

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT was Miss Wesley, of the Vine Street Settlement House, who was the first to point out to Mary Morrison the path of duty that lay so clear and straight before her. Miss Wesley had a singularly discerning eye for the duty of others and an austerely simple method of bringing it to their attention. She sat back now in the revolving chair before her immaculate desk, in her exquisitely fresh little office, and turned upon Mrs. Morrison the stern regard of a pair of gray eyes whose keenness seemed oddly emphasized by the brilliance of the well-polished eye-glasses she wore. When she spoke, her voice held a suggestion of sorely tried nerves controlled by a steadfast Christian spirit. Seated humbly before her, and facing fully the light to which Miss Wesley had wisely turned her back, Mary Morrison gazed with moist, meek eyes upon this self-appointed oracle of her destiny.

Mary Morrison gazed with moist, meek eyes.

"You ought to leave him at once," Miss Wesley announced with crisp conviction. "It's wrong for you to live with him another day. Isn't this the third time he has broken your arm?"

Mary Morrison's limp form straightened in quick rebuttal of this grave charge.

"Oh, no, indeed, Miss Wesley, ma'am," she cried eagerly. "It's only the second time. 'Twas me leg he broke the other time you're thinkin' about, an' Jim was awful sorry he done it. He told me he was when he come to the hospital."

Miss Wesley's thin lips curled as she considered this vindication of the gentleman under discussion.

"No doubt he was," she said with grim irony, wholly lost on her listener, "and I'm sure he would be annoyed if he thoughtlessly murdered you in one of his sprees and learned of it afterward. But that wouldn't help you much, would it?"

Mrs. Morrison murmured a vague confirmation of this logical surmise, and twisted the ends of her shawl nervously between her bare, toil-hardened hands.

"I don't b'lieve Jim would ever kill me, Miss Wesley ma'am," she hazarded earnestly. "He's like a lamb when he gits what he wants, even when he's drunk. It's 'most always my fault when he gits mad. That time he broke me leg, if I'd a' remembered to have them little sausages he wanted ready when he come home, I wouldn't a' had hardly no trouble at all. I can 'most always kam him right down by givin' him somethin' to eat."

"Except when you haven't the money to buy it," Miss Wesley reminded her, relentlessly. "Did you have it for the sausages that time?"

"N-no. Jim was out o' work."

"He usually is, isn't he?"

Mrs. Morrison hung her head.

"I thought so."

"But I might a' had the money," Mary

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"'Twas me leg he broke the other time you're thinkin' about."—Page 274.

Morrison went on, apologetically. "I might a' been workin' that day. I could a' got a dollar washin' for Mrs. Vance, an' Jim knowed it. But I felt kind o' sick, an' so——"

"And so Jim tossed you downstairs in his natural disappointment, and broke your leg."

Jim's loyal wife was almost at the end of her defences now, but she had one last gun to fire before she surrendered.

"It got well real quick," she stammered, deprecatingly. "The doctors said they never seen nothin' like the quick way it got well. An' I was real comfortable at the hospital."

Miss Wesley wheeled about in her chair and regarded her protégée for a long instant without speaking. There was genuine interest and speculation in the gaze. She would have given the same calm scrutiny to the enlargement of a microscopical disease germ. The little tenement woman squirmed in her chair under the direct, soul-searching look. It abashed her.

"Mary Morrison," announced Miss Wesley, breaking at last a silence that was becoming painful, "I'm going to speak to you as if you were a rational human being, and I hope you will appreciate the compliment. Listen to me. Try to follow me. Try to think of yourself as if you were some one else. Try to imagine what you would think of some one else who acted as you are acting now."

She paused dramatically, and Mary Morrison, awed by these impressive preliminaries, lifted her shawl to her face and wept vaguely into it.

"Here is what you are doing," the voice of her accuser went on: "You were a self-respecting working girl when you married Jim Morrison five years ago. What are you now? A hard-working married woman, without pride, without dignity, without decency. You let yourself be thrown downstairs and through windows by a worthless, drunken husband; you let him ill-treat you and starve you till you are forced to come to us for food and shelter. And when we've helped you, are you grateful? Do you follow our advice? You do not. You crawl back to that man like a whipped dog, and the whole disgusting experience is repeated."

Mary Morrison cowered into herself and

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sobbed appealingly, wiping her nose and eyes indiscriminately on the edges of the old shawl. But she sat still and listened, for she knew that this was friendship. Miss Wesley frowned at the sobs and turned upon her a glance of dark suspicion.

"Are you paying attention to what I say?" she demanded. "Do you understand what I mean?"

Mrs. Morrison asseverated tearfully but firmly that with the help of God she was leave him we will take you in and find a position for you and make a self-respecting woman of you once more. You have no children, so you have no one to consider but yourself——"

Mary Morrison rose to her feet. Certain high lights on her nose, and a hat that was much askew on her head, did not make for dignity, but there was nevertheless a strong suggestion of this quality in the glance she turned on "the Settlement lady."

Wiping her nose and eyes indiscriminately on the edges of the old shawl.

enabled to comprehend the kind lady's words. Miss Wesley frowned again. She was frequently sceptical of the power of other intellects to follow the workings of her own, and it must be conceded that all too frequently in her Settlement experience events justified this distrust.

"God has nothing to do with it," she now announced impatiently. "He helps those who help themselves. And that's exactly what you've got to do now, Mary Morrison. You can't come to us any more if you insist on remaining with this man. If you will

"Shure I have a right to look after Jim, Miss Wesley, ma'am," she said, with severe conviction, "and I ought a' be doin' it this blessed minute instid of settin' here chattin' with you."

She paused an instant, to let the "chattin'" sink in. It did. Miss Wesley went down with it, remained under for a perceptible period, and emerged gasping.

"He's wantin' his supper now, an' waitin' for it, an' gettin' mad likely, poor man," continued Jim's wife, constrainedly. "I've fifty cents from Mrs. Vance to-day, an' I'll

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buy his sausages on my way home. An' thank you kindly, ma'am, for I know you mean well."

"Sit down," said Miss Wesley trenchantly. Mrs. Morrison sat down. When Marion Wesley expressed a desire in that particular tone, it was generally gratified.

"We will pass from the gay social 'chattin',' Mary, with which we have thus far whiled away the hours," continued Miss Wesley, with anything but levity underlying her words, "to something that may strike even you as serious. Do you realize what effect this life of yours is having on your neighbors? Do you know that most of the women in your tenement are being brutally ill-treated by their husbands because yours has set the example? Do you know that they're taking it because you are taking it, and because their husbands throw up to them that you do take it? In the old days they protected themselves and their children in the police courts and by putting their husbands under bonds. Now—well, they like you, the poor creatures, because you're good to them and have helped them out in their deaths and their sicknesses. So they pay you the greatest compliment they know how to offer, by copying you slavishly, even to the cringing spirit in you which takes blows and abuse without resentment. They're doing this for you, and it's killing them. Think of what Mrs. Horan is suffering! and Mrs. Masters! and Mrs. McCafferty! Women with children to nurse cannot bear all you can bear. Don't you know that?"

Mary Morrison assuredly did. She revealed her knowledge now in the wide, self-conscious gaze she turned on the other woman, and in the sudden straightening of her thin shoulders, as if to bear the heavy burden of the responsibility placed upon them. The community call was a new call to Mary, but heart and soul responded to it—the former with a throb of very human fear, the latter dauntlessly. She turned on Miss Wesley a face stamped with a resolution that sat oddly on her weak, not uncomely features.

"I guess you're right, Miss Wesley, ma'am," she said dully. "I ain't thought about it that way; but I guess it's so. I'll go home now, an' I'll give Jim Morrison his sausages. An' as long as he behaves himself I'll be his true an' lovin' wife. But the nex' time he beats me—" her voice took on a militant note, her meek eyes had a blurred twinkle of determination—"the nex' time he beats me, I'll drag 'm by the hair of 's head through the halls, so's all them women kin see him. An' then"—this last with a long-drawn breath, as consigning herself desperately to the heroic—*I'll leave 'm!*"

She was gone, and Miss Wesley sat speechless at her desk in the strenuous atmosphere she had evoked—an atmosphere so filled with suggestion of rallies and bugle calls and advancing hosts, that the shouts of Patrick McCafferty, joyously pummelling his wife in the next tenement, seemed a natural and fitting accompaniment to her reflections.

. . . . . .

True to her word, Mary Morrison reappeared two days later. One eye was closed, but as an organ revealing determination the other was all-sufficient. At first she could barely articulate through the swollen lips which Mr. Morrison had presented to her at their parting, as if allowing her to kiss his hand in ultimate farewell; but copious applications of cold water and raw beef enabled her to confide to Miss Wesley her suspicion that she had made a mistake in mentioning her resolution to Jim without sufficient provocation.

"Of course it wouldn't do no good to tell 'm when he *was* mad," she remarked listlessly, "so I had to do it when he wasn't. That *made* 'm mad right off. Any man, of course, ma'am, likes to know he can beat his woman if he *wants* to, even if he don't use th' privolodge. I told Jim when he was eatin' the sausages. I thought that was a good time. But you could see right off he didn't like it. He kep' frownin' an' wouldn't talk, though mostly he's that chatty when he's fed. But he didn't do nothin' till last night, when he come home drunk. He lepped at me, ma'am, like a tiger, and if I hadn't got a knife off th' kitchen table I dunno what he'd done t' me. I gotta holt o' him an' I made him think I was goin' to kill him, tho' Gawd knows I wouldn't hurt a hair o' his head. But me spirit was up, ma'am, an' I took him through the halls an' showed him to me fren's, with the knife agin his back, an' him as mild as a lamb. Then I took him back

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"I took him through the halls an' showed him to me fren's."—Page 277.

an' fed him an' put him to bed like a baby, an' I could a' got on with him fine after that, only I broke his spirit, ye see. 'Tis a proud spirit Jim has. He couldn't stand all th' women laughin' at him. So this mornin' he come home with a pistol—an' I left," ended Mary Morrison simply.

"It was high time," agreed Miss Wesley, whose emotions during the recital of this conjugal episode had been somewhat mixed. "Now you settle down here for a week or two and do some sewing for us. There's enough to keep you busy until we find just the right place for you. Then you can begin life over again and be a self-respecting, happy woman."

Mrs. Morrison obediently began life over, but to the most superficial observation it was plain that she was not happy. Existence in the Settlement house took on, moreover, a somewhat unsettled character, owing to the frequent visits of Mr. Morrison, in varying stages of intoxication, but invariably of one mind as to his legal and moral right to demand the return of his lawful wife. After an especially harrowing scene with him, complicated by a vicious attack on his meek-eyed spouse, whom he suddenly discovered when she was listening with flattering interest at the key-hole, Miss Wesley decided on radical measures.

"We've got to have him arrested," she announced. "He'll kill some one if he isn't. We'll have him put in bonds to keep the peace and let you alone. When you get into your new place we won't let him know where you are. Then you will be left in peace and your troubles will be over."

Jim's wife looked dubious. For several days, during which Mr. Morrison was languishing in the custody of the law, his spouse was apparently hard at work on the solution of some difficult problem. The nature of this was finally indicated to Miss Wesley by a few remarks that fell from Mrs. Morrison's tremulous lips.

"Mrs. Horan is a fine, strong woman, ma'am," she began conversationally one morning, after she had received Miss Wesley's instructions as to the day's sewing. She lingered by the door as she spoke, and "the Settlement lady" glanced up from her desk expectantly, knowing that this was only an exordium.

"She weighs two hunderd pounds," added Mary slowly, "an' Mike Horan"—this with great impressiveness—"he don't weigh a hunderd an' fifty. He's only a *little* man."

Miss Wesley frowned impatiently.

"What interest has the weight of the Horans——?" she began. But Mary Mor-

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rison, unheeding the interruption, continued to voice her elemental thoughts.

"Mrs. Masters's man don't weigh no more than Horan," she continued enthusiastically, "an' Mrs. Masters is real strong."

Getting now the drift of these statistics, Miss Wesley favored her protégée with a glance which would have held a warning for any speaker less self-absorbed, but this one rushed recklessly onward to her fate.

To the most superficial observation it was plain that she was not happy.—Page 278.

"Bridget McCafferty ain't got no childern," she continued enthusiastically.

"So you think a battle with her husband occasionally is in the nature of healthful exercise," Miss Wesley interrupted ironically, "and that Mrs. Horan and Mrs. Masters and other neighbors in your tenement can look out for themselves. Is that what you're leading up to?"

Mary Morrison blushed, but she stood by her guns.

"Yes, ma'am," she admitted feebly. "I don't think the men kin hurt 'em as much as you——"

Her voice died away under the spell of Miss Wesley's eye-glasses.

"Mary Morrison," remarked that lady frankly, "I'm ashamed of you."

Then she produced her trump card.

"There's one more point to consider," she added carelessly, "if you are no longer interested in the fate of your neighbors. If Jim Morrison kills you in a drunken rage, he will be killed for doing it. He will die in the electric chair. Had you forgotten that? If you don't value your own life, perhaps you will think of his and keep temptation out of his way by keeping away from him yourself."

Mrs. Morrison's face as she listened had turned chalky. This was a new point of view. The neighbors could look out for themselves, but she must look out for Jim. Without another word she gathered up her sewing and left the room, stumbling dazed-

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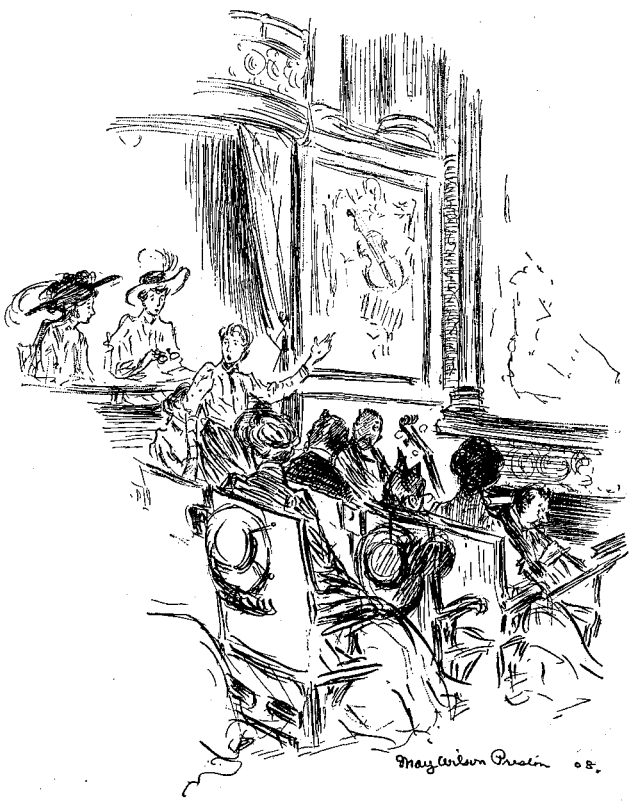
ly over the threshold as she went. "The Settlement lady" smiled, well satisfied.

"I fancy that will keep her quiet," she murmured. Then she forgot Mary and her affairs in consideration of the pressing need of one Sophia Kalofsky, who having that morning presented an ungrateful world with twins had now confidingly sent her oldest son to the Settlement house in quest of something wherewith to cover them.

I'm wonderin' if he's fed, an' warm an' looked after, an' I'm afraid he ain't. It's me nerves, I think, ma'am, goin' back on me."

Miss Wesley surveyed her appraisingly. It was true that she was ill—that was evident to the most careless glance. She had lost weight, her color was bad, and there was a look in her faded eyes which Miss Wesley did not like to see there—the wild,



In shrieks she informed all within hearing that she was like the wretched woman on the stage.—Page 281.

The following week Mrs. James Morrison accepted a situation as seamstress in "a refined family hotel" uptown, and held it for a month. At the end of this period she sought Miss Wesley for the spiritual support that dauntless soul was so well able to supply.

"If I could just stop thinkin' about Jim, Miss Wesley, ma'am," she moaned at the end of her recital, "p'raps I could sleep. But I can't think of nothin' else, an' I can't eat, an' I'm gettin' that weak I can't work.

strained look of one long sleepless and nervously overtaxed. Miss Wesley bit her lower lip reflectingly.

"You need diversion," she finally decided. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Mary. You have the afternoon off, haven't you? Well, I'll take you to the matinée. I've tickets for 'Rip Van Winkle.' It will do us both good. I'm tired, too."

This confession of human weakness was an unusual one for Miss Wesley, and Mary Morrison knew it. But she listened list-

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lessly to the plan for her entertainment, though she felt vaguely flattered at being the attendant of "the Settlement lady" on one of her rare outings. She waited indifferently while Miss Wesley, quite enthusiastic now, arrayed herself for the street. It was early spring, and even the submerged tenement world that lay beyond the doors of the Settlement house held signs of Nature's awakening. A few pale crocuses were pushing their delicate heads through the soil of the Settlement garden; the solitary tree it held was budding out, the little stretch of grass it afforded was a tender green. Mary Morrison knew nothing of the rejuvenating effects of the spring season upon the human heart but she knew well that she was wretched, and why. Tears were in her tired eyes when Miss Wesley returned, ready for the expedition.

They reached the theatre after the curtain had gone up, and the house was dark when they entered. For a few moments Mary Morrison twisted restlessly in her seat. Then the appeal of the drama came to her and she leaned forward, fascinated.

The play moved on to the scene in which Gretchen, weary of her shiftless husband, turns him out into the storm. Suddenly the cajoling voice of the greatest "Rip" the world has known was interrupted by a voice in the audience. It came from an orchestra seat, in a row near the front, and from a woman who had risen in that seat to address space in wildly hysterical tones. It was Mary Morrison, and those who sat near her were privileged to behold the superb self-control of Miss Wesley, as she vainly sought to restore her guest to silence and her place. But Mary Morrison had experienced a sudden awakening. In shrieks she informed all within hearing that she was like the wretched woman on the stage; that she, too, had turned from a noble husband, leaving him alone in the world; but that by God's help she had seen her error and would return to him here and now. Which she indeed did, rushing wildly down the

"Shure, Miss, we love 'em."—Page 282.

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centre aisle in the dim light, while the play stopped, the audience stared, the attendants rushed forward, and Miss Wesley, with teeth set and almost disgraceful color, followed in her wake.

. . . . . .

There was a touching reunion in a Vine Street tenement that night. How wholly complete and satisfactory it was Miss Wesley did not know until she was enlightened the following day by Mrs. Patrick McCafferty, who called to discuss certain small troubles of her own, and remained to pay tribute to the new-found happiness of Mary Morrison.

"Shure, 'tis a differ'nt man Jim is since she left him," remarked Mrs. McCafferty, comfortably, "an' I don't think she'll be after havin' any more trouble with him at all at all. He have took the pledge an' gone to worruk, an' wan of thim doctor min is watchin' him an' helpin' him. Jim says he's through wid th' drink, an' I guess he manes it."

Miss Wesley murmured vaguely that she hoped so, but it was evident that the hope was most perfunctory. The Irishwoman regarded her with entire comprehension.

"'Tis like a disaase, this drinkin', the doctors are sayin' now, Miss," she resumed confidently, "an' they towld me Pat at th' hospital they treat it as though 'twas. They want to treat Pat, too, but he won't let thim, yet. I think he will, later, an' I look at it like this: We wudn't go back on our min if they had consumption or m'asles or pneumony, wud we, now? Shure, we'd stay wid thim an' nurse thim. Why, then, wud we go back on thim whin they have th' drinkin' sickness? 'Be patient,' the doctor says, 'an' ye'll save him.' So Mary Morrison is goin' to save Jim, for if iver a soul was patient 'tis that same Mary Morrison. She's a lesson to us all. God helpin' me, I'll save Pat, too; but 'tis harrd wurruk," she added simply, "for me poor bye don't want to be saved—th' drink's that strong on him. He's too fond of th' disaase, Miss."

She sank into silence and Miss Wesley remained silent, too, feeling a new humility in the presence of this simple philosophy.

"'Twas a quare thing that started Jim," resumed Mrs. McCafferty at last, beginning to enjoy her new rôle of raconteur to "the Settlement lady." "I towld him th' reason Mary wuddent come back was because she feared he'd kill her an' git electhycooted for doin' that same. ''Tis yerself she's afraid fer,' says I to Jim, 'an' not *herself*. She'd be in her grave fine an' comfortable whin they'd be crispin' you up alive in elicthric chairs.' Jim Morrison didn't say a worrud whin I towld him that. He's English, an' ye know what *they* aare. But th' nixt day he wint to th' hospital an' talked it over wid th' doctor, man to man, an' he ain't been drunk since. Av course, he will," she added, benignly. "It ain't to be expected he can stop all at wance. But Mary Morrison will stand by till he's cured."

"You're all very patient with your husbands," conceded Miss Wesley, thoughtfully. "I can't understand why you women bear with them as you do."

"No, Miss" agreed Mrs. McCafferty politely, "I don't think ye can."

There was an intonation in her rich Irish voice which Miss Wesley caught and resented.

"Can you, then?" she asked with almost harsh abruptness, still under the influence of a sense of strong disapproval of an erring world. "Do you understand it?"

"I do," replied Mrs. McCafferty. "Shure I do."

She regarded Miss Wesley as she spoke with a glance which held more than "the Settlement lady" cared to analyze. There was amusement in it, and a fine tolerance, and feminine understanding, and genuine respect and liking, and something more which, if Marion Wesley had not been so successful and Bridget McCafferty so humble, might have been pity. For an instant the two women gazed at each other across the gulf which separated them. Then the glance of "the Settlement lady" shifted and fell.

Mrs. McCafferty nodded sagely, as if she had already said what it was and was merely emphasizing it by reiteration.

"Shure, Miss, we love 'em."

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THE HOUSE OF RIMMON*

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

SCENE: *Damascus and the Mountains of Samaria.* TIME: 850 *B. C.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BENHADAD:	King of Damascus.	ELISHA:	Prophet of Israel.
REZON:	High Priest of the House of Rimmon.	NAAMAN:	Captain of the Armies of Damascus.
SABALLIDIN:	A noble of Damascus.	RUAHMAH:	A Captive Maid of Israel.
HAZAEL, IZDHUBAR, RAKHAZ	Courtiers of Damascus.	TSARPI:	Wife to Naaman.
SHUMAKIM:	The King's Fool.	KHAMMA, NUBTA	Attendants of Tsarpi.
		Soldiers, Servants, Courtiers, etc., etc.	

(Continued from the August number.)

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Time, daybreak. Naaman's tent, on high ground among the mountains near Samaria: the City below. In the distance, a wide and splendid landscape. Saballidin and soldiers on guard below the tent. Enter Ruahmah in hunter's dress, with a lute slung from her shoulder.*

RUAHMAH:

(With cheerfulness.)

Peace and good health to you, Saballidin.
Good morrow to you all. How fares my lord?

SABALLIDIN:

The curtains of his tent are folded still:
They have not moved since we returned, last night,
And told him what befell us in the city.

RUAHMAH:

(Reproachfully.)

Told him! Why did you make report to him
And not to me? Am I not captain here,

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Entrusted by the King's command with care
Of Naaman's life, until he is restored?
'Tis mine to know the first of good or ill
In this adventure: mine to shield his heart
From every arrow of adversity.
What have you told him? Speak!

SABALLIDIN:

Lady, we feared
To bring our news to you. For when the king
Of Israel had read our monarch's letter,
He rent his clothes, and cried, "Am I a god
To kill and make alive again, that I should heal
A leper? Ye have come with false pretense,
Damascus seeks a quarrel with me. Go!"
But when we told our lord, he closed his tent,
And there remains enfolded in his grief.
I trust he sleeps. Why should we call him back?
For now he doth forget his misery,
And all the burden of his hopeless woe
Is lifted from him by the gentle hand
Of slumber. Oh, to those bereft of hope
Sleep is the only blessing left,—the last
Asylum of the weary, the one sign
Of pity from impenetrable heavens.
Waking is strife: sleep is the truce of God!
Then, mistress, wake him not. The day will be
Full long for him to suffer, and for us
To turn our disappointed faces home
On the long road by which we must return.

RUAHMAH:

(*Indignantly.*)

Return! Who gave you that command? Not I!
The King made me the leader of this quest,
And bound you all to follow me, because
He knew I never would return without
The thing for which he sent us. I'll go on
Day after day, unto the uttermost parts
Of earth, if need be, and beyond the gates
Of morning, till I find that which I seek,—
New life for Naaman. Are ye ashamed
(*With scorn.*)
To have a woman lead you? Then go home
And tell the King, "This huntress went too far
For us to follow: she pursues the trail
Of hope alone, refusing to forsake
The quarry: we grew weary of the chase;
And so we left her and retraced our steps,
Like faithless hounds, to sleep beside the fire."
Did Naaman forsake his soldiers thus
When you went forth to hunt the Assyrian Bull?
Your manly courage is less durable
Than woman's love, it seems. Go, if you will,—
Who bids me now farewell?

SOLDIERS:

Not I, not I!

SABALLIDIN:

Lady, lead on, we'll follow you for ever!

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Drawn by W. H. Everett.

"The curtains of his tent are folded still."—Page 283.

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RUAHMAH:

Why, now you speak like men! Brought you no word
Out of Samaria, except that cry
Of impotence and fear from Israel's king?

SABALLIDIN:

I do remember while he spoke with us
A rustic messenger came in, and cried
Aloud, "Elisha saith, let Naaman come
To me at Dothan, he shall know there is
A God in Israel."

RUAHMAH:

What said the king?

SABALLIDIN:

He only shouted "Go!" more wildly yet,
And rent his clothes again, as if he were
Half-maddened by a coward's fear, and thought
Only of how he might be rid of us.
What comfort could there be for him, what hope
For us, in the rude prophet's misty word?

RUAHMAH:

(*Looking upward.*)

It is the very word for which I prayed!
My trust was not in princes; for the crown,
The sceptre, and the purple robe are not
Significant of vital power. The man
Who saves his brother-man is he who lives
His life with Nature, takes deep hold on truth,
And trusts in God. A prophet's word is more
(*Turning to the soldiers.*)
Than all the kings on earth can speak. How far
Is Dothan?

SOLDIER:

Lady, 'tis but three hours' ride
Along the valley northward.

RUAHMAH:

(*Half sadly.*)

Near! so near?
I had not thought to end my task so soon!
Prepare yourselves with speed to take the road.
I will awake my lord.

(*Exeunt all but Saballidin and Ruahmah. She goes toward the tent.*)

SABALLIDIN:

(*She turns back.*)

Ruahmah, stay!
I've been your servant in this doubtful quest,
Obedient, faithful, loyal to your will,—
What have I earned by this?

RUAHMAH:

The gratitude
Of him we both desire to serve: your friend,—
My master and my lord.

SABALLIDIN:

No more than this?

RUAHMAH:

(*Holding out both hands to him.*)

Yes, if you will, take all the thanks my hands
Can hold, my lips can speak.

SABALLIDIN:

I would have more.

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RUAHMAH:

My friend, there's nothing more to give to you.
My service to my lord is absolute.
There's not a drop of blood within my veins
But quickens at the very thought of him;
And not a dream of mine but he doth stand
Its centre and its source of light. No man
To me is other than his friend or foe.
You are his friend, and I believe you true!

SABALLIDIN:

I have been true to him,—now, I am true
To you.

RUAHMAH:

And therefore doubly true to him!
O let us match our loyalties, and strive
Between us who shall win the higher crown!
Men boast them of a friendship stronger far
Than love of woman. Prove it! I'll not boast,
But I'll contend with you on equal terms
In this brave race: and if you win the prize
I'll hold you next to him: and if I win
He'll hold you next to me; and either way
We'll not be far apart. Do you accept
My challenge?

SABALLIDIN:

Yes! For you enforce my heart
By honor to resign its strong desire,
And love itself to offer sacrifice
Of all disloyal dreams on its own altar.
Yet love remains; therefore I pray you, think
How surely you must lose in our contention.
For I am known to Naaman: but you
He blindly takes for Tsarpi. 'Tis to her
He gives his gratitude: the praise you win
Endears her name.

RUAHMAH:

Her name? Why, what is that?
A name is but an empty shell, a mask
That does not change the features of the face
Beneath it. Can a name rejoice, or weep,
Or hope? Can it be moved by tenderness
To daily services of love, or feel the warmth
Of dear companionship? How many things
We call by names that have no meaning: kings
That cannot rule; and gods that are not good;
And wives that do not love! It matters not
What syllables he utters when he calls,
'Tis I who come,—'tis I who minister
Unto my lord, and mine the living heart
That feels the comfort of his confidence,
The thrill of gladness when he speaks to me,—
I do not hear the name!

SABALLIDIN:

And yet, be sure
There's danger in this error,—and no gain!

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RUAHMAH:

I seek no gain: I only tread the path
Marked for me daily by the hand of love.
And if his blindness spared my lord one pang
Of sorrow in his black, forsaken hour,—
And if this error makes his burdened heart
More quiet, and his shadowed way less strange,
Whom do I rob? Not her who chose to stay
At ease in Rimmon's House! Surely not him!
Only myself! And that enriches me.
Why trouble we the master? Let it go,—
To-morrow he must know the truth,—and then
He shall dispose of me e'en as he will!

SABALLIDIN:

To-morrow?

RUAHMAH:

Yes, for I will tarry here,
While you conduct him to Elisha's house
To find the promised healing. I forebode
Some sudden danger from the craven king
Of Israel, or else some secret ambush
From those who hate us in Damascus. Go,
But leave me twenty men: this mountain-pass
Protects the road behind you. Make my lord
Obey the prophet's word, whatever he commands,
And come again in peace. Farewell!

(*Exit Saballidin. Ruahmah goes toward the tent, then pauses and turns back. She takes her lute and sings.*)

Song

Above the edge of dark appear the lances of the sun;
Along the mountain-ridges clear his rosy heralds run;
The vapors down the valley go
Like broken armies, dark and low.
Look up, my heart, from every hill
In folds of rose and daffodil
The sunrise banners flow.

O fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of night!
O welcome little birds that sing the coming-in of light!
For new, and new, and ever-new,
The golden bud within the blue;
And every morning seems to say:
"There's something happy on the way,
"And God sends love to you!"

NAAMAN:

(*Appearing at the entrance of his tent.*)

O let me ever wake to music! For the soul
Returns most gently then, and finds its way
By the soft, winding clue of melody,
Out of the dusky labyrinth of sleep,
Into the light. My body feels the sun
Though I behold naught that his rays reveal.
Come, thou who art my daydawn and my sight,
Sweet eyes, come close and make the sunrise mine!

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RUAHMAH:

(*Coming near.*)

A fairer day, dear lord, was never born
In Paradise! The sapphire cup of heaven
Is filled with golden wine: the earth, adorned
With jewel-drops of dew, unveils her face
A joyful bride, in welcome to her king.
And look! He leaps upon the Eastern hills
All ruddy fire, and claims her with a kiss.
Yonder the snowy peaks of Hermon float
Unmoving as a summer cloud. The gulf
Of Jordan, filled with violet haze, conceals
The river's winding trail with wreaths of mist.
Below us, marble-crowned Samaria thrones
Upon her emerald hill amid the Vale
Of Barley, while the plains to northward change
Their color like the shimmering breast of doves.
The lark springs up, with morning on her wings,
To climb her singing stairway in the blue,
And all the fields are sprinkled with her joy!

NAAMAN:

Thy voice is magical: thy words are visions!
I must content myself with them, for now
My only hope is lost: Samaria's king
Rejects our monarch's message,—hast thou heard?
"Am I a god that I should cure a leper?"
He sends me home unhealed, with angry words,
Back to Damascus and the lingering death.

RUAHMAH:

What matter where he sends? No god is he
To slay or make alive. Elisha bids
You come to him at Dothan, there to learn
There is a God in Israel.

NAAMAN:

I fear
That I am grown mistrustful of all gods;
Their secret counsels are implacable.

RUAHMAH:

Fear not! There's One who rules in righteousness
High over all.

NAAMAN:

What knowest thou of Him?

RUAHMAH:

Oh, I have heard,—the maid of Israel,—
Rememberest thou? She often said her God
Was merciful and gracious, slow to wrath,
And plenteous in forgiveness, pitying us
Like as a father pitieth his children.

NAAMAN:

If there were such a God, I'd worship Him
Forever!

RUAHMAH:

Then make haste to hear the word
His prophet promises to speak to thee!

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Obey it, dear my lord, and thou shalt lose
This curse that burdens thee. This tiny spot
Of white that mars the beauty of thy brow
Shall melt like snow; thine eyes be filled with light.
Thou wilt not need my leading any more,—
Nor me,—for thou wilt see me, all unveiled,—
I tremble at the thought.

NAAMAN:

Why, what is this?
Why shouldst thou tremble? Art thou not mine own?

RUAHMAH:

(Passionately.)

Surely I am! But take me, take me now!
For I belong to thee in body and soul;
The very pulses of my heart are thine.
Wilt thou not feel how tenderly they beat?
Wilt thou not lie like myrrh between my breasts
And satisfy thy lonely lips with love?
Thou art opprest, and I would comfort thee
While yet thy sorrow weighs upon thy life.
To-morrow? No, to-day! The crown of love
Is sacrifice; I have not given thee
Enough! Ah, fold me in thine arms,—take all!

(She takes his hands and puts them around her neck; he holds her from him, with one hand on her shoulder, the other behind her head.)

NAAMAN:

Thou art too dear to injure with a kiss,—
Too dear for me to stain thy purity,
Or leave one touch upon thee to regret!
How should I take a gift may bankrupt thee,
Or drain the perfumed chalice of thy love
With lips that may be fatal? Tempt me not
To sweet dishonor; strengthen me to wait
Until thy prophecy is all fulfilled,
And I can claim thee with a joyful heart.

RUAHMAH:

(Turning away.)

Thou wilt not need me then,—and I shall be
No more than the faint echo of a song
Heard half asleep. We shall go back to where
We stood before this journey.

NAAMAN:

Never again!
For thou art changed by some deep miracle.
The flower of womanhood hath bloomed in thee,—
Art thou not changed?

RUAHMAH:

Yea, I am changed,—and changed
Again,—bewildered,—till there's nothing clear
To me but this: I am the instrument
In an Almighty hand to rescue thee
From death. This will I do,—and afterwards?
Hearken, the trumpet sounds, the chariot waits.
Away, dear lord, follow the road to light!

(A trumpet is blown, without.)

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SCENE II.—*The house of Elisha, upon a terraced hillside. A low stone cottage with vine-trellises and flowers; a flight of steps, at the foot of which is Naaman's chariot. He is standing in it; Saballidin beside it. Two soldiers come down the steps*

FIRST SOLDIER:
We have delivered my lord's greeting and his message.

SECOND SOLDIER:
Yes, and near lost our noses in the doing of it! For the servant slammed the door in our faces. A most unmannerly reception!

FIRST SOLDIER:
But I take that as a good omen. It is a mark of holy men to keep ill-conditioned servants. Look, the door opens, the prophet is coming.

(Gehazi loiters down the steps and comes to Naaman with a slight obeisance.)

SECOND SOLDIER:
No, by my head, it's that notable mark of his master's holiness, that same lantern-jawed lout of a servant.

(Gehazi turns and goes slowly up the steps.)

GEHAZI:
My master, the prophet of Israel, sends word to Naaman the Syrian,—are you he?—"Go wash in Jordan seven times and be healed."

NAAMAN:
(Very angry.)
What insolence is this? Am I a man
To be put off with surly messengers?
Has not Damascus rivers more renowned
Than this rude, torrent Jordan? Crystal streams,
Abana! Pharpar! flowing smoothly through
A paradise of roses? Might I not
Have bathed in them and been restored at ease?
Come up, Saballidin, and guide me home!

SABALLIDIN:
(Entreating.)
Bethink thee, master, shall we lose our quest
Because a servant is uncouth? The road
That seeks the mountain leads us through the vale.
The prophet's word is friendly after all;
For had it been some mighty task he set,
Thou wouldst perform it. How much rather then
This easy one? Hast thou not promised her
Who waits for thy return? Wilt thou go back
To her unhealed?

NAAMAN:
(Yielding.)
No! not for all my pride!
I'll make myself most humble for her sake,
And stoop to anything that gives me hope
Of having her. Make haste, Saballidin,
Bring me to Jordan. I will cast myself
Into that river's turbulent embrace
A hundred times, until I save my life
Or lose it!

(Exeunt. The light fades: musical interlude. The light increases again with ruddy sunset shining on the door of Elisha's house. The prophet appears and looks off, shading his eyes with his hand as he descends the steps slowly. Trumpet blows,—Naaman's call;—sound of horses galloping and men shouting. Naaman enters joyously, followed by Saballidin and soldiers, with gifts.)

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NAAMAN:

Behold a man delivered from the grave
By thee! I rose from Jordan's wave restored
To youth and vigor, as the eagle mounts
Into the sunbeam and renews his strength!
O mighty prophet deign to take from me
These gifts too poor to speak my gratitude;
Silver and gold and jewels, silken robes,—

ELISHA: (*Interrupting.*)

As thy soul liveth I will not receive
A gift from thee, my son! Give all to Him
Whose mercy hath redeemed thee from thy plague.

NAAMAN:

He is the only God! I worship Him!
Grant me a portion of the blessed soil
Of this most favored land where I have found
His mercy; in Damascus will I build
An altar to His name, and praise Him there
Morning and night. There is no other God
In all the world.

ELISHA:

Thou needest not
This load of earth to build a shrine for Him;
Yet take it if thou wilt. But be assured
God's altar is in every loyal heart,
And every flame of love that kindles there
Ascends to Him and brightens with His praise.
There is no other God! But evil Powers
Make war against Him in the darkened world;
And many temples have been built to them.

NAAMAN:

I know them well! Yet when my master goes
To worship in the House of Rimmon, I
Must stand beside him; for he trusts me, leans
Upon my hand; and when he bows himself
I cannot help but make obeisance too,—
But not to Rimmon! To my country's king
I'll bow in love and honor. Will the Lord
Pardon thy servant in this thing?

ELISHA:

My son,
Peace has been granted thee. 'Tis thine to find
The only way to keep it. Go in peace.

NAAMAN:

Thou hast not answered me,—may I bow down?

ELISHA:

The answer must be thine. The heart that knows
The perfect peace of gratitude and love,
Walks in the light and needs no other rule.
Take counsel with thy heart and go in peace!

CURTAIN.

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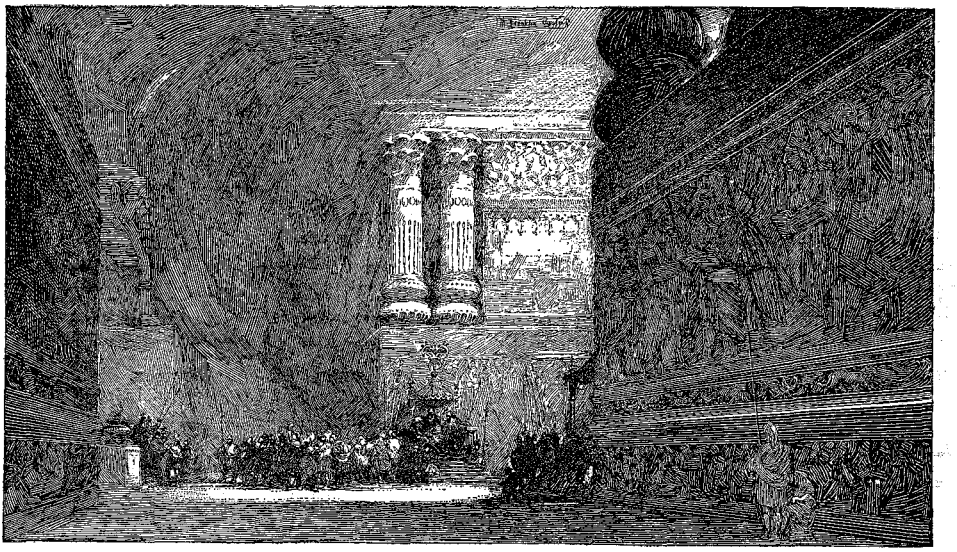

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The interior of Naaman's tent, at night. Ruahmah alone, sleeping on the ground. A vision appears to her through the curtains of the tent: Elisha standing on the hillside at Dothan: Naaman, restored to sight, comes in and kneels before him. Elisha blesses him, and he goes out rejoicing. The vision of the prophet turns to Ruahmah and lifts his hand in warning.*

ELISHA:

Daughter of Israel, what dost thou here?
Thy prayer is granted. Naaman is healed:
Mar not true service with a selfish thought.
Nothing remains for thee to do, except
Give thanks, and go whither the Lord commands.
Obey,—obey! Ere Naaman returns
Thou must depart to thine own house in Shechem.

(The vision vanishes.)

RUAHMAH:

(She wakes, and rises slowly.)

A dream, a dream, a messenger of God!
O dear and dreadful vision, art thou true?
Then am I glad with all my broken heart.
Nothing remains,—nothing remains but this,—
Give thanks, obey, depart,—and so I do:
Let swift obedience speak my gratitude.
Farewell, my master's sword! Farewell to you,
My amulet! I lay you on the hilt
His hand shall clasp again: bid him farewell
For me, since I must look upon his face
No more forever!—Hark, what sound was that?
It urges me to haste,—Oho, my guard!

(She takes the chain from her neck and hangs it upon the sword.)

(Enter soldier hurriedly.)

SOLDIER:

Mistress, an arméd troop, footmen and horse,
Mounting the hill!

RUAHMAH:

My lord returns in triumph.

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SOLDIER:

Not so, for these are enemies; they march
In haste and silence, answering not our cries.

RUAHMAH:

Our enemies? Then hold your ground,—on guard!
Fight! fight! Defend the pass, and drive them down.

(Exit soldier. Ruahmah draws Naaman's sword from the scabbard and hurries out of the tent. Confused noise of fighting outside. Three or four soldiers are driven in by a troop of men in disguise. Ruahmah follows: she is beaten to her knees, and her sword is broken.)

REZON:

(Throwing aside the cloth which covers his face.)

Hold her! So, tiger-maid, we've found your lair
And trapped you. Where is Naaman,
Your master?

RUAHMAH:

(Rising, her arms held by two of Rezon's followers.)

He is far beyond your reach.

REZON:

(With scorn.)

Brave captain! He has saved himself, the leper,
And left you here?

RUAHMAH:

(Sadly.)

The leper is no more.

REZON:

What mean you?

RUAHMAH:

(Solemnly.)

He has gone to meet his God.

REZON:

(Exulting.)

Dead? Dead? Behold how Rimmon's wrath is swift.
Damascus shall be mine: I'll terrify
The king with this, and make my terms. But no!
False maid, you sweet-faced harlot, you have lied
To save him,—speak.

RUAHMAH:

(Quietly.)

I am not what you say,
Nor have I lied, nor will I ever speak
A word to you, base servant of a traitor-god.

REZON:

(With fury.)

Break off this little flute of blasphemy,
This ivory neck,—twist it, I say!
Give her a swift despatch after her leper!
But stay,—if he still lives he'll follow her,
And so we may ensnare him. Harm her not!
Bind her! Away with her to Rimmon's house!
Is all this carrion dead? There's one that moves,—
A spear,—fasten him down! All quiet now?
Then back to our Damascus! Rimmon's face
Shall be made bright with sacrifice.

(Exeunt, forcing Ruahmah with them. Musical interlude. A wounded soldier crawls from a dark corner of the tent and finds the chain with Naaman's seal, which has fallen to the ground in the struggle.)

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

This signet of my lord, her amulet!
Lost, lost! Ah, noble lady,—let me die
With this upon my breast.

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(The tent is dark. Enter Naaman and his company in haste, with torches.)

NAAMAN:

(He looks around with horror.)

What bloody work
Is here? God, let me live to punish him
Who wrought this horror! Treacherously slain
At night, by unknown hands, my brave companions:
Tsarpi, my best beloved, light of my soul,
Put out in darkness! O my broken lamp
Of life, where art thou? Nay, I cannot find her.

(Raising himself on his arm.)

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

Master!

(Kneels beside him.)

NAAMAN:

One living? Quick, a torch this way!
Lift up his head,—so,—carefully!
Courage, my friend, your captain is beside you.
Call back your soul and make report to him.

(Trying to rise.)

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

Hail, captain! O my captain,—here!

(Supporting him.)

NAAMAN:

Be patient,—rest in peace,—the fight is done.
Nothing remains but render your account.

(Brokenly.)

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

They fell upon us suddenly,—we fought
Our fiercest,—every man,—our lady fought
Fiercer than all. They beat us down,—she's gone.
Rezon has carried her away a captive. See,—
Her amulet,—I die for you, my captain.

(He dies.)

(He gently lays the dead soldier on the ground, and rises.)

NAAMAN:

Farewell. This last report was brave; but strange
Beyond my thought! How came the High Priest here?
And what is this? my chain, my seal! But this
Hath never been in Tsarpi's hand. I gave
This signet to a captive maid one night,—
A maid of Israel. How long ago?
Ruahmah was her name,—almost forgotten!

(He turns quickly.)

So long ago,—how comes this token here?
What is this mystery, Saballidin?

SABALLIDIN:

Ruahmah is her name who brought you hither.

(In perplexity.)

NAAMAN:

Where then is Tsarpi?

SABALLIDIN:

In Damascus.
She left you when the curse of Rimmon fell,—
Took refuge in his House,—and there she waits
Her lord's return,—Rezon's return.

(He grasps Saballidin's arm.)

NAAMAN:

'Tis false!

SABALLIDIN:

The falsehood is in her. She hath been friend
With Rezon in his priestly plot to win
Assyria's favor,—friend to his design
To sell his country to enrich his temple,—
And friend to him in more,—I will not name it.

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(*With heat.*)

NAAMAN:

Nor will I credit it. Impossible!

SABALLIDIN:

Did she not plead with you against the war,
Counsel surrender, seek to break your will?

(*He drops his hand.*)

NAAMAN:

She did not love my work, a soldier's task.
She never seemed to be at one with me
Until I was a leper.

SABALLIDIN:

From whose hand
Did you receive the sacred cup?

(*Very low.*)

NAAMAN:

From hers.

SABALLIDIN:

And from that hour the curse began to work.

(*With new energy.*)

NAAMAN:

But did she not have pity when she saw
Me smitten? Did she not beseech the King
For letters and a guard to make this journey?
Has she not been the fountain of my hope,
My comforter and my most faithful guide
In this adventure of the dark. All this
Is proof of perfect love that would have shared
A leper's doom rather than give me up.
Can I doubt her who dared to love like this?

(*Warmly and with earnestness.*)

SABALLIDIN:

O master, doubt her not,—but know her name;
Ruahmah! It was she alone who wrought
This wondrous work of love. She won the King
By the strong pleading of resistless hope
To furnish forth this company. She led
Our march, kept us in heart, fought off despair,
Offered herself to you as to her god,
Watched over you as if you were her child,
Prepared your food, your cup, with her own hands,
Sang you asleep at night, awake at dawn,—

(*Interrupting.*)

(*Turning away.*)

NAAMAN:

Enough! I do remember every hour
Of that sweet comradeship! And now her voice
Wakens the echoes in my lonely breast;
The perfume of her presence fills my sense
With longing. All my soul cries out in vain
For her embracing, satisfying love,
That I may rest in her and be at peace.
Shall I not see her, thank her, speak her name?
Ruahmah! Let me live till I have looked

(*To his soldiers.*)

Into her eyes and called her my Ruahmah!
Away! away! I burn to take the road
That leads me back to Rimmon's House,—
But not to bow,—by God, never to bow!

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SCENE II.—*The inner court of the House of Rimmon; a temple with huge pillars at each side. In the right foreground the seat of the King; at the left, of equal height, the seat of the High Priest. In the background a broad flight of steps, rising to a curtain of cloudy gray, embroidered with two gigantic hands holding thunderbolts. The temple is in half darkness at first. Enter Khamma and Nubta, robed as Kharimati, or religious dancers, in gowns of black gauze with yellow embroideries and mantles.*

KHAMMA:

(*They walk together.*) All is ready for the rites of worship; our lady will play a great part in them. She has put on her Tyrian robes, and all her ornaments.

NUBTA:

That is a sure sign of a religious purpose. She is most devout, our lady Tsarpi!

KHAMMA:

(*Nodding her head.*) A favorite of Rimmon, too! The High Priest has assured her of it. He is a great man, next to the King, now that Naaman is gone.

NUBTA:

(*Smiling.*) But if Naaman should come back, healed of the leprosy?

KHAMMA:

(*Contemptuously.*) How can he come back? The Hebrew slave that went away with him, when they caught her, said that he was dead. The High Priest has shut her up in the prison of the temple, accusing her of her master's death.

NUBTA:

(*She shakes her head.*) Yet I think he does not believe it, for I heard him telling our mistress what to do if Naaman should return.

KHAMMA:

What, then?

NUBTA:

(*Confidently.*) She will claim him as her husband. Was she not wedded to him before the god? That is a sacred bond. Only the High Priest can loose it. She will keep her hold on Naaman for the sake of the House of Rimmon. A wife knows her husband's secrets, she can tell——

(*Enter Shumakim, with his flagon, walking unsteadily.*)

KHAMMA:

Hush! here comes the fool Shumakim. He is never sober

SHUMAKIM:

(*Laughing.*) Are there two of you? I see two, but that is no proof. I think there is only one, but beautiful enough for two. What were you talking to yourself about, fairest one!

KHAMMA:

About the lady Tsarpi, fool, and what she would do if her husband returned.

SHUMAKIM:

(*He hides his face with his hands.*) Fie! fie! That is no talk for an innocent fool to hear. Has she a husband?

NUBTA:

You know very well that she is the wife of Lord Naaman.

SHUMAKIM:

(*With simplicity.*) I remember that she used to wear his name and his jewels. But I thought he had exchanged her,—for a leprosy.

KHAMMA:

(*Impatiently.*) You must have heard that he went away to Samaria to look for healing. Some say that he died on the journey; but others say he has been cured, and is on his way home to his wife.

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SHUMAKIM:

(Half-seriously, then in jest, patting each of them on the cheek.)

It may be, for this is a mad world, and men never know when they are well off,—except us fools. But he must come soon if he would find his wife as he parted from her,—or the city where he left it. The Assyrians have returned with a greater army, and this time they will make an end of us, there is no Naaman now, and the Bull will devour Damascus like a bunch of leeks, flowers, and all,—flowers and all, my double-budded fair one! Are you not afraid?

NUBTA:

(Offended.)

We belong to the House of Rimmon. He will protect us.

SHUMAKIM:

(Mocking.)

What? The mighty one who hides behind the curtain there, and tells his secrets to Rezon? No doubt he will take care of you, and of himself. Whatever game is played, the gods never lose. But for the protection of the common people and the rest of us fools, I would rather have Naaman at the head of an army than all the sacred images between here and Babylon.

KHAMMA:

(Shaking her finger at him.)

You are a wicked old man. You mock the god. He will punish you.

SHUMAKIM:

(Bitterly.)

How can he punish me? Has he not already made me a fool? Hark, here comes my brother the High Priest, and my brother the King. Rimmon made us all; but nobody knows who made Rimmon, except the High Priest; and he will never tell.

(Gongs and cymbals sound. Enter Rezon with priests, and the King with courtiers. They take their seats. A throng of Khali and Kharimati come in, Tsarpi presiding; a sacred dance is performed with torches, burning incense, and chanting, in which Tsarpi leads.)

Chant

Hail, mighty Rimmon, ruler of the whirlstorm,
Hail, shaker of mountains, breaker-down of forests,
Hail, thou who roarest terribly in the darkness,
Hail, thou whose arrows flame across the heavens!
Hail, great destroyer, lord of flood and tempest,
In thine anger almighty, in thy wrath eternal,
Thou who delightest in ruin, maker of desolations,
Immeru, Addu, Barku, Rimmon!
See we tremble before thee, low we bow at thine altar,
Have mercy upon us, be favorable unto us,

(Silence follows, all bowing down.)

Save us from our enemy, accept our sacrifice,
Barku, Immeru, Addu, Rimmon!

REZON:

(Rising.)

O King, last night the counsel from above
Was given in answer to our divination.
Ambassadors must go forthwith to crave
Assyria's pardon, and a second offer
Of the same terms of peace we did reject
Three months ago.

BENHADAD:

(Despondently.)

Dishonor! Yet I see
No other way! Assyria will refuse,
Or make still harder terms. Disaster, shame
For this gray head, and ruin for Damascus!

REZON:

Yet may we trust Rimmon will favor us,

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If we adhere devoutly to his worship.
He will incline his brother-god, the Bull,
To spare us, if we supplicate him now
With costly gifts. Therefore I have prepared
A sacrifice: Rimmon shall be well pleased
With the red blood that bathes his knees to-night!

BENHADAD:

(*In a broken voice.*)

My mind is dark with doubt,—I do forebode
Some horror! Let me go,—I am an old man,—
If Naaman my captain were alive!
But he is dead,—the glory is departed!

(*He rises, trembling, to leave the throne. Trumpet sounds,—Naaman's call;—enter Naaman, followed by soldiers; he kneels at the foot of the throne.*)

BENHADAD:

(*Half-whispering.*)

Art thou a ghost escaped from Allatu?
How didst thou pass the seven doors of death?
O noble ghost I am afraid of thee,
And yet I love thee,—let me hear thy voice!

NAAMAN:

(*In a clear voice.*)

No ghost, my King, but one who lives to serve
Thee and Damascus with his heart and sword
As in the former days. The only God
Has healed my leprosy: my life is clean
To offer to my country and my King.

BENHADAD:

(*Starting toward him.*)

O welcome to thy King! Thrice welcome!

REZON:

(*Leaving his seat and coming toward Naaman.*)

Stay!
The leper must appear before the priest,
The only one who can pronounce him clean.

(*Naaman turns; they stand looking each other in the face.*)

Yea,—thou art cleansed: Rimmon hath pardoned thee
In answer to the daily prayers of her
Whom he restores to thine embrace,—thy wife.

(*Tsarpi comes slowly toward Naaman.*)

NAAMAN:

(*He turns from her.*)

From him who rules this House will I receive
Nothing! I seek no pardon from his priest,
No wife of mine among his votaries!

TSARPI:

(*Holding out her hands.*)

Am I not yours? Will you renounce our vows?

NAAMAN:

(*He speaks to her.*)

The vows were empty,—never made you mine
In aught but name. A wife is one who shares
Her husband's thought, incorporates his heart
With hers by love, and crowns him with her trust.
She is God's remedy for loneliness,
And God's reward for all the toil of life.
This you have never been to me,—and so
I give you back again to Rimmon's House
Where you belong. Claim what you will of mine,—
Not me! I do renounce you,—or release you,—
According to the law. If you demand
A further cause than what I have declared,
I will unfold it fully to the King.

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REZON:

(*Interposing hurriedly.*)

No need of that! This duteous lady yields
To your caprice as she has ever done:
She stands a monument of loyalty
And woman's meekness.

NAAMAN:

(*Looking at her.*)

Ay, let her stand for that!

(*To Rezon.*)

Adorn your temple with her piety!
But you in turn restore to me the treasure
You stole at midnight from my tent.

REZON:

(*Coldly.*)

What treasure? I have stolen none from you.

NAAMAN:

(*He turns to the King.*)

The very jewel of my soul,—Ruahmah!
My King, the captive maid of Israel!
To whom thou didst commit my broken life
With letters to Samaria,—my light,—
My guide, my saviour in this pilgrimage,—
Dost thou remember?

BENHADAD:

(*Confused.*)

I recall the maid,—
But dimly,—for my mind is old and weary.
She was a fearless maid, I trusted her
And gave thee to her charge. Where is she now?

NAAMAN:

(*Pointing to Rezon.*)

This robber fell upon my camp by night,—
While I was with Elisha at the Jordan,—
Slaughtered my soldiers, carried off the maid,
And holds her somewhere in imprisonment.
O give this jewel back to me, my King,
And I will serve thee with a grateful heart
Forever. I will fight for thee, and lead
Thine armies on to glorious victory
Over all foes! Thou shalt no longer fear
The host of Asshur, for thy throne shall stand
Encompassed with a wall of dauntless hearts,
And founded on a mighty people's love,
And guarded by the God of righteousness.

BENHADAD:

(*With animation.*)

I feel the flame of courage at thy breath
Leap up among the ashes of despair.
Thou hast returned to save us! Thou shalt have
The maid; and thou shalt lead my host again!
Priest, I command you give her back to him.

REZON:

(*Bowing.*)

O master, I obey thy word as thou
Hast ever been obedient to the voice
Of Rimmon. Let thy fiery captain wait
Until the sacrifice has been performed,

(*Gravely, and with authority.*)

And he shall have the jewel that he claims.
Must we not first placate the city's god
With due allegiance, keep the ancient faith,
And pay our homage to the Lord of Wrath?

BENHADAD:

(*Sinking back upon his throne in fear.*)

I am the faithful son of Rimmon's House,—

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And lo, these many years I worship him!
My thoughts are troubled,—I am very old,
But still a King! Be patient, Naaman!
Priest, let the sacrifice be offered.

(The High Priest lifts his rod. Gongs and cymbals sound. The curtain is rolled back, disclosing the image of Rimmon; a gigantic and hideous idol, with a cruel human face, four horns, the mane of a lion, and huge paws stretched in front of him enclosing a low altar of black stone. Ruahmah stands on the altar, chained, her arms are bare and folded on her breast. The people prostrate themselves in silence, with signs of astonishment and horror.)

REZON:

Behold the sacrifice! Bow down, bow down!

NAAMAN:

(Stabbing him.)

Down! thou black priest, and never rise again!
Ruahmah! do not die! I come to thee.

(Naaman rushes toward her, attacked by the priests, crying "Sacrilege! Kill him!" But the soldiers stand on the steps and beat them back. He springs upon the altar and clasps her in his arms. Tumult and confusion. The King rises and speaks with a loud voice, silence follows.)

BENHADAD:

Peace, peace! The King commands all weapons down!
O Naaman, what wouldst thou do? Beware,
Lest thou provoke the anger of a god.

NAAMAN:

There is no God but one, the Merciful,
Who gave this perfect woman to my soul
That I might learn through her to worship Him
And know the meaning of immortal Love.
Whom God hath joined together all the powers
Of hate and falsehood never shall divide.

BENHADAD:

(Agitated.)

Yet she is consecrated, bound, and doomed
To sacrificial death; but thou art sworn
To live and lead my host,—Hast thou not sworn?

NAAMAN:

Only if thou wilt keep thy word to me!
Break with this idol of iniquity
Whose shadow makes a darkness in the land;
Give her to me who gave me back to thee;
And I will lead thine army to renown
And plant thy banners on the hill of triumph.
But if she dies, I die with her, defying Rimmon.

(Cries of "Spare them! Release her! Give us back our Captain!" and "Sacrilege! Let them die!" Then silence, all turning toward the King.)

BENHADAD:

Is this the choice? Must we destroy the bond
Of ancient faith, or slay the city's living hope!
I am an old, old man,—and yet the King!
Must I decide?—O let me ponder it!

(His head sinks upon his breast. All stand eagerly looking at him.)

NAAMAN:

(Holding her in his arms.)

Ruahmah, my Ruahmah! I have come
To thee at last! And art thou satisfied?

RUAHMAH:

(Looking into his face.)

Yea, my beloved, I am satisfied;—
In heaven and earth the only living God
Is Love, and He will never part us.

FINIS.

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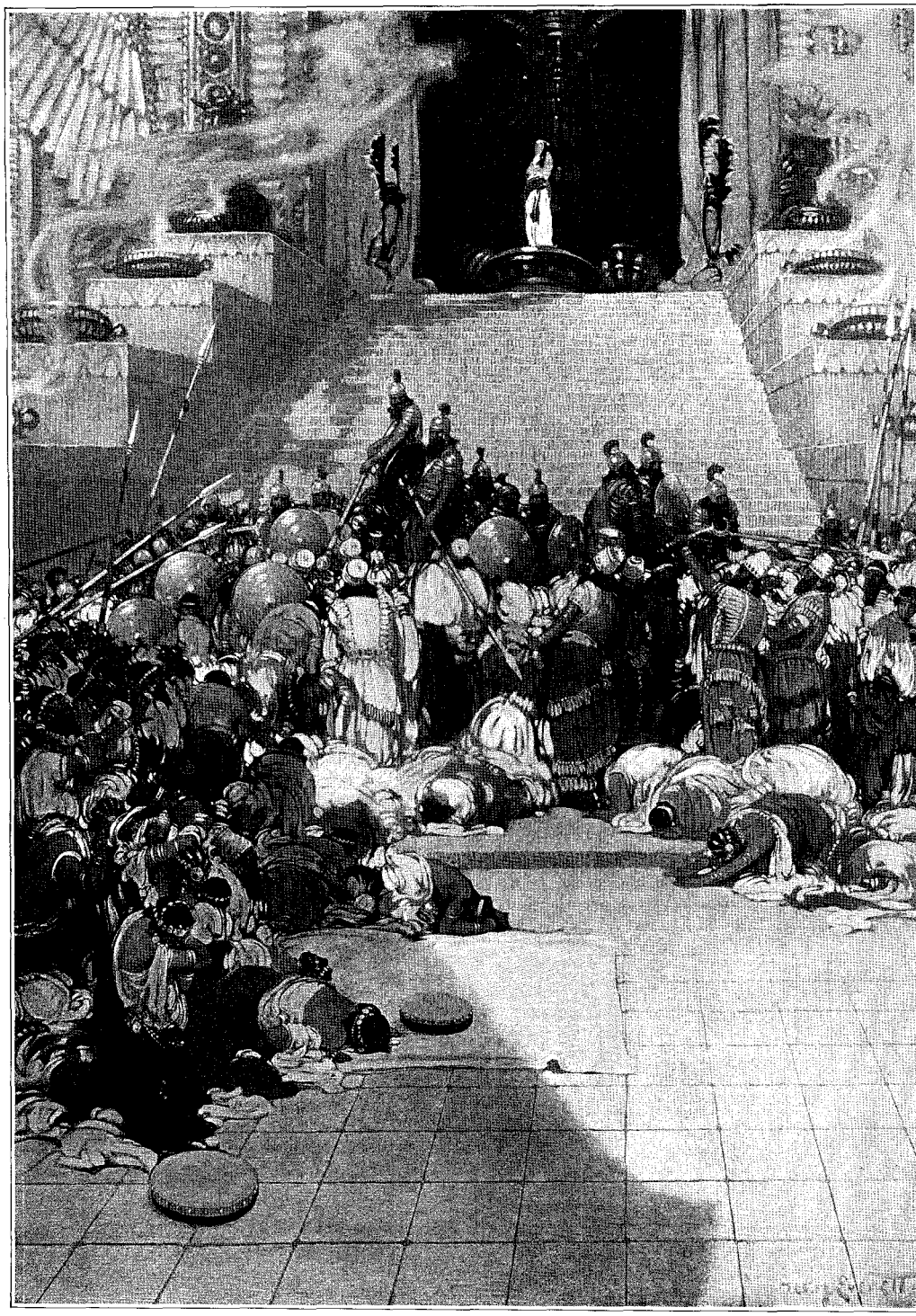

Drawn by W. H. Everett.

"Behold the sacrifice! Bow down, bow down!"—Page 300.

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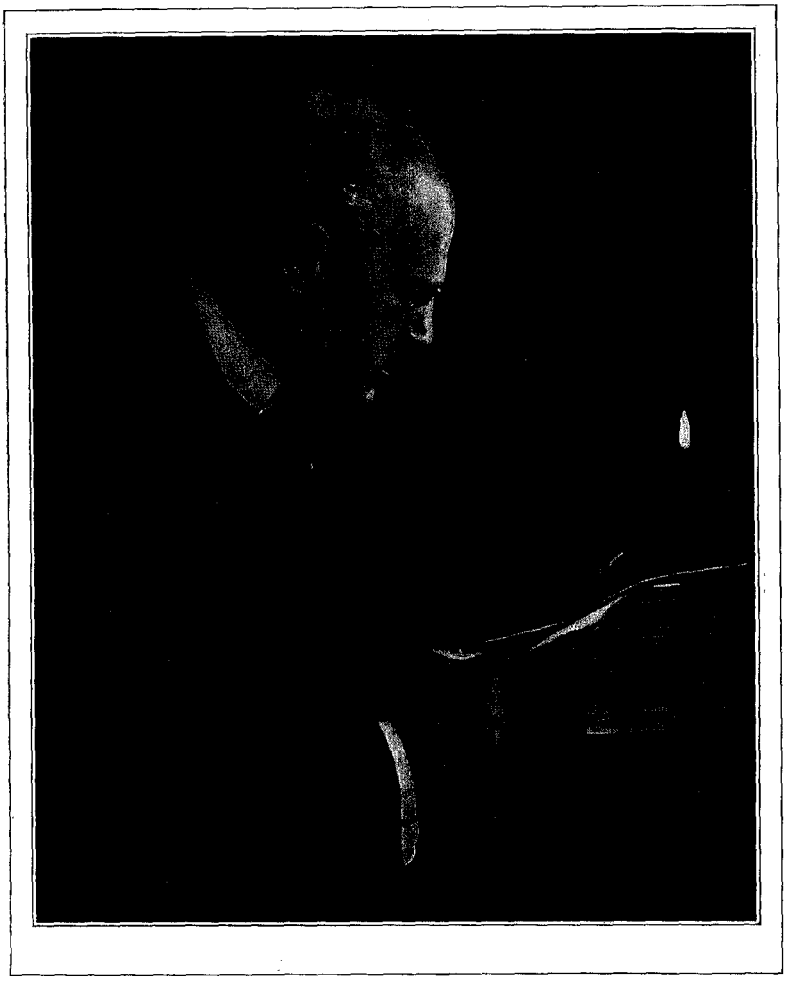

From a photograph by Histed, 1898.

Richard Mansfield.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

I—HIS BEGINNINGS AND APPRENTICESHIP

By Paul Wilstach

RICHARD MANSFIELD was born May 24, 1857, in Berlin, whither his mother had come from her London home to sing in opera. His father was Maurice Mansfield, a wine merchant in Lime Street, and his mother was Erminia Rudersdorff, a celebrated prima donna. Richard was the third of four children.

When he was four years old his father died, and as his mother's engagements in the various opera houses of Europe precluded her giving personal attention to the children's education, he and his sister and his two brothers were sent to private schools on the Continent—at first to Jena, then to Yvredon in Switzerland, and finally to Bourbourg in France. Thereafter the children separated and Richard was sent to Derby, England.

At Derby School he was conspicuous in

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Speech Day theatricals and in athletic work. After two years in the midlands, however, his impatience with routine fretted him out of endurance of further schooling and he returned home to London and began preparations for the Indian Civil Service. At this time his mother's triumph as prima donna of the Boston Peace Jubilee of 1872 determined her to remain and make her home in the American city, and Richard ever ready for a change, joined her.

He spent four years in Boston during which time he made various experiments in the process of finding himself. Among the boy's friends were Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Julia Ward Howe and Eben Jordan, the merchant. Mr. Jordan gave Richard a desk in his private office as foreign correspondent clerk, and the young man's wide acquaintance with the continental languages stood him in good stead.

But even at this time his character had so far formed itself that he found it impossible to work for another or to live in a home which he could not dominate. So he withdrew from his mother's house and the Jordan store to the frail independence of a career as a painter in a room in the mansard of a boarding-house in the elegant purlieus of Beacon Street. Some pittance picked up as dramatic and musical critic of the precarious *Daily News* helped to keep out the wolf which his own extravagance was continually coaxing to his door. An allowance from his mother was his real support. She encouraged him to open an atelier in the Studio Building, at the corner of Bromfield and Tremont streets, where he found his friends George Munzig and Benjamin Porter, and to the earnings of his brush he added the earnings from a class in languages, and their sum was practically nothing.

From a photograph in the collection of W. C. Bamburgh.

Erminia Rudersdorff Mansfield.

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Richard Mansfield, in "The German Reed Entertainments."

In Boston he made two public appearances on the stage. The first was with the Buskin Club, a group of artistic amateurs which he helped to organize, and with them he acted Beau Farintosh in Tom Robertson's "School." The second appearance revealed him as the modest incognito behind "Vincent Crummles's Entertainment," given in Union Hall in June, 1876. Herein he first gave public evidence of his mimetic cleverness in a programme which included imitations and burlesques of most of the conspicuous actors and operatic singers of the day.

Unrest continued to tug at his spirits and he convinced his mother that America held no career for him as a painter. She promised him an allowance of one hundred dollars a month, gave him a letter to her friend William Frith, R.A., and he returned to England in the early days of 1877.

What Mansfield's real intention was when he left America will probably never be known. The study of painting was made the excuse. If his design to become a painter was sincere it was, nevertheless, soon abandoned.

He did present his mother's letter to Frith, who received him with a formal kindness, and he studied casually at the South Kensington Museum, which he reached from the Pall Mall district, where he had lodgings, only after trudging wearily on foot. But there was lacking the enthusiasm and determination which had already become a characteristic of his genuine interest in an undertaking, and it is not surprising that the brush and pal-

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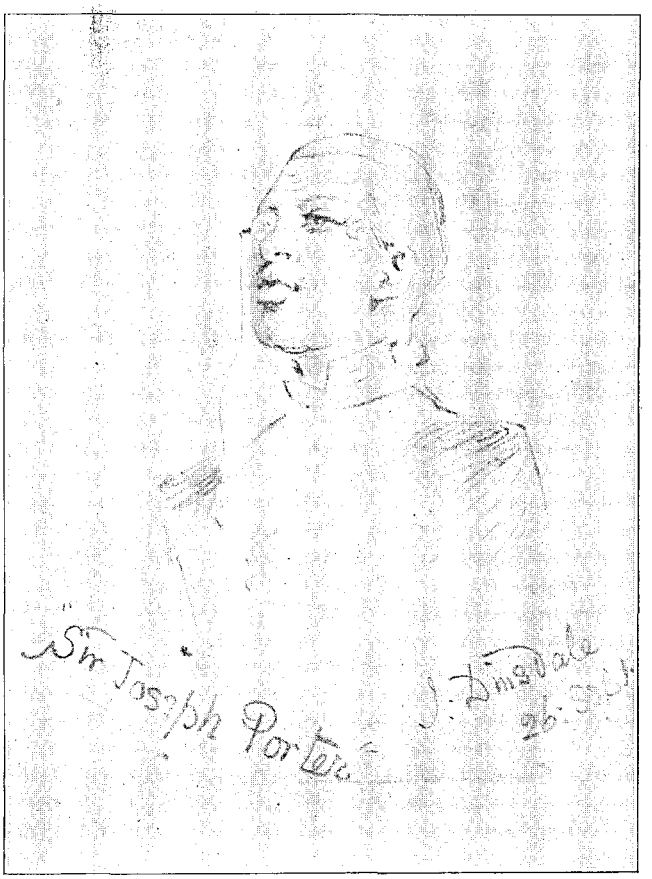
ette were soon put aside and the canvases forgotten.

There was another call in his heart. Perhaps the performance of "School" and his appearance as Mr. Vincent Crummles, modest though his success was in each instance, stimulated him with a hope in a new direction. Behind him in Boston he left an unalloyed belief with his mother and his friends that his future lay with painting, but from the time he reached London it is quite evident he was possessed with no other idea than to become an actor, and the chronicle is now one of his apprenticeship in the theatre.

His pocket-book was soon flat. It is certain, however, that there was no more perfectly tailored and groomed young gentleman on the parade than he. His acquaintance quickly extended to the leading lights of the artistic and bohemian world. Old Derby schoolmates looked him up. Over a modest supper, fortified with ale and scotch, and afterward at the piano, he had a hundred resources to make himself facinating. His friends brought their friends. Among a certain set of young swells Dick Mansfield's chambers became one of the most popular rallying-points in London. This hospitality soon exhausted his credit all over the neighborhood. Hunger began to pinch.

Perhaps he confided his dilemma to one or two intimates, for directly he had invitations to spend the week-ends at certain great country houses, where he sang and played for his friends and their guests after dinner. His extravagance, however, consumed the few sovereigns he could command. Nevertheless his talents were earn-



From a drawing by J. Dimsdale, 1879.

Richard Mansfield as "Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B."

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ing him something and he wrote of it to his mother in America with high spirits.

He was taken to the Savage Club, where his cleverness was attested by the leading entertainers of London. When Corney Grain was taken sick in the spring of 1877, Mansfield was at once recommended as his substitute in the German Reed Entertainments. He was to receive eight pounds a week. This was a splendid salary for any young man, as salaries went then, or as they stand now on the London stage. To Mansfield it was a positive windfall.

German Reed had, a generation before, established in Regent Street a polite entertainment known as "The Gallery of Illustration." It was one of the sops shrewd London managers offered to the British Puritan who could not take theatrical entertainment from a theatre, just as his American cousin sipped his sanctimoniously through the straw of the Athenæums, Museums, Lyceums, Academies and Opera Houses. Other preëminently proper places in the English capital at that time were Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, Moore and Burgess's Minstrels and the Polytechnic. German Reed's Entertainment consisted of two brief comedies with a musical interlude by some clever parodist or mimic. When he outgrew the quarters in Regent Street, Reed moved a little way above into St. George's Hall in Langham Place. In this miniature theatre he made his entertainments the most select and fashionable diversion in London. From his little company he graduated ladies and gentlemen who took their places among the most distinguished actors and actresses of the day. Reed and his wife appeared in the comedies, and after themselves his strongest card was Corney Grain, successor of the even more noted John Parry, who filled the interlude with an amusing medley of vocal and pianoforte humor.

As a member of this distinguished little coterie of entertainers, Mansfield felt that his fortune was made. His whole interest, attention, and hope now centred on April 20, the night of his début. He was assigned the small rôle of the Beadle in the comedietta "Charity Begins at Home," which opened the evening. After that he was to change to evening dress and hold the stage alone for half an hour after the manner established by Corney Grain. Every shilling he could scrape together went for a wardrobe, linen, boots, cravat, a boutonnière and other irreproachable appurtenances.

His friends crowded St. George's Hall for his first appearance. It was observed as he uttered the few lines of the Beadle that he was excessively nervous. When, later in the evening, he sat down at the piano and struck a preliminary chord, he fainted dead away.

Mr. Reed relieved him of his position at once. In discharging him, he said: "You are the most nervous man I have ever seen." It was not all nervousness, however. Mansfield had not eaten for three days. He had fainted from hunger.

It was many a year before he again worked up to the munificence of eight pounds a week, but this pathetic incident was later made an asset as employed by him in an attractive little comedy of his own writing.

The night of his disastrous début he dragged himself home to his lodgings discouraged and disconsolate, alone, ill, and penniless, but the cup of his bitterness overflowed the next morning. The American mail brought him a letter which was the sequel of a scene which must be recited here.

One day Madame Rudersdorff stormed into George Munzig's studio. In her outstretched hand she carried the fluttering sheets of Richard's latest letter. She was superbly dramatic in her wrath and paced the long room with the air of a tragedy queen.

"George Munzig," she exclaimed in tones of trenchant irony, "do you know what your friend is doing in London—your friend Dick Mansfield? He is giving entertainments, he's an entertainer! He accepts week-end invitations from school friends like Lady Cardigan's son and others, and plays and sings for them, and takes five pounds for it! Your friend does this. He's no son of mine! I'm going right down to State Street and cut off every penny of his allowance!"

And she did, and wrote him punctually to that effect, "beginning," as he afterward declared, "in very plain English and emphasizing her resentment in French, German,. and Italian, and ending up in Russian, with a reserve of bitter denuncia-

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tion, but no more languages to express it in." She declared he had "entered on a slave's life," and her son was not fitted for it.

Mansfield was now on evil days indeed. He moved into obscure quarters and fought the hard fight. It was years before he would speak of these experiences. In fact he rarely ruminated on the past in the confidences of either conversation or correspondence. Memory troubled him little, and by the universal equation it withheld its pleasures. He dwelt in the present with his eyes and hopes on the future. It was always the future with him. No pleasure or attainment brought complete satisfaction. He looked to the past only in relation to the future, for experience, for example, what to avoid.

Once when at the meridian of his fame,* he was asked to lecture before the faculty and students of the University of Chicago. For his subject he chose "On Going on the Stage." That he might exploit to those before him the dread reality of the actor's struggle he lifted for the first time a corner of that veil of mystery which hung between his public and his past, and told of these early London days:

"For years I went home to my little room, if fortunately I had one," he said, "and perhaps a tallow dip was stuck in the neck of a bottle, and I was fortunate if I had something to cook for myself over a fire, if I had a fire. That was my life. When night came I wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny I invested it in a baked potato, from the baked-potato man on the corner. I would put these hot potatoes in my pockets, and after I had warmed my hands, I would swallow the potato. That is the truth."

The tragedy of those days was not without its humorous relief. "I can remember one evening in London," he recounted afterward at supper amid the luxury of his Riverside Drive home, "when I had reached the pleasant condition of having had nothing to eat all day. I had just one shilling, my last, in my pocket. I was walking along looking somewhat covetously into the pastry shops I passed, wondering how on my pittance I could dissipate the carking hunger to the best advantage. Suddenly I came upon a friend of mine, a vagabond like myself, but apparently then in much better luck. He was gorgeously arrayed in all the black-and-white splendor of evening clothes. He had a dinner invitation, he explained, at Lord Cavendish's or some such great house, we'd go in somewhere and have something on the strength of it.

"We went into one of those Bodega places that are scattered all over London where you get a very decent glass of champagne, on draught, for sixpence. They always had a large cheese about, you know, from which you may help yourself, which is about the nearest approach England makes to the American free-lunch.

"Well, we tucked into the cheese, at least I know I did, and we had our glass of champagne each. Now I don't know whether you know it or not, but there is probably not a mixture in the world that is surer to create hunger than cheese and champagne.

"I did not need an appetite, I had a huge one already, but after that cheese and champagne I had a positive gnawing. I was mentally gloating over the shilling's worth of food I would go forth and feast on, when my friend, shuffling his hands nervously from pocket to pocket, turned to me and said:

"'I say, old man, I'm awfully sorry, but I seem to have left my pocket-book at home. If you happen to have a shilling about you—' and I had the satisfaction of paying out my last shilling for that hunger-raising cheese and champagne!"

The true Mansfield, Mansfield the indomitable, came out in the crucible of these trials. He wrote his mother but he scorned to ask again for money, well as he understood the fiery temperament which is the expression of impulse. They exchanged most affectionate letters. But he was never to see her again.

The sale of an occasional picture or the acceptance of a story or poem by a magazine gave him barely sufficient to eke along. It was with difficulty he was able to put up a respectable appearance when he was so fortunate as to have an invitation to fashionable houses. But non-nutritive as were the unsubstantials that were exploited there in the form of cold collations, the truth is that had he declined these invitations he would have gone hungry.

His discovery of Mrs. Hall, mother of a

*February, 1898.

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charming group of girl friends in Boston, and of his old friends, Mrs. Howe and her daughter Maud, were bright spots in this cheerless period. The dinners to which these ladies invited him were often providential interpositions between him and starvation.

At length his wardrobe became so reduced that attendance at any but the most informal entertainments became out of the question, and finally he had to give up these. Soon he was inking the seams of his coat and wandered about shunning friends for fear they would learn to what a condition he was reduced.

"Often," he admitted, "I stayed in bed and slept because when I was awake I was hungry. Foot-sore, I would gaze into the windows of restaurants, bakeries, and fruit-shops, thinking the food displayed in them the most tempting and beautiful sight in the world. There were times when I literally dined on sights and smells."

He did every species of dramatic and musical hack work in drawing-rooms, in clubs, and in special performances in theatres. Sometimes he got into an obscure provincial company but he said that his very cleverness was a kind of curse, since the harder he worked and the better the audiences liked him, the quicker he was discharged. The established favorites of these little companies always struck when a newcomer made a hit.

His humor did not forsake him; but it became somewhat cynical. The equal helplessness of success or failure begot a kind of audacity which broke out in the most unexpected caprices.

In one instance when he foresaw immediate dismissal he executed a sweet revenge on a jealous comedian who, with Mansfield and one other, sang a trio. As each came forward for his verse the other two sat back on either side of the stage, then rose, joined in the chorus, danced a few steps, and fell back again into the chairs. While the comedian was working hard down front, Mansfield ostentatiously took a large pin from the lapel of his coat, with great pains bent it as every school-boy knows how, and getting his cue, suddenly to join in the chorus, quickly put the bent pin in his own chair. At the conclusion of the dance he swung round before the chair and assumed to sit down with violence. As he was just about to touch the chair he reached for the pin, and the audience which had all this time paid no attention to the comedian now roared with laughter.

On another occasion in a little sketch called "A Special Delivery Letter," he was entrusted with the part of the Squire who was to receive the letter—or rather, who was to call for it and not get it because the villain had stolen it. His only line was "I *am* surprised," and then he was to go off the stage. The manager explained that they could not pay much for one line, yet they couldn't get a super who could look like a country gentleman. Mansfield's pride was touched. He had to prove he was better than a super and took the part with the proviso that he be allowed to work it up in his own manner, though he warned the manager that he would not be able to give satisfaction.

Once he got on the stage he bade fair never to leave it. When he was assured that there was no letter he improvised a comic scene of anger, resentment, and bluster which sent the audience into paroxysms of laughter. He delivered a tirade on every one in sight. His brother, who was a member of Parliament, would look into the special delivery department, his wife's cousin was a peer, and the House of Lords would pass a measure abolishing the whole post-office system! Every other sentence was punctuated with "I *am* surprised!" The stage-manager shouted to him to come off and threw himself into a sweat threatening violence, but Mansfield finished his part as he had written it. That night he was discharged.

But nothing else he ever did equalled Mansfield's recital of his experience the night he condescended to the plebeian rôle of a waiter and wore an apron. His whole "business" was to draw a cork, but he took pains to drive that cork home before coming on the stage. When his cue came to draw the cork, he tugged and tugged in vain. His face grew scarlet and perspiration dropped from his forehead. Then he handed the bottle to another waiter, who struggled with all his strength without budging the cork. Mansfield turned a deaf ear to the voices in the wings shouting for him to leave the stage. He took the bottle back again and with renewed effort finally dislodged the cork. The insignificant pop

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it gave after those Titanic efforts again brought down the house. His hit meant his dismissal as usual.

In 1878 Gilbert and Sullivan made their first great hit with their delightful operatic satire on the British Navy, "H. M. S. Pinafore." Gilbert had for a decade been a popular dramatist. They had been collaborating, too, in several previous efforts, but this was their first triumph. In the autumn D'Oyly Carte planned a second and a third company to play "Pinafore" in the provinces. Having succeeded in no other direction, Mansfield went to his office and registered. One day after much patience he was granted an interview with the mighty Gilbert.

He was asked to sing, and turning to the pianist—who happened to be Alfred Cellier—Mansfield said: "Play 'La ci darem.'"

"You don't mean the duet from 'Don Giovanni?'" exclaimed the astonished Cellier.

"Play! Play!" repeated Mansfield imperatively. He was somewhat impatient, for instead of buying breakfast that morning he had put a boutonnière in his lapel.

When he finished the duet, alternating his deep, full barytone with his wonderful falsetto tones, he was given the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., first Lord of the Admiralty. It is a part requiring distinction of manner, a good voice, perfect enunciation and agility in dancing. Mansfield had all of these and his success in the part was very considerable, although none but the second-class towns were visited by the company of which he was a member.

The tour included Scotland and Wales, as well as England. No town that had a hall was too small to be visited. The musical accompaniment was played on metallic pianos and asthmatic harmoniums. It would appear that both were used in Darlington—as Darlington was one of the larger towns visited this may have been the occasion for an "enlarged orchestra"—for a local paper said, "Mr. Horner, a gentleman well known for his musical ability, manipulated both the piano and the harmonium." Could the meaning have been that this gifted operative played both at the same time? At Colchester, "the Band of the Royal Dragoons played the overture." Then a piano accompaniment to the opera? Anti-climax!

The only scrap-book that Mansfield ever kept covered these years on tour in "Pinafore." Its yellowed pages tell a story which must have warmed his heart. The notices it contains are in no sense criticisms—mere bald, crude reporting of the facts of the performance, but nearly always with some honeyed word for "the irresistibly comic interpretation of the young man, R. Mansfield, who played Sir Joseph Porter." Pasted inside the cover is a delicate pencil sketch of him in the character, drawn by his friend, J. Dimsdale, "September 26, 1879," and on the rough exterior he sketched with his own pen a merciless caricature of himself in the same rôle.

Augustus van Biene, the actor and musician, whose performance of "The Broken Melody" afterward in England rivalled in length of days and popularity "The Old Homestead" in America, was the musical director for a time. When he heard of Mansfield's later triumphs he exclaimed: "What dreams of success we dreamed! What castles in the air we projected even then! Some day we would astonish the world!" And our joint salaries were just thirty-five dollars a week! Richard Barker was the stage manager and Mansfield could never please him. After trying again and again, he once cried: "Please, Barker, do let me alone. I shall be all right. I have acted the part." "Not you," declared Barker, "Act? You act, man? You will never act as long as you live!"

Mansfield, writing some years after* for some young people who were allured by their impressions of the actor's life, referred to these first provincial experiences: "Have you any idea of what a dressing-room is like? In what places we sometimes have to dress? I have stood in Wales in the act of making-up—the technical term for painting your face—standing with one foot on a brick and with the other foot on a brick, and the water running all about me; with a little piece of cracked looking-glass in my hand; and the stage was made out of a number of boards laid across barrels, with the ladies dressing on one side of the stage and the gentlemen on the other side, and consequently the exits and the entrances had to be changed. We had two exits, one on one side, where the gentlemen dressed, and one exit on the

*First Chicago address, February, 1898.

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side where the ladies dressed but occasionally we forgot and once I 'exited,' if I may be permitted to use the term, on the side where the ladies dressed, and there were shrieks which were not written by the author of the play."

In America a comedian who could successfully carry the leading rôle in a touring comic opera would command and receive from one to two hundred dollars a week. For upward of a year Mansfield's weekly salary for playing Sir Joseph Porter was three pounds.

His own account of his revolt for an additional six shillings a week in the fall of 1879, and what followed, written down in his own terms at the time of his telling, lacks only the spirit and magnetism of his recital:

"The management of that company was most exacting. For the slightest excuse or none at all, salaries were cut, fines were imposed or the victim discharged with short shrift. Before long I felt the halter draw, and, not yielding promptly to unjust demands, coupled with a request for a raise of six shillings in salary after a year's successful service, I was promptly set adrift with scarcely a shilling in my pocket. On the munificent salary of three pounds a week it was impossible to lay by anything, and so I journeyed to London with nothing in my pocket but a little contribution which a kind woman of the company forced on me just as I was leaving on my forlorn trip back to the metropolis. Several years ago I found this generous soul in destitute circumstances, over in London, and had the inexpressible pleasure of adding a little to her comfort.

"Reaching my poor lodgings in London, I soon fell into desperate straits. Without money or friends, and with no professional opening, I was soon forced to pawn my few belongings to pay for food. I did not know which way to turn, and was in such extremity that the most gloomy reflections overwhelmed me and I could see no hope in life."

The recollection of the rebuffs, poverty, starvation, inability to find sympathy because possibly of the pride which repelled it, the ill-fortune which snatched the extended opportunity just as he was about to grasp it, the jealousy of established favorites of the encroaching popularity of newcomers, the hardships of provincial travel and life in a part of the country, and at a time when the play-actor was still regarded as a kind of vagabond and was paid as such, the severity of the discipline he encountered from the despots over him—all painted pictures on his memory and fed a fire under the furnace of his nature which tempered the steel in his composition to inflexibility. The stern rod of discipline was held over him every moment and often fell with unforgetable severity. He was trained by autocrats in a school of experience more autocratic than anything dreamed of by this generation of actors.

What befell him while in the distressed state of mind and spirit before described cannot be better conveyed than by resuming his own narrative:

"This was the condition of affairs when a strange happening befell me. Retiring for the night in a perfectly hopeless frame of mind, I fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed dreams. Finally toward morning this fantasy came to me. I seemed in my disturbed sleep to hear a cab drive up to the door as if in a great hurry. There was a knock, and in my dream I opened the door and found D'Oyly Carte's yellow-haired secretary standing outside. He exclaimed:

"'Can you pack up and catch the train in ten minutes to rejoin the company?'

"'I can,' was the dream-land reply. There seemed to be a rushing about while I swept a few things into my bag, then the cab door was slammed and we were off to the station.

"This was all a dream, but here is the inexplicable dénouement. The dream was so vivid and startling that I immediately awoke with a strange uncanny sensation, and sprang to my feet. It was six o'clock and only bare and gloomy surroundings met my eye. On a chair rested my travelling bag, and through some impulse that I could not explain at the time, and cannot account for now, I picked it up and hurriedly swept into it a few articles that had escaped the pawn-shop. It did not take long to complete my toilet, and then I sat down to think.

"Presently, when I had reached the extreme point of dejection, a cab rattled up, there was a knock and there stood D'Oyly Carte's secretary, just as I saw him in my dreams. He seemed to be in a great flurry, and cried out:

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"'Can you pack up and reach the station in ten minutes to rejoin the company?'

"'I can,' said I calmly, pointing to my bag, 'for I was expecting you.'

"The man was a little startled by this seemingly strange remark, but bundled me into the cab without further ado, and we hurried away to the station exactly in accord with my dream. That was the beginning of a long engagement, and, although I have known hard times since, it was the turning point in my career.

"How do I account for the dream and its realization?" exclaimed Mansfield in answer to a rather incredulous question. "I have already said that I have no theory whatever in regard to the matter. I do not account for it. It is enough for me to know that I dreamed certain things which were presently realized in the exact order of the dream. Having no superstitions, it is impossible to philosophize over the occurrence. All I know is that everything happened in the exact order that I have stated it."

One man's misfortune is an other man's opportunity. W. S. Penley—he who was to be "Charley's Aunt" Penley—was playing Sir Joseph Porter in the first touring company. He fell ill early in December and it was to take his place that Mansfield had been sent for. His début in the more important company was made at Bristol, December 10, 1879.

He now experienced the novelty and the delight of playing long engagements in the larger provincial cities. A fortnight at holiday time was spent at Torquay and some impression of Mansfield's success among a better class of artists may be gained from the Torquay *Times*' review:

"The success of the piece is made by the First Lord . . . and more elegantly embodied ludicrousness the stage has never exhibited. It is impossible to imagine how an actor could do more justice to an author's conception than Mr. Mansfield does to this effort of Mr. Gilbert's prolific brain. . . . We cannot but confess the success is due in a very eminent degree to the faultless acting of Mr. Mansfield as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B."

Two miles south of Torquay on the Devonshire coast is the village of Paignton. This little town at the time had a quaint bandbox which boasted the imposing name of The Royal Bijou Theatre. On Tuesday, December 30, the posting-boards before the Royal Bijou announced to the world—or to such a proportion as meandered past the theatre during the morning—that on that afternoon at two o'clock would be performed an entirely new and original opera, by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, entitled "The Pirates of Penzance, or Love and Duty."

This was the first performance* of this work on any stage, and the last, too, for some time. It was in reality a hurry-up copyright representation demanded by English law for the protection of dramatic authors and was given in this obscure town purposely. "The Pirates" had been produced in America and this was an expedient to prevent its being pirated in England.

The "Pinafore" company playing in Torquay drove over for the afternoon and sang and acted the parts. It was an amusing experience indeed. There could scarcely have been a numerous audience, there never is at these impromptu performances, but it included Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. Gilbert and not-yet-Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Mr. Gilbert had completed the book, but Arthur Sullivan had not yet written all the music to his own satisfaction. The Major-General's patter song balked his most ingenious effort. It was marked "to be recited" in the part given Mansfield, but he was so amused at the ingenuity of the rhyme and rhythm that he committed the song to memory on the instant and insisted on being allowed to sing it.

"But there is no music," protested the director of the orchestra.

"Just give me sixteenth notes in the key of G, two beats to the measure, play soft and follow me," he replied and began the song.

"I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General,
I have information vegetable, animal and mineral,

* The cast is interesting not merely as a record but also on account of the embryonic celebrities:

Major-General	Mr. Richard Mansfield
The Pirate King	Mr. Frederici
Frederick (a pirate)	Mr. Cadwallader
Samuel (pirate)	Mr. Lackner
James	Mr. Lehay
Sergeant of Police	Mr. Billington
Mabel	Miss Petrelli
Edith	Miss May
Isabel	Miss K. Neville
Kate	Miss Monmouth
Ruth (Frederick's nurse)	Miss Fanny Harrison

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I know the Kings of England, I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical.
I am very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical;
I understand equations both simple and quadratical;
About binominal theorems I'm teeming with a lot of news,
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse."

He chatted the words off at a furious rate, but with a crisp distinct enunciation that gave every syllable its value—making the tune up as he went along. Every one roared at the effect and the composer was so amused that he never attempted to write any other music for this song.

Mansfield's effort attracted attention in London. The *World* said he "scored decidedly" and "his impersonation of the Major-General though at present merely sketched, displayed marked originality of conception and dramatic talent."

From Devonshire the company jumped to Ireland, but played only in Dublin and Belfast. In both cities there were many points of intimate personal interest to Mansfield, especially, in the capital, the former home of his grandfather and his mother. He crossed to England again, and such was the success of himself and his associates that almost the entire year of 1880 was spent in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh and Sunderland.

Mansfield had meantime added a new rôle and a pronounced success to his experience. "The Sorcerer," by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, had been presented at the Royalty, London, in 1877, but Mr. D'Oyly Carte's travelling company first played it in 1880. To Mansfield was assigned the title rôle of John Wellington Wells, the remarkable travelling salesman of a firm of family sorcerers. Love philtres are his stock in trade and the complications arise from his sale of them in a peaceful village. The story was suggested first in a sort of prose Bab Ballad which Mr. Gilbert wrote years before for a Christmas number of the *Graphic*.

Mansfield's old scrap-book hints that he took a leaf out of his experience in Boston, for in Wells the critics found they had "a modern Yankee of the 'cutest description." He received most praise for his patter song, "I am John Wellington Wells," and the dramatic delivery of the weird incantation scene.

During the engagement at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, late in June, he sprained his ankle while dancing, but pluckily returned to the cast in a fortnight. This ankle was always weak thereafter. The next time it went back on him proved not to be an unmixed misfortune, for indirectly it led him out into the white light of his first real triumph.

"The Pirates of Penzance" was given its metropolitan premier at the Opera Comique early in 1880 and captured London. Its fame spread and D'Oyly Carte's company added it to their Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire in the autumn. Mansfield resumed his original character, "the very pattern of a modern Major-General." The smartness with which he took off the mannerisms of military swells, his irresistable linguistic fluency and affectation, and his original manner of hesitating at the end of a line to get a correct rhyme, were all noted by the appreciative reviewers.

He had demonstrated his talents to his own satisfaction in three markedly contrasted rôles at the head of an important, if provincial, company. But he evidently felt the fret of the routine. Gypsying in the northern cities was ineffably wearying to one of his temperament. He felt, too, the lure of London. He wrote to America: "I am making a living, but I am not making progress." That note of dissatisfaction never left him. It was the whip of his ambitions. Already a career was coaxing him. That he was making a living was not enough. That he was doing admirably what he was doing was not enough. The call was too strong, and shortly after the holidays he handed in his resignation and returned to London, determined to become a metropolitan actor.

This was rather forcing the hand of Fate. That, however, seems to have been a game that he learned early and he played it all his life. He never waited for opportunity to hunt him up. It was his plan to create an occasion and then realize on it. The boys at Derby had named him "Cork" Mansfield.

London, however, appears not to have been waiting for him. Perhaps he had counted on this.

The curiosity of ambitious young come-

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dians was at this time inevitably centred on the next product of the fertile imagination of the authors of "The Sorcerer," "Pinafore" and "The Pirates." Gilbert had for thirteen years been producing at the rate of four plays a year. Doubtless he wrote much also that was not acted. Here was a pen to watch, and there had been nothing from the miraculous nib for a twelvemonth. Gossip in the clubs and in the coffee-rooms began to be busy with rumors of an operatic satire on the reigning æsthetic fad.

Mansfield felt himself peculiarly adapted to play the exquisite. He decided again to beard the lion in his den. He was forth on this mission when he came face to face with the great Gilbert in the Strand. Before Mansfield could give greeting, Gilbert opened fire:

"Sir, they tell me you dared to change the business set down in my book. You shall never be cast in one of my operas again." And then he stalked majestically away, leaving Mansfield with the wind all spilled out of his sails, to drift as he could.

After a rudderless hour or two his friend George Giddens sighted him and towed him into the cosey harbor of the Savage Club. Under the sunny influence of his good friends there Mansfield soon forgot the recent squall and warmed to the spirit of the occasion. He sat down at the piano and presently had the room fascinated with his imitations, parodies, and instrumental absurdities.

After an hour or more of this a gentleman who had been sitting quietly in a corner throughout his performance approached Mansfield and introduced himself:

"I'm Frank Fairleigh——"

"And author of 'As in a Looking-glass,' are you not, Captain?" interrupted Mansfield.

"Yes," resumed Captain Fairleigh, "but what is more to the point I am one of the lessees of the Globe Theatre. My partner, Mr. Henderson, has in rehearsal a new opera comique by Offenbach. The company is completed but I think we can make room for you. Come to our offices tomorrow at noon."

Next day Mansfield repaired to the Globe and was admitted to the company. The operetta in rehearsal was Offenbach's "La Boulangère," the book being the work of the equally celebrated Meilhac and Halévy. The gentleman who was cast for Coquebert dropped out for some reason and Mansfield was given the part to make what was practically his first appearance on the stage in London, as the effort in St. George's Hall had terminated unfortunately before it had begun.

"La Boulangère" proved to be a Parisian bakeress who had made a fortune in John Law's Mississippi scheme. To improve her deportment she engages as her lackey, M. Coquebert, a gentleman in reduced circumstances. The fun of the lackey's part, as written, was somewhat anæmic, and Mansfield was allowed to enlarge his opportunity to amuse the audience. The piece was produced April 16, 1881, and Mansfield succeeded in making an impression. He rushed on, at one point, in manifest distress, and improvised a scene he was supposed to have just witnessed between the soprano, the tenor *robusto*, and the *basso profundo*, of a stranded Italian opera company. His Italian patter talk literally brought down the house.

In the autumn he moved to the Royalty. Burlesque had for a long time been the form of entertainment associated with this house, and the finest talent in England had been in evidence here. The management now changed its policy, however, and the stage of the Royalty was for a time devoted to the light forms of comedy drama.

The first offering was "Out of the Hunt," a fairly merry little play, founded on "Les Demoiselles de Montfermeil" of Barrière and Bernard, and produced on the eighth of October.*

It met with little favor. As Monsieur

* The cast indicates who were his associates at this theatre:

Jugurtha Brown	Mr. G. W. Anson
Lord Waverly Battleaxe	Mr. J. C. Taylor
Walton Weare	Mr. F. Everill
Monsieur Phillipe	Mr. R. Mansfield
Mr. Ap-hazard	Mr. Lytton Crey
Marshley Bittern	Mr. E. Sothern
Waiter	Mr. C. Parry
Chris Deverill	Mr. F. Rodney
Sir Babbleton Deverill	Mr. C. Clenny
Winsom Weare	Miss Lydia Cowell
Hazel Brown	Miss C. Arditi
Gerty Milford	Miss Maude Branscombe
Louise Ap-hazard	Miss Edith Vancher
"Ma"	Mrs. Bant
Josephine	Miss J. Compertz
Tipps	Miss L. Comyns
Orinthia Fitz-Ormond	Miss Lottie Venne

"E. Sothern" of this cast was Edward H. Sothern and this was his first London appearance. To be exact, he appeared first in a comedietta, "False Colors," which opened the evening's bill.

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Phillipe, the proprietor of a hotel, Mansfield made an amusing sketch of a business-like little old Frenchman.

After a few days the parts of a new play were distributed and on November 12th the company acted for the first time on any stage Sydney Grundy's farcical comedy, "Dust," from the French of "La Point de Mire," by Labiche and Delacour. Mansfield played Herbert Olwyn. But he did not play it long. Whatever fun there was in the original play was dissipated in the adaptation, and "Dust" was retired after seven nights.

Comedy having failed, the Royalty returned to its old love—burlesque—by degrees. "Geneviève de Brabant," an opera comique, was first revived, Mansfield playing the Burgomaster, and then Henry Byron's "Pluto" was taken off the shelf, dusted up, and presented to its old friends on December 26th. This was preceded by "The Fisherman's Daughter," an original comedy drama in two acts by Charles Garvice. Mansfield played Old Sherman in the shorter piece, but did not appear in Byron's burlesque.

Early in the new year he experienced his first great sorrow. Returning home to his lodgings one night he found a cable dispatch which told him that his best and oldest friend, his confidante, his first audience, his severest critic, the repository of his jealously given affections, the one person in all the world who really understood the jangling discords of his complex nature —his mother—was dead.

The destroyer never before or after stepped between him and any one who was woven in the woof of his inner affections. The poignancy of his suffering was sharpened by the helplessness of distance, his isolation from any one with whom he could relieve his overflowing heart, and the unsparing brevity and literalness of the message.

During the early months of 1882, Mansfield played in two special matinée performances. His characters were Ashley Merton in "Meg's Diversion" and Brigard in "Frou Frou." The latter play was presented at the Globe Theatre for the purpose of introducing Miss Hilda Hilton. Beerbohm Tree played the Baron de Cambri and Arthur Forrest, who later played leading rôles with Mansfield for ten years, was the Henri de Sartoris.

The bill at the Royalty was changed on April 10 to "Sinbad," the burlesque, preceded by a domestic drama in two acts, by Arthur Mathison, entitled "Not Registered." Mansfield appeared in the latter piece supporting the rôle of Theophilus Woolstone. It was his last work at this house. He soon afterward moved to the Comedy Theatre, where "The Mascotte" was enjoying a long run. He was given an insignificant rôle, the innkeeper, and was on the stage less than five minutes in the last act. Yet he spent an hour and a half every night making up to play that five minutes.

Spring was at hand now and the season was waning. Almost any other young actor of five-and-twenty years would have felt some satisfaction with what he had accomplished. Not so Mansfield. He was disappointed with himself. The struggle had been hard and he was bitterly poor. One night, sick in body and depressed in mind, he left the stage and threw himself upon the rickety chair in his dank, noxious dressing-room. Too weary and listless to even take off the shell of the character he had been inpersonating, he did not hear the door slip quietly on its hinges or notice the figure in the doorway. But as the sharp, hearty, familiar, "Well?" broke the stillness, the young man was on his feet in an instant and had the warm hand of the other in his own iron grasp. It was his good friend, Eben Jordan, and the old gentleman was the first human being from that group of dear friends across the water whom Mansfield had seen since his mother died.

They supped together that night and the story of Mansfield's five years in England was rehearsed. The sun was threatening St. Paul's when they separated, but Mr. Jordan had persuaded Mansfield where his opportunity lay. The next day he resigned from the Comedy Theatre company and soon he was on the ocean bound for America.

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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXIX

DAY broke on the old Court House with its black port-holes, on the graystone jail, and on a tall topless wooden box to one side, from which projected a cross-beam of green oak. From the centre of this beam dangled a rope that swung gently to and fro when the wind moved. And with the day a flock of little birds lighted on the bars of the condemned man's cell window, chirping through them, and when the jailer brought breakfast he found Bad Rufe cowering in the corner of his cell and wet with the sweat of fear.

"Them damn birds ag'in," he growled sullenly.

"Don't lose yo' nerve, Rufe," said the jailer, and the old laugh of defiance came, but from lips that were dry.

"Not much," he answered grimly, but the jailer noticed that while he ate his eyes kept turning again and again to the bars; and the turnkey went away shaking his head. Rufe had told the jailer, his one friend through whom he had kept in constant communication with the Tollivers, how on the night after the shooting of Mockaby, when he lay down to sleep high on the mountain side and under some rhododendron bushes a flock of little birds flew in on him like a gust of rain and perched over and around him, twittering at him until he had to get up and pace the woods, and how, throughout the next day, when he sat in the sun planning his escape, those birds would sweep chattering over his head and sweep chattering back again, and in that mood of despair he had said once, and only once: "Somehow I knowed this time my name was Dennis"—a phrase of evil prophecy he had picked up outside the hills. And now those same birds of evil omen had come again, he believed, right on the heels of the last sworn oath old Judd had sent him that he would never hang.

With the day, through mountain and valley, came in converging lines mountain humanity—men and women, boys and girls, children and babes in arms; all in their Sunday best—the men in jeans, slouched hats, and high boots, the women in gay ribbons and brilliant homespun; in wagons, on foot and on horses and mules, carrying man and man, man and boy, lover and sweetheart, or husband and wife and child—all moving through the crisp autumn air, past woods of russet and crimson and along brown dirt roads, to the straggling little mountain town. A stranger would have thought that a county fair, a camp meeting, or a circus was their goal, but they were on their way to look upon the Court House with its black port-holes, the graystone jail, the tall wooden box, the projecting beam, and that dangling rope which, when the wind moved, swayed gently to and fro. And Hale had forged his plan. He knew that there would be no attempt at rescue until Rufe was led to the scaffold, and he knew that neither Falins nor Tollivers would come in a band, so the incoming tide found on the outskirts of the town and along every road boyish policemen who halted and disarmed every man who carried a weapon in sight, for thus John Hale would have against the pistols of the factions his own Winchesters and repeating shot-guns. And the wondering people saw at the back windows of the Court House and at the threatening portholes more youngsters manning Winchesters, more at the windows of the jailer's frame house, which joined and fronted the jail, and more still—a line of them—running all around the jail; and the old men wagged their heads in amazement and wondered

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if, after all, a Tolliver was not really going to be hanged.

So they waited—the neighboring hills were black with people waiting; the house-tops were black with men and boys waiting; the trees in the streets were bending under the weight of human bodies; and the jail-yard fence was three feet deep with people hanging to it and hanging about one another's necks—all waiting. All morning they waited silently and patiently, and now the fatal noon was hardly an hour away and not a Falin nor a Tolliver had been seen. Every Falin had been disarmed of his Winchester as he came in, and as yet no Tolliver had entered the town, for wily old Judd had learned of Hale's tactics and had stayed outside the town for his own keen purpose. As the minutes passed, Hale was beginning to wonder whether, after all, old Judd had come to believe that the odds against him were too great, and had told the truth when he set afoot the rumor that the law should have its way; and it was just when his load of anxiety was beginning to lighten that there was a little commotion at the edge of the Court House and a great red-headed figure pushed through the crowd, followed by another of like build, and as the people rapidly gave way and fell back a line of Falins slipped along the wall and stood under the port-holes—quiet, watchful, and determined. Almost at the same time the crowd fell back the other way up the street, there was the hurried tramping of feet and on came the Tollivers, headed by giant Judd, all armed with Winchesters—for old Judd had sent his guns in ahead—and as the crowd swept like water into any channel of alley or doorway that was open to it, Hale saw the yard emptied of everybody but the line of Falins against the wall and the Tollivers in a body but ten yards in front of them. The people on the roofs and in the trees had not moved at all, for they were out of range. For a moment old Judd's eyes swept the windows and port-holes of the Court House, the windows of the jailer's house, the line of guards about the jail, and then they dropped to the line of Falins and glared with contemptuous hate into the leaping blue eyes of old Buck Falin, and for that moment there was silence. In that silence and as silently as the silence itself, issued swiftly from the line of guards twelve youngsters with Winchester repeating shot-guns and in a minute six were facing the Falins and six facing the Tollivers, each with his shot-gun at his hip. At the head of them stood Hale, his face a pale image, as hard as though cut from stone, his head bare, and his hand and his hip weaponless. In all that crowd there was not a man or a woman who had not seen or heard of him, for the power of the guard that was at his back had radiated through that wild region like ripples of water from a dropped stone and, unarmed even, he had a personal power that belonged to no other man in all those hills, though armed to the teeth. His voice rose clear, steady, commanding:

"The law has come here and it has come to stay." He faced the beetling eyebrows and angrily working beard of old Judd now.

"The Falins are here to get revenge on you Tollivers, if you attack us. I know that. But"—he wheeled on the Falins—"understand! We don't want your help! If the Tollivers try to take that man in there, and one of you Falins draws a pistol, those guns there"—waving his hand toward the jail windows—"will be turned loose on *you*. *We'll fight you both!*" The last words shot like bullets through his gritted teeth, then the flash of his eyes was gone, his face was calm, and as though the whole matter had been settled beyond possible interruption, he finished quietly:

"The condemned man wishes to make a confession and to say good-by. In five minutes he will be at that window to say what he pleases. Ten minutes later he will be hanged." And he turned and walked calmly into the jailer's door. Not a Tolliver nor a Falin made a movement or a sound. Young Dave's eyes had glared savagely when he first saw Hale, for he had marked Hale for his own and he knew that the fact was known to Hale. Had the battle begun then and there, Hale's death was sure, and Dave knew that Hale must know that as well as he; and yet with magnificent audacity, there he was—unarmed, personally helpless, and invested with an insulting certainty that not a shot would be fired. Not a Falin or a Tolliver even reached for a weapon, and the fact was the subtle tribute that ignorance pays intelligence when the latter is

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forced to deadly weapons as a last resort; for ignorance faced now belching shot-guns and was commanded by rifles on every side. Old Judd was trapped and the Falins were stunned. Old Buck Falin turned his eyes down the line of his men with one warning glance. Old Judd whispered something to a Tolliver behind him and a moment later the man slipped from the band and disappeared. Young Dave followed Hale's figure with a look of baffled malignant hatred and Bub's eyes were filled with angry tears. Between the factions the grim young men stood with their guns like statues.

At once a big man with a red face appeared at one of the jailer's windows and then came the sheriff, who began to take out the sash. Already the frightened crowd had gathered closer again and now a hush came over it, followed by a rustling and a murmur. Something was going to happen. Faces and gun-muzzles thickened at the port-holes and at the windows; the line of guards turned their faces sidewise and upward; the crowd on the fence scuffled for better positions; the people in the trees craned their necks from the branches or climbed higher, and there was a great scraping on all the roofs. Even the black crowd out on the hills seemed to catch the excitement and to sway, while spots of intense blue and vivid crimson came out here and there from the blackness when the women rose from their seats on the ground. Then—sharply—there was silence. The sheriff disappeared, and shut in by the sashless window as by a picture frame and blinking in the strong light stood a man with black hair, cropped close, face pale and worn, and hands that looked white and thin—stood bad Rufe Tolliver.

He was going to confess—that was the rumor. His lawyers wanted him to confess; the preacher who had been singing hymns with him all morning wanted him to confess; the man himself said he wanted to confess; and now he was going to confess. What deadly mysteries he might clear up if he would! No wonder the crowd was eager, for there was no soul there but knew his record—and what a record! His best friends put his victims no lower than thirteen and there looking up at him were three women whom he had widowed or orphaned, while at one corner of the jail-yard stood a girl in black—the sweetheart of Mockaby, for whose death Rufe was standing where he stood now. But his lips did not open. Instead he took hold of the side of the window and looked behind him. The sheriff brought him a chair and he sat down. Apparently he was weak and he was going to wait a while. Would he tell how he had killed one Falin in the presence of the latter's wife at a wild bee tree; how he had killed a sheriff by dropping to the ground when the sheriff fired, in this way dodging the bullet and then shooting the officer from where he lay supposedly dead; how he had thrown another Falin out of the Court House window and broken his neck—the Falin was drunk, Rufe always said, and fell out; why, when he was constable, he had killed another—because, Rufe said, he resisted arrest; how and where he had killed Red-necked Johnson, who was found out in the woods? Would he tell all that and more? If he meant to tell there was no sign. His lips kept closed and his bright black eyes were studying the situation; the little squad of youngsters, back to back, with their repeating shot-guns, the line of Falins along the wall toward whom protruded six shining barrels, the huddled crowd of Tollivers toward whom protruded six more—old Judd towering in front with young Dave on one side, tense as a leopard about to spring, and on the other Bub, with tears streaming down his face. In a flash he understood, and in that flash his face looked as though he had been suddenly struck a heavy blow by some one from behind, and then his elbows dropped on the sill of the window, his chin dropped into them and a murmur arose. Maybe he was too weak to stand and talk—perhaps he was going to talk from his chair. Yes, he was leaning forward and his lips were opening, but no sound came. Slowly his eyes wandered around at the waiting people—in the trees, on the roofs and the fence—and then they dropped to old Judd's and blazed their appeal for a sign. With one heave of his mighty chest old Judd took off his slouch hat, pressed one big hand to the back of his head and, despite that blazing appeal, kept it there. At that movement Rufe threw his head up as though his breath had suddenly failed him, his face turned sickening white, and slowly

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again his chin dropped into his trembling hands, and still unbelieving he stared his appeal, but old Judd dropped his big hand and turned his head away. The condemned man's mouth twitched once, settled into defiant calm, and then he did one kindly thing. He turned in his seat and motioned Bob Berkley, who was just behind him, away from the window, and the boy, to humor him, stepped aside. Then he rose to his feet and stretched his arms wide. Simultaneously came the far-away crack of a rifle, and as a jet of smoke spurted above a clump of bushes on a little hill, three hundred yards away, Bad Rufe wheeled half way round and fell back out of sight into the sheriff's arms. Every Falin made a nervous reach for his pistol, the line of gun-muzzles covering them wavered slightly, but the Tollivers stood still and unsurprised, and when Hale dashed from the door again there was a grim smile of triumph on old Judd's face. He had kept his promise that Rufe should never hang.

"Steady there," said Hale quietly. His pistol was on his hip now and a Winchester was in his left hand.

"Stand where you are—everybody!"

There was the sound of hurrying feet within the jail. There was the clang of an iron door, the bang of a wooden one, and in five minutes from within the tall wooden box came the sharp click of a hatchet and then—dully:

"*T-h-o-o-mp!*" The dangling rope had tightened with a snap and the wind swayed it no more.

At his cell door the Red Fox stood with his watch in his hand and his eyes glued to the second-hand. When it had gone three times around its circuit, he snapped the lid with a sigh of relief and turned to his hammock and his Bible.

"He's gone now," said the Red Fox.

Outside Hale still waited, and as his eyes turned from the Tollivers to the Falins, seven of the faces among them came back to him with startling distinctness, and his mind went back to the opening trouble in the county-seat over the Kentucky line, years before—when eight men held one another at the points of their pistols. One face was missing, and that face belonged to Rufe Tolliver. Hale pulled out his watch.

"Keep those men there," he said, pointing to the Falins, and he turned to the bewildered Tollivers.

"Come on, Judd," he said kindly—"all of you."

Dazed and mystified, they followed him in a body around the corner of the jail, where in a coffin, that old Judd had sent as a blind to his real purpose, lay the remains of Bad Rufe Tolliver with a harmless bullet hole through one shoulder. Nearby was a wagon and hitched to it were two mules that Hale himself had provided. Hale pointed to it:

"I've done all I could, Judd. Take him away. I'll keep the Falins under guard until you reach the Kentucky line, so that they can't waylay you."

If old Judd heard, he gave no sign. He was looking down at the face of his foster-brother—his shoulder drooped, his great frame shrunken, and his iron face beaten and helpless. Again Hale spoke:

"I'm sorry for all this. I'm even sorry that your man was not a better shot."

The old man straightened then and with a gesture he motioned young Dave to the foot of the coffin and stooped himself at the head. Past the wagon they went, the crowd giving way before them, and with the dead Tolliver on their shoulders, old Judd and young Dave passed with their followers out of sight.

XXX

THE longest of her life was that day to June. The anxiety in times of war for the women who wait at home is vague because they are mercifully ignorant of the dangers their loved ones run, but a specific issue that involves death to those loved ones has a special and poignant terror of its own. June knew her father's plan, the precise time the fight would take place, and the especial danger that was Hale's, for she knew that young Dave Tolliver had marked him with the first shot fired. Dry-eyed and white and dumb, she watched them make ready for the start that morning while it was yet dark; dully she heard the horses snorting from the cold, the low curt orders of her father, and the exciting mutterings of Bub and young Dave; dully she watched the saddles

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thrown on, the pistols buckled, the Winchesters caught up, and dully she watched them file out the gate and ride away, single file, into the cold, damp mist like ghostly figures in a dream. Once only did she open her lips and that was to plead with her father to leave Bub at home, but her father gave her no answer and Bub snorted his indignation—he was a man now, and his now was the privilege of a man. For a while she stood listening to the ring of metal against stone that came to her more and more faintly out of the mist, and she wondered if it was really June Tolliver standing there, while father and brother and cousin were on their way to fight the law—how differently she saw these things now—for a man who deserved death, and to fight a man who was ready to die for his duty to that law—the law that guarded them and her and might not perhaps guard him: the man who had planted for her the dew-drenched garden that was waiting for the sun, and had built the little room behind her for her comfort and seclusion; who had sent her to school, had never been anything but kind and just to her and to everybody—who had taught her life and, thank God, love. Was she really the June Tolliver who had gone out into the world and had held her place there; who had conquered birth and speech and customs and environment so that none could tell what they all once were; who had become the lady, the woman of the world, in manner, dress, and education: who had a gift of music and a voice that might enrich her life beyond any dream that had ever sprung from her own brain or any that she had ever caught from Hale's? Was *she* June Tolliver who had been and done all that, and now had come back and was slowly sinking back into the narrow grave from which Hale had lifted her? It was all too strange and bitter, but if she wanted proof there was her step-mother's voice now—the same, old, querulous, nerve-racking voice that had embittered all her childhood—calling her down into the old mean round of drudgery that had bound forever the horizon of her narrow life just as now it was shutting down like a sky of brass around her own. And when the voice came, instead of bursting into tears as she was about to do, she gave a hard little laugh and she lifted a defiant face to the rising sun. There was a limit to the sacrifice for kindred, brother, father, home, and that limit was the eternal sacrifice—the eternal undoing of herself: when this wretched terrible business was over she would set her feet where that sun could rise on her, busy with the work that she could do in that world for which she felt she was born. Swiftly she did the morning chores and then she sat on the porch thinking and waiting. Spinning wheel, loom, and darning needle were to lie idle that day. The old step-mother had gotten from bed and was dressing herself—miraculously cured of a sudden, miraculously active. She began to talk of what she needed in town, and June said nothing. She went out to the stable and led out the old sorrel-mare. She was going to the hanging.

"Don't you want to go to town, June?"

"No," said June fiercely.

"Well, you needn't git mad about it—I got to go some day this week, and I reckon I might as well go ter-day." June answered nothing, but in silence watched her get ready and in silence watched her ride away. She was glad to be left alone. The sun had flooded Lonesome Cove now with a light as rich and yellow as though it were late afternoon, and she could yet tell every tree by the different color of the banner that each yet defiantly flung into the face of death. The yard fence was festooned with dewy cobwebs, and every weed in the field was hung with them as with flashing jewels of exquisitely delicate design: Hale had once told her that they meant rain. Far away the mountains were overhung with purple so deep that the very air looked like mist, and a peace that seemed mother-like in tenderness brooded over the earth. Peace! Peace—with a man on his way to a scaffold only a few miles away, and two bodies of men, one led by her father, the other by the man she loved, ready to fly at each other's throats—the one to get the condemned man alive, the other to see that he died. She got up with a groan. She walked into the garden. The grass was tall, tangled, and withering, and in it dead leaves lay everywhere, stems up, stems down, in reckless confusion. The scarlet sage-pods were brown and seeds were dropping from their tiny gaping mouths. The marigolds were frost-nipped and one lonely black-winged butterfly was

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vainly searching them one by one for the lost sweets of Summer. The gorgeous crowns of the sun-flowers were nothing but grotesque black mummy-heads set on lean, dead bodies, and the clump of big castor-plants, buffeted by the wind, leaned this way and that like giants in a drunken orgy trying to keep one another from falling down. The blight that was on the garden was the blight that was in her heart, and two bits of cheer only she found—one yellow nasturtium, scarlet-flecked, whose fragrance was a memory of the Spring that was long gone, and one little cedar tree that had caught some dead leaves in its green arms and was firmly holding them as though to promise that another Spring would surely come. With the flower in her hand, she started up the ravine to her dreaming place, but it was so lonely up there and she turned back. She went into her room and tried to read. Mechanically, she half opened the lid of the piano and shut it, horrified by her own act. As she passed out on the porch again she noticed that it was only nine o'clock. She turned and watched the long hand—how long a minute was! Three hours more! She shivered and went inside and got her bonnet—she could not be alone when the hour came, and she started down the road toward Uncle Billy's mill. Hale! Hale! Hale!—the name began to ring in her ears like a bell. The little shacks he had built up the creek were deserted and gone to ruin, and she began to wonder, in the light of what her father had said, how much of a tragedy that meant to him. Here was the spot where he was fishing that day, when she had slipped down behind him and he had turned and seen her for the first time. She could recall his smile and the very tone of his kind voice:

"How-dye, little girl!" And the cat had got her tongue. She remembered when she had written her name, after she had first kissed him at the foot of the beech—"June *Hail*," and by a grotesque mental leap the beating of his name in her brain now made her think of the beating of hail-stones on her father's roof one night when as a child she had lain and listened to them. Then she noticed that the Autumn shadows seemed to make the river darker than the shadows of Spring—or was it already the stain of dead leaves? Hale could have told her. Those leaves were floating through the shadows and when the wind moved, others zigzagged softly down to join them. The wind was helping them on the water, too, and along came one brown leaf that was shaped like a tiny trireme—its stem acting like a rudder and keeping it straight before the breeze—so that it swept past the rest as a yacht that she was once on had swept past a fleet of fishing sloops. She was not unlike that swift little ship and thirty yards ahead were rocks and shallows where it and the whole fleet would turn topsy-turvy—would her own triumph be as short and the same fate be hers? There was no question as to that, unless she took the wheel of her fate in her own hands and with them steered the ship. Thinking hard, she walked on slowly, with her hands behind her and her eyes bent on the road. What should she do? She had no money, her father had none to spare, and she could accept no more from Hale. Once she stopped and stared with unseeing eyes at the blue sky, and once under the heavy helplessness of it all she dropped on the side of the road and sat with her head buried in her arms—sat so long that she rose with a start and with an apprehensive look at the mounting sun hurried on. She would go to the Gap and teach; and then she knew that if she went there it would be on Hale's account. Very well, she would not blind herself to that fact; she would go and perhaps all would be made up between them, and then she knew that if that but happened, nothing else could matter. . . .

When she reached the miller's cabin, she went to the porch without noticing that the door was closed. Nobody was at home and she turned listlessly. When she reached the gate, she heard the clock beginning to strike, and with one hand on her breast she breathlessly listened, counting—"eight, nine, ten, eleven"—and her heart seemed to stop in the fraction of time that she waited for it to strike once more. But it was only eleven, and she went on down the road slowly, still thinking hard. The old miller was leaning back in a chair against the log side of the mill, with his dusty slouched hat down over his eyes. He did not hear her coming and she thought he must be asleep, but he looked up with a start when she spoke and she

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knew of what he, too, had been thinking. Keenly his old eyes searched her white face and without a word he got up and reached for another chair within the mill.

"You set right down now, baby," he said, and he made a pretense of having something to do inside the mill, while June watched the creaking old wheel dropping the sun-shot sparkling water into the swift sluice, but hardly seeing it at all. By and by Uncle Billy came outside and sat down and neither spoke a word. Once June saw him covertly looking at his watch and she put both hands to her throat—stifled.

"What time is it, Uncle Billy?" She tried to ask the question calmly, but she had to try twice before she could speak at all and when she did get the question out, her voice was only a broken whisper.

"Five minutes to twelve, baby," said the old man, and his voice had a gulp in it that broke June down. She sprang to her feet wringing her hands:

"I can't stand it, Uncle Billy," she cried madly, and with a sob that almost broke the old man's heart. "I tell you I can't stand it."

. . . . . .

And yet for three hours more she had to stand it, while the cavalcade of Tollivers, with Rufe's body, made its slow way to the Kentucky line where Judd and Dave and Bub left them to go home for the night and be on hand for the funeral next day. But Uncle Billy led her back to his cabin, and on the porch the two, with Ole Hon, waited while the three hours dragged along. It was June who was first to hear the galloping of horses' hoofs up the road and she ran to the gate, followed by Uncle Billy and Old Hon to see young Dave Tolliver coming in a run. At the gate he threw himself from his horse:

"Git up thar, June, and go home," he panted sharply. June flashed out the gate.

"Have you done it?" she asked with deadly quiet.

"Hurry up an' go home, I tell ye! Uncle Judd wants ye!"

She came quite close to him now.

"You said you'd do it—I know what you've done—You—" she looked as if she would fly at his throat, and Dave, amazed, shrank back a step.

"Go home, I tell ye—Uncle Judd's shot. Git on the hoss!"

"No, no, *no!* I wouldn't *touch* anything that was yours"—she put her hands to her head as though she were crazed, and then she turned and broke into a swift run up the road.

Panting, June reached the gate. The front door was closed and there she gave a tremulous cry for Bub. The door opened a few inches and through it Bub shouted for her to come on. The back door, too, was closed, and not a ray of daylight entered the room except at the port-hole where Bub, with a Winchester, had been standing on guard. By the light of the fire she saw her father's giant frame stretched out on the bed and she heard his labored breathing. Swiftly she went to the bed and dropped on her knees beside it.

"Dad!" she said. The old man's eyes opened and turned heavily toward her.

"All right, Juny. They shot me from the laurel and they might nigh got Bub. I reckon they've got me this time."

"No—no!" He saw her eyes fixed on the matted blood on his chest.

"Hit's stopped. I'm afeard hit's bleedin' inside." His voice had dropped to a whisper and his eyes closed again. There was another cautious "Hello" outside, and when Bub again opened the door Dave ran swiftly within. He paid no attention to June.

"I follered June back an' left my hoss in the bushes. There was three of 'em." He showed Bub a bullet hole through one sleeve and then he turned half contemptuously to June:

"I hain't done it"—adding grimly—"Not yit. He's as safe as you air. I hope you're satisfied that hit hain't him 'stid o' yo' daddy thar."

"Are you going to the Gap for a doctor?"

"I reckon I can't leave Bub here alone agin all the Falins—not even to git a doctor or to carry a love-message fer you."

"Then I'll go myself."

A thick protest came from the bed, and then an appeal that might have come from a child.

"Don't leave me, Juny." Without a word June went into the kitchen and got the old bark horn.

"Uncle Billy will go," she said, and she stepped out on the porch. But Uncle

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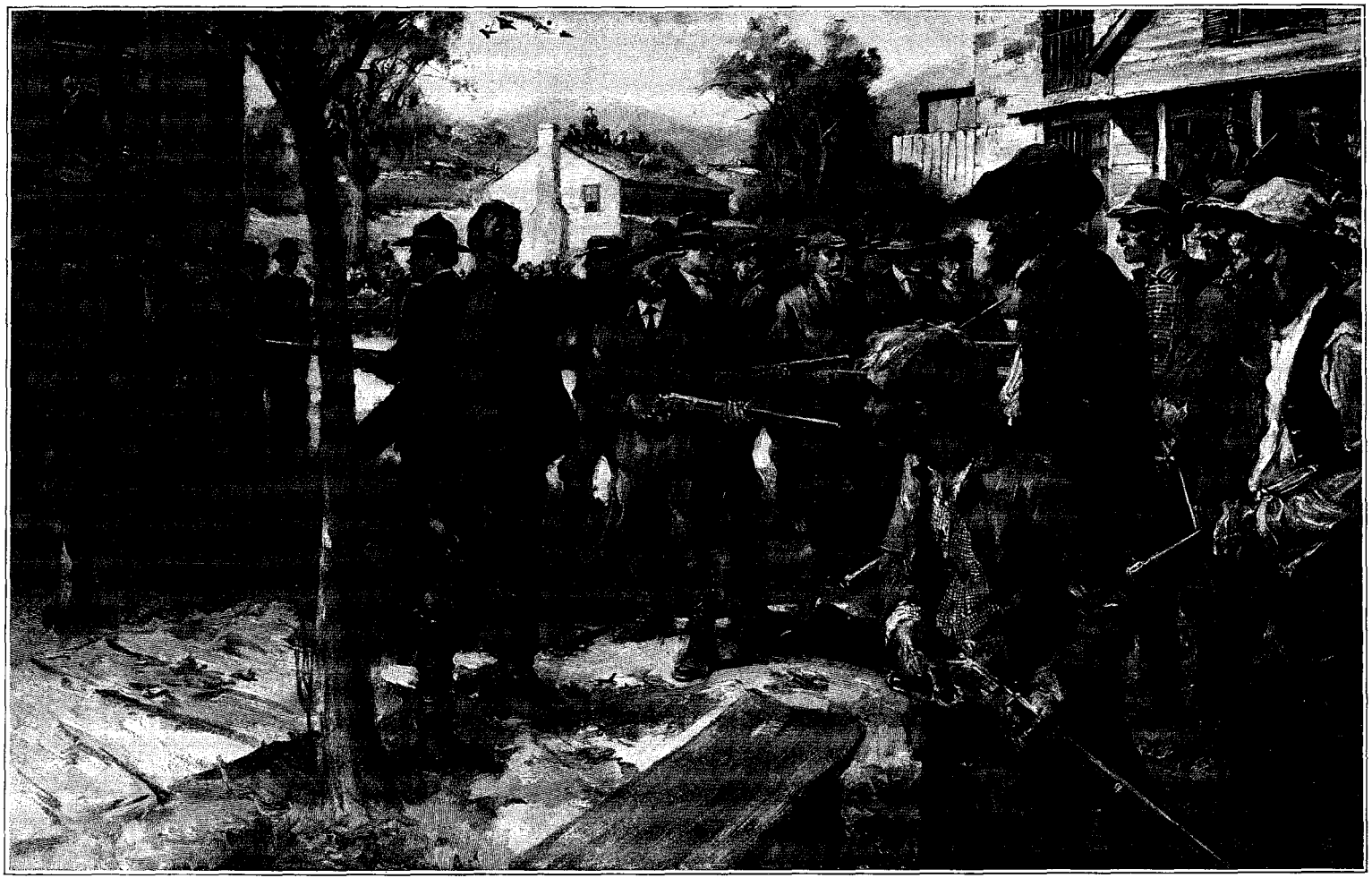

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"We'll fight you both!"—Page 315.

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Billy was already on his way and she heard him coming just as she was raising the horn to her lips. She met him at the gate, and without even taking the time to come into the house the old miller hurried upward toward the Lonesome Pine. The rain came then—the rain that the tiny cobwebs had heralded at dawn that morning. The old step-mother had not come home, and June told Bub she had gone over the mountain to see her sister and when, as darkness fell, she did not appear they knew that she must have been caught by the rain and would spend the night with a neighbor. June asked no question, but from the low talk of Bub and Dave she made out what had happened in town that day and a wild elation settled in her heart that John Hale was alive and unhurt—though Rufe was dead, her father wounded, and Bub and Dave both had but narrowly escaped the Falin assassins that afternoon. Bub took the first turn at watching while Dave slept, and when it was Dave's turn she saw him drop quickly asleep in his chair, and she was left alone with the breathing of the wounded man and the beating of rain on the roof. And through the long night June thought her brain weary over herself, her life, her people, and Hale. They were not to blame—her people, they but did as their fathers had done before them. They had their own code and they lived up to it as best they could, and they had had no chance to learn another. She felt the vindictive hatred that had prolonged the feud. Had she been a man, she could not have rested until she had slain the man who had ambushed her father. She expected Bub to do that now, and if the spirit was so strong in her with the training she had had, how helpless they must be against it. Even Dave was not to blame—not to blame for loving her—he had always done that. For that reason he could not help hating Hale, and how great a reason he had now, for he could not understand as she could the absence of any personal motive that had governed him in the prosecution of the law, no matter if he hurt friend or foe. But for Hale, she would have loved Dave and now be married to him and happier than she was. Dave saw that—no wonder he hated Hale. And as she slowly realized all these things, she grew calm and gentle and determined to stick to her people and do the best she could with her life.

And now and then through the night old Judd would open his eyes and stare at the ceiling, and at these times it was not the pain in his face that distressed her as much as the drawn beaten look that she had noticed growing in it for a long time. It was terrible—that helpless look in the face of a man, so big in body, so strong of mind, so iron-like in will; and whenever he did speak she knew what he was going to say:

"It's all over, Juny. They've beat us on every turn. They've got us one by one. Thar ain't but a few of us left now and when I git up, if I ever do, I'm goin' to gether 'em all together, pull up stakes and take 'em all West. You won't ever leave me, Juny?"

"No, Dad," she would say gently. He had asked the question at first quite sanely, but as the night wore on and the fever grew and his mind wandered, he would repeat the question over and over like a child, and over and over, while Bub and Dave slept and the rain poured, June would repeat her answer:

"I'll never leave you, Dad."

(To be continued.)

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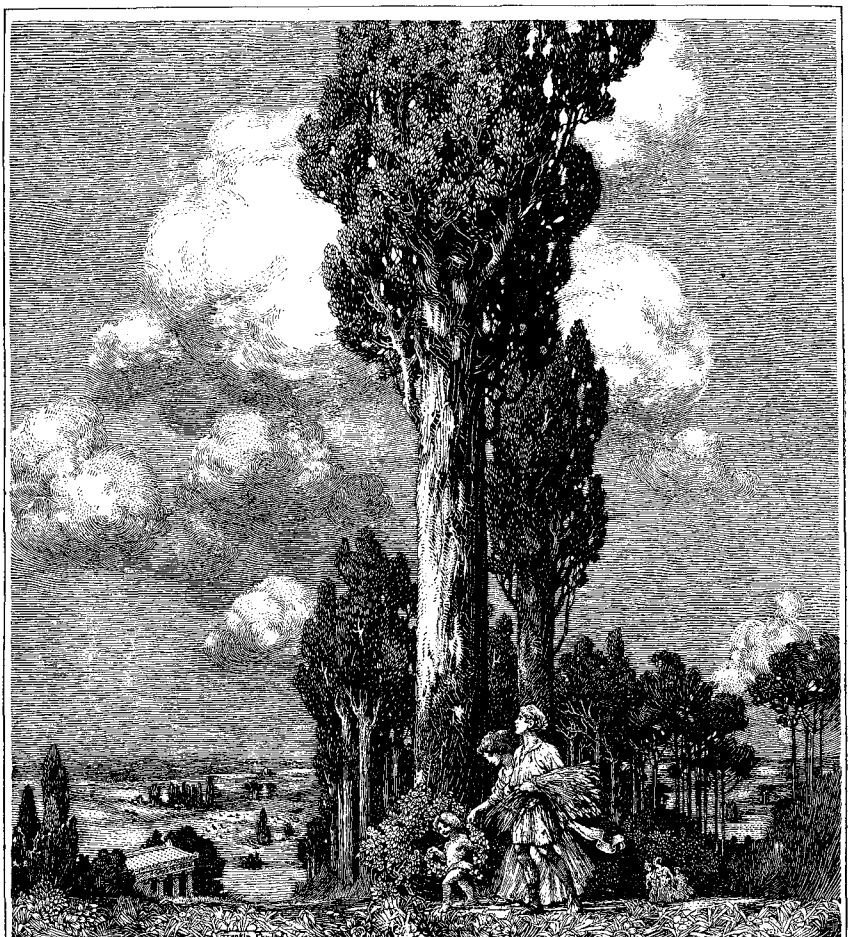

THE MONTH OF RIPENESS

By Wilfred Campbell

THOU languid August noon,
When all the slopes are sunny;
When with jocund dreamy tune,
The bees are in the honey;
When with purple flowers
Aflaming in the sun,
The drowsy hours
Thread one by one
The golden pleasaunces.

Then is heart's amusing time;
Then, of all the seasons,
Old Earth for inward rhyme
Is full of golden reasons;—
Then the ripening gourd,
The sunkissed garden wall,
The purpling hoard,
The flocks that call
Adown the distances.

Forego the saddening tear,
Thou month without alloy;
To younger seasons of the year
Resign the flag of joy;
But, thou, be what thou art,
Full brooding to the brim
Of dreams apart
And purlieus dim
Of leafy silences.

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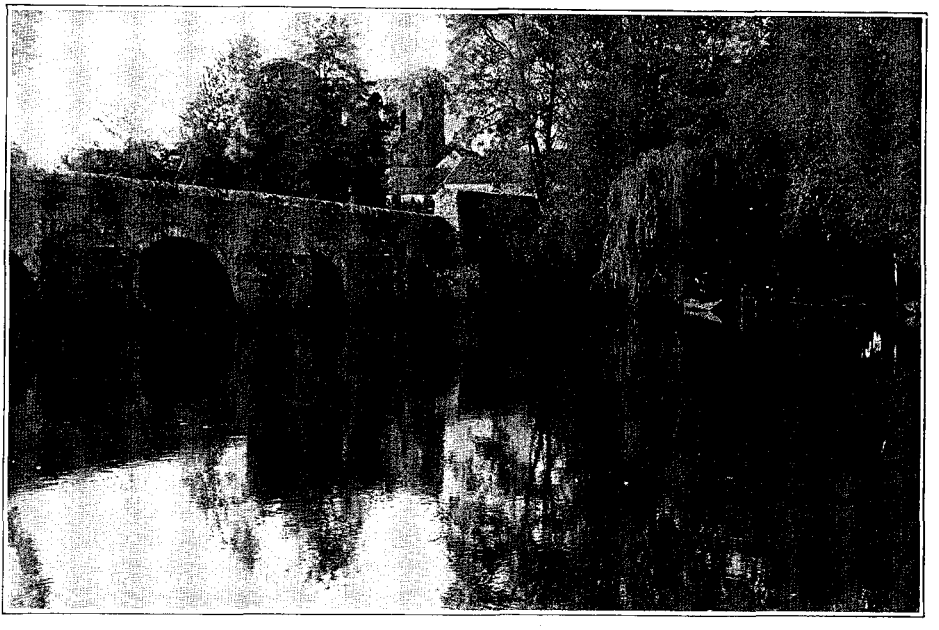

The bridge at Grez.

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS

By Will H. Low

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM HIS COLLECTIONS

THIRD PAPER

OUR WORK, OUR PLAY AND OUR THOUGHTS

WHAT was it that rendered our sojourn in Fontainebleau and its outlying villages so influential in our lives and of such compelling charm that, whenever after I met with Bob or Louis, we resumed our intercourse as though intervening time and the many accidents along the way were banished, and we were once more at the threshold of our life?

The common interest of our projected life-work was undoubtedly at the root of this close and enduring association, but probably the strongest factor was that though of nationality so dissimilar, of early influences so completely disassociated, we were, for the first time and in common, enjoying the large liberty of thought and action that in France is vouchsafed to the children of the arts. This was to us as is the breath of life, for no matter how sympathetic a restrained circle may be in other lands to the embryotic artist, no such environment can replace his universal acceptance and the dignity of the position accorded him, which for centuries has made that country the *alma mater* of the arts.

We know with what little favor the chosen vocation of Louis Stevenson was regarded at home, and how he had been obliged to adopt a profession esteemed more respectable. His cousin, to whom Louis wrote a few months before his death, "You wouldn't imitate, hence you kept free—a wild dog outside the kennel," never forgot those early days in Edinburgh.

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Later in life when writing of Velasquez; in explanation of the independence of the Spanish master's art, upspringing like a flower in the arid soil of "a bigoted and fantastically ceremonious court;" he evidently reverts to his own experience. "Many old men, reared in the puritanical and hypocritical Edinburgh of the past, could tell you the private reactionary effect of that life of repression and humbug upon a decent genuine man. That you may not think at all, or act for yourself, is to add the very zest of piracy to experiment in life and originality in thought. Where public profession is manifestly a lie and public manners a formal exaggeration, life becomes a chest with a false bottom which opens into a refuge for the kindlier, wiser, and more ardent among human beings."

These conditions had borne hard upon my friends and, though in many ways my earlier lot had been happier, the neophyte in art in the days of my youth in our newer country was a little considered and solitary figure—his survivor even to-day having no very definite place in our social fabric. Hence, with something of the joy of colts let out to pasture, we had embraced the wider horizon, and above all the untrammelled liberty, that was unquestionably accorded to our kind in the pleasant land of France.

The village street at Grez.

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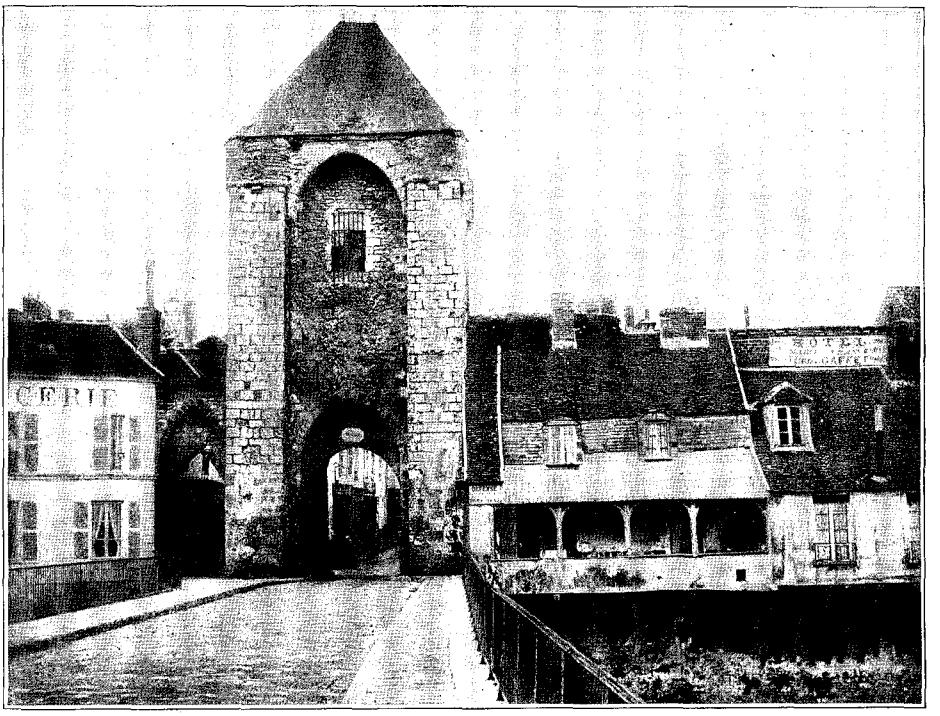

"Under the walls of an ancient town."—Page 338.
The city gate and the inn at the bridge end, Moret.

In after years, according to the manners and customs of our several countries, we affronted existing conditions, and each in our way became very respectable dray horses; but when met together some whiff of keener air from the plains of Fontainebleau blew our way, and the coltish spirit of our youth was reawakened.

Art and life were such synonymous terms with us in those days, that to have as virtually our only associates men who almost without exception were devoted to some form of art, lent joy to existence; even when intimacy was foregone and the relations were purely formal. Their mere numbers, however, ensured enough variety of opinions to make the interchange of thought wholesome and to keep our minds active; while the prosecution of our actual work added the healthy influence of practice to theory.

There were few drones in this busy hive of art, but of these Louis was apparently the most consistent. We have learned since how many impressions of scenes and manners were garnered from this apparent idleness, and through what a formative period in his work he was passing at the time. But I never remember him withdrawing to the seclusion of his room on the plea of work to be done nor, in the long afternoons spent in his company—while I was industriously "spoiling canvas," as with more truth than I imagined we were wont to say with facetious intent—can I recall him as busy with paper and pencil. Even the book which was his frequent companion was more than likely left unopened. On the other hand, it is with gratifying frequency that I find in his published works ideas and reflections born of that time, and in many instances phrases and incidents that bring back some special place in the forest, or the life that we lived at Barbizon, Grez or Montigny-sur-Loing. Industrious idleness it was to him; for his mind was a treasure house, where every addition to its store was carefully guarded against the day of need. Many incidents of our common experience, long forgotten by me, I have thus met in fresh guise in after years; and in most cases I imagine that it was his memory and not his notes that served him—at least of

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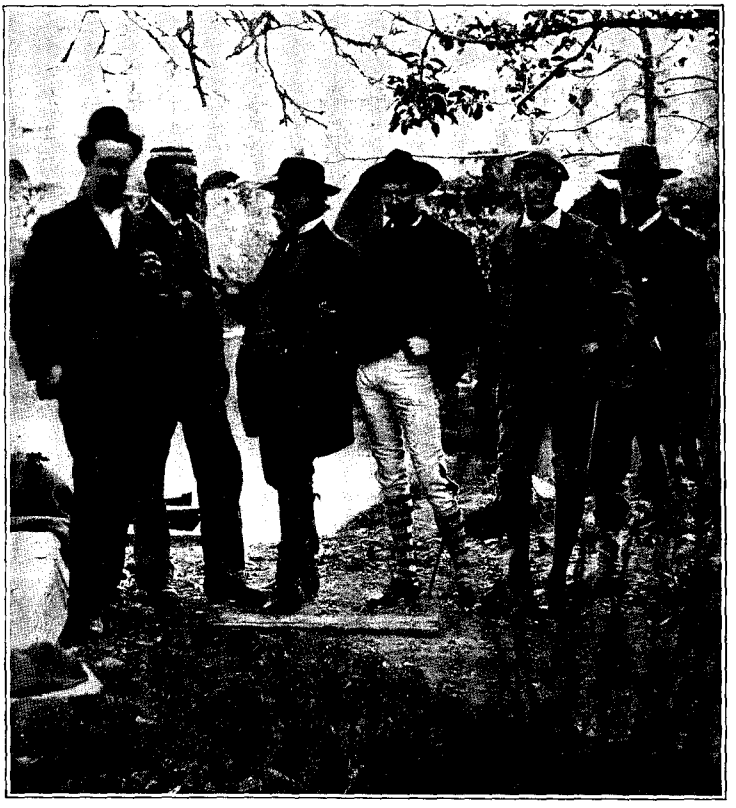
these last there was no visible evidence at the time. Despite our intimacy we lived so much in the present, each day bringing its quota of fresh experience, that it was long after in interchange of reminiscent talk that I learned of his earlier life, of the days when he was "ordered South," and of the storm and stress of his adolescent years.

Though it was considered "good form" in our circle to expatiate at length upon the work that we were doing, and to display it on every occasion in the most unblushing manner, he was an exception to the rule; vague mention of the few things he had published reached our ears, but no copies of them were produced; and it was not until the summer of 1876 that I first saw his work printed—the essay entitled "Forest Notes" in the *Cornhill* for May of that year.

I remember now a slight feeling of disappointment as I read this first specimen of his work; a feeling perhaps akin to that expressed by a little girl, the daughter of a well-known writer in New York, to whom a copy of the "Child's Garden of Verses" had been given: "Huh, I don't think much of those verses, *I think things just like them myself.*"

We were living the life described in this essay; one passage recalls the sketch of mine, that in color is the "only proof we have that Louis's hair was ever light"; and, though it admirably stands the test of his own definition of the difference between the work of the amateur and that of the writer master of his craft; "never to put into two pages the matter of one," it nevertheless appeared to me at the time to be less than I expected from the impression that his conversation and the charm of his presence had created.

The charm of his presence was both appealing and imperative and though for other friends—for Bob especially—the ties



Anthony Henley, a painter, brother of the poet. Bentz. Palizzi. R. A. M. Stevenson. Frank O'Meara. Ernest Parton.

A group in the garden of Chevillons Inn at Grez, 1877.

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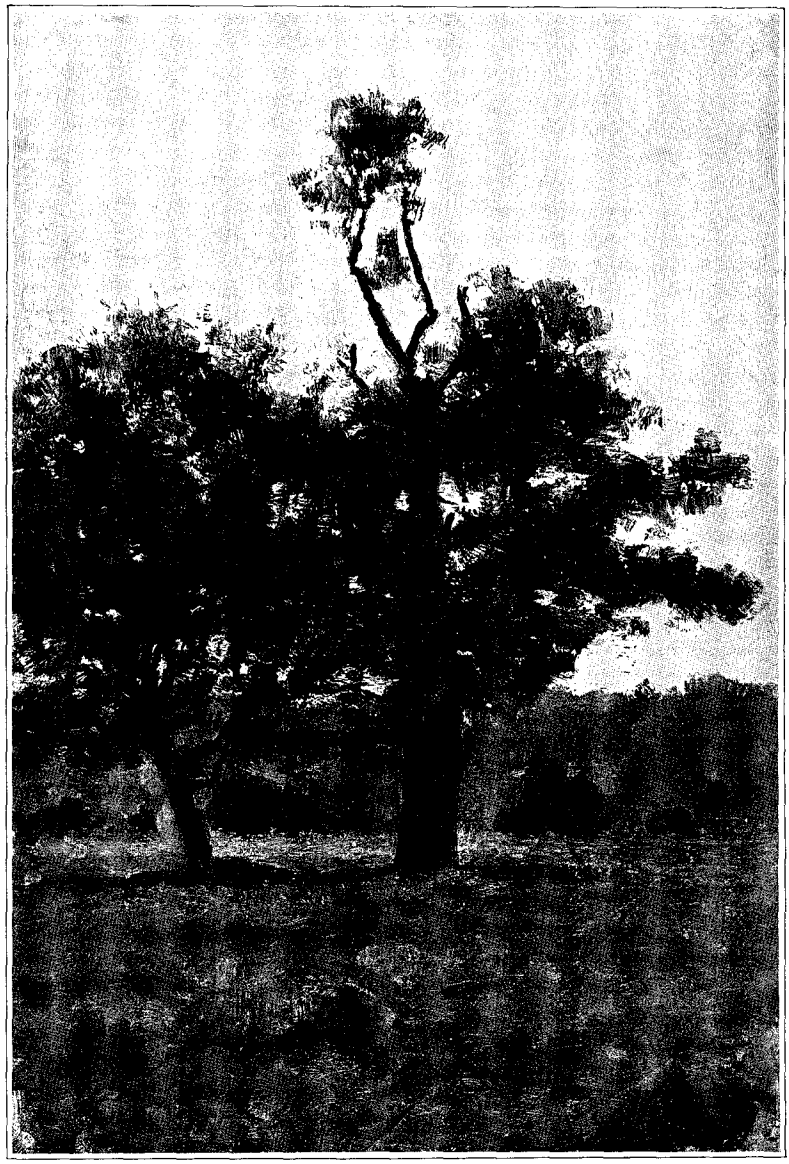

The plateau of the Bas Bréau—Fontainebleau.
Sketch in oils by W. H. Low.

that bind young men together and lay the foundations for life-long friendships were quite as strong; Louis, quite unconsciously, exercised a species of fascination whenever we were together. Fascination or charm are not qualities which Anglo-Saxon youths are prone to acknowledge, in manly avoidance of their supposedly feminizing effect, but it was undoubtedly this attractive power which R. L. S. held so strongly through life, and which, gentle though it may have been, held no trace of dependence or weakness; that led Edmund Gosse to exclaim, when I chanced to meet him at a crowded reception in New York long before Stevenson had attained a trans-Atlantic reputation: "I am told that you are a friend of Louis Stevenson. Do you know any one in

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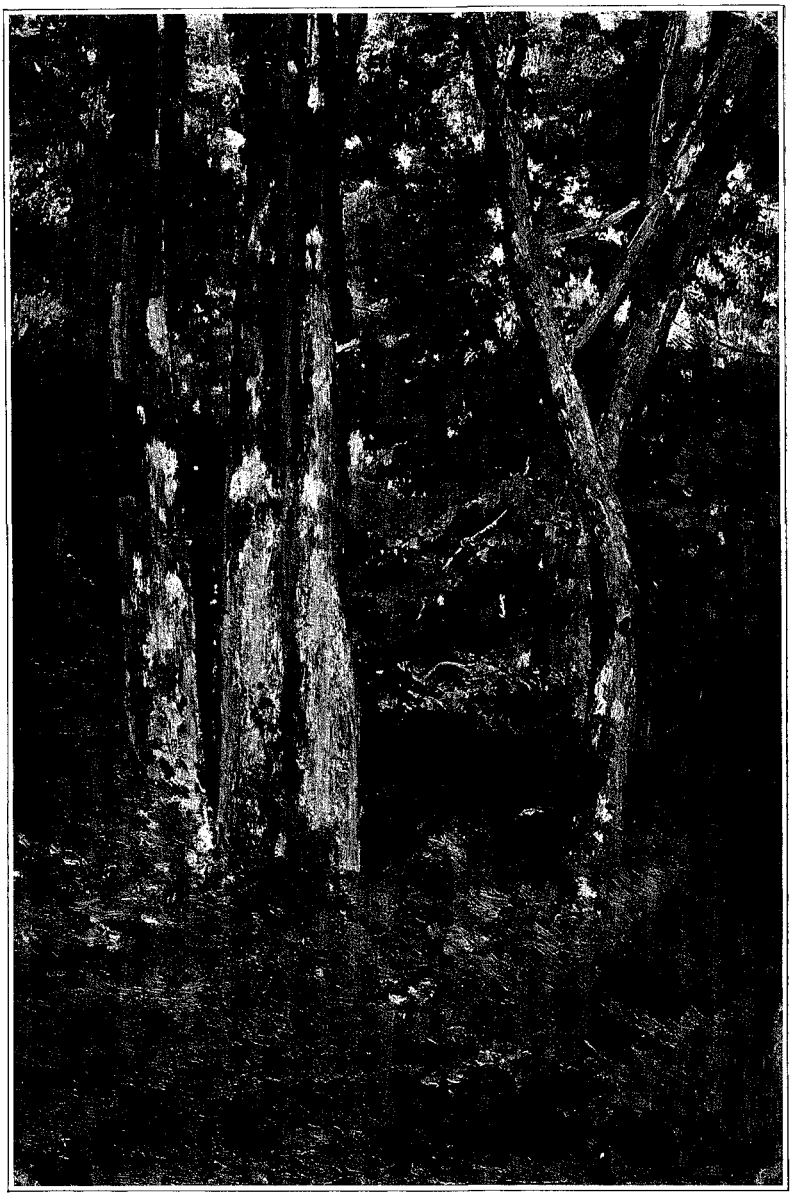

In the forest depths—Fontainebleau.
Sketch in oils by W. H. Low.

the world that you would better like to have walk in on us at the present moment?"

The charm therefore of the long afternoons spent with him in the woods, his book thrown aside, the long fingers twisting cigarettes of thread-like dimensions—I have never known any one to roll so thin a cigarette as Stevenson—and the constant flow of talk and interchange of thought come back to me like the opening chapters of a book which one has perused with increasing delight—only to find it at the end by "a wilful convulsion of brute nature" finished too soon.

This is the recollection of the time passed alone with him or when Bob was present; but, when our whole company was gathered together, the talk took a more

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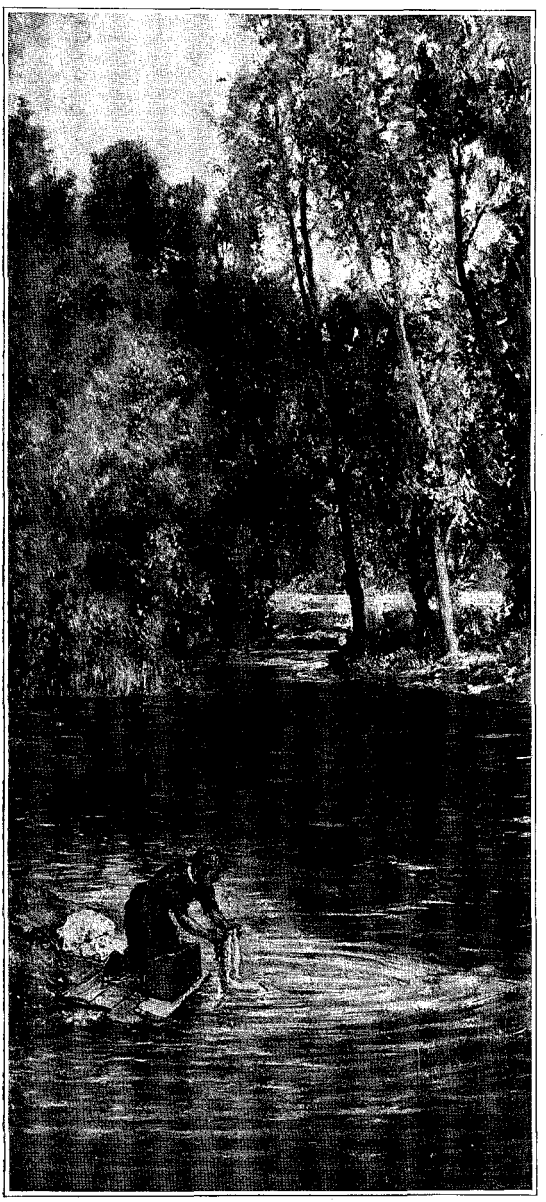
turbulent course and, generally, with good humor, but always with the "engaging frankness of youth" much banter was tossed to and fro. One witticism recurs to me that afterward attained respectability in the staid columns of the *Saturday Review;* that was, I believe, first provoked by the indignant protest of the gallophile of our party against the character of certain criticisms of the manners and customs of the land where we sojourned. "Don't mind him," drawled the insular critic, "he is *privately* a Frenchman."



From the arbor overhanging the river at Montigny-sur-Loing.

As already described the two Stevensons and the writer occasionally drifted out of the English-speaking circle and had experiences more tinged with the local color of the village life. One such experience I should hesitate to write, perhaps, as it seems like taking a posthumous revenge for the indiscretions of my friend; who did not scruple to portray an encounter that one may chanced to have had with the seductive qualities of the wine of Roussilon in the pages of "The Wrecker," and then make plain its reference in the Epilogue addressed to me. As this other experience was, however, unique in my long frequentation of the society of R. L. S. it may figure here as a detail in my portrayal of the man.

One morning Siron took the three of us aside and explained that that evening a dinner was to be given by him in honor of the baptism of his first grandchild, and that, as it was manifestly impossible for him to invite all the sojourners at his inn, he had flatteringly chosen us from their number, and desired our presence at the dinner. We had, however, a previous engagement to pass the evening with our friend La Chèvre; but, seeing Siron's evident disappointment, we promised to come in later and assist in properly launching the innocent grandchild upon the troubled waves of life.

When, after a pleasant evening with our friends at the end of the village, and the customary supper washed down with some excellent white wine, we arrived at the scene of the baptismal dinner, the festivities were at their height. The table had been spread at one end of the long garden behind the hotel and some forty guests

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Springtime, Montigny-sur-Loing, 1876.
From the painting by W. H. Low, in the collection of Sir George Drummond, Montreal.

were present, including the proud parents, all the relations near or remote, and the chef and other servants of the hotel. Coffee had been served and song was in order, each of the guests in turn aiming to shine in sentimental or comic vein; the chef, already far gone in liquor, at once rising, ready to burst into melody as each singer finished his contribution, and being as promptly suppressed. The proud father of the babe was one of the forest guards, an Alsatian who, like so many of the sons of that unhappy province, had been given his choice after the annexation to leave his native province or remain and become a subject of the hated German Empire. He had chosen to remain French; and had been rewarded with his post as one of the guardians of the forest. Our arrival only temporarily checked the flow of song, more wine was brought, many toasts were drunk; and, as the whole atmosphere seemed charged with the vapors of a Gargantuan repast plentifully liquefied by an abundance of the juice of the grape, it was not long before we three, ordinarily temperate youths, rose to the festival heights where our friends were enthroned. The muse was largely patriotic, the wounds of the late war were hardly healed; and the presence of one who had given up the hearths of his fathers at the call of patriotism dictated

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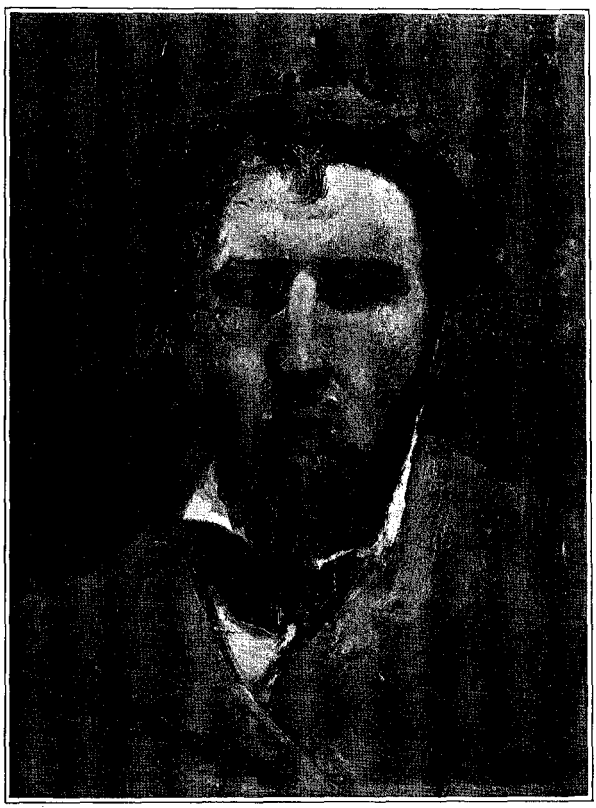
the choice of the postprandial *répertoire*. We heard thundered forth how at Reichshoffen death had closed up the ranks of the *cuirassiers*, and various other songs bewailing the sorrows of France and vowing vengeance on her enemies; when the forest guard rose precipitately, and with an embracing movement drew the three of us into the cool recesses of the garden. Once there he turned, the tears streaming down his visage and cried: "Now, *Messieurs*, we will weep together for the sorrows of France!" After that my memory is somewhat confused; though I have a continuing vision of the white-robed chef bobbing up serenely at stated intervals and beginning a song that as frequently was forcibly checked amid his expostulations; until at last we three found ourselves in the moonlit village street outside the inn.



Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Sketch from life, 1877.

It must have been long past midnight, but instead of seeking our beds, as prudence—and our condition—dictated, we sought the seclusion of the forest. There at the end of the long *allée*, checkered by light and shade, we came to a space more open, where the ground was silvered by the full flood of the high-riding moon. Here in the middle of the road we stretched ourselves at full length and discoursed—we could still talk—of many things; of grave import no doubt though they escape my treacherous memory at the present time. How long we stayed there in this beatific state I know not, but finally Bob, rising to a sitting position, made the surprising statement that we were three idiots and might better be in bed. Somewhat pained, we nevertheless agreed with his concluding suggestion and, without too much difficulty, retraced our steps to our lodging.

Here I have a vision of Bob waving a bedroom candle from the stair leading to his room, on the floor above that where Louis and I had ours, and sternly commanding me to see that his cousin got safely to bed. I took this command with a seriousness befitting the occasion, and at last, when Louis was properly robed for the night, I concluded my friendly service by carefully tucking in the covering. This I did in so conscientious a manner that my friend, smiling blandly from his pillow murmured: "How good you are, you remind me of my mother." In after years, though I am forced to admit that the version of this story given by R. L. S. varied from my own truthful recital, we have often laughed over the baptism of Siron's grandchild; and his shade may now be smiling at me as I write.

Perhaps it may be well to explain here how little intemperance played a part in all our student gatherings. What little there was, may be laid, I fear, at the door of the aliens; for, among my French comrades, it was virtually unknown. I can still see the extraordinary air of the

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connoisseur adopted by one of these last—by my friend Cocles whose character I have described some pages back—when at the conclusion of a dinner he would consult the list of *vins fins*. "We will probably not order anything," he would gravely state, "but the very names of these wines have an aroma of their own." And then, lingering over the syllables, he would murmur half to himself the noble titles of the aristocratic offspring of the invigorating sun and the fruitful earth; concluding perhaps by ordering a modest half bottle of some well-known vintage; which, drop by drop, sharing with an appreciative friend, he would savor to the dregs.

Self portrait of W. H. L. painted in "the vine-trellised arbor" at Montigny, 1876.

With Stevenson, also, appreciation of the taste and the flavor of romance, which clings to the tradition of good wine, was as keen as his abhorrence of the intemperance that was common in Scotland. On the one hand, I remember his saying reflectively, over a final bottle of the Beaujolais-Fleury at Lavenue's on the eve of one of his visits home: "I wish that we could get this in Edinburgh, for you don't know how I dread returning there and adapting myself to the ration of drink usual in the land of my fathers." On the other hand, I remember his exclamation: "Don't that make you just love France," when I told him the legend that there was a standing order in the French Army, that no detachment of troops should ever pass the narrow strip of land on which ripens the noble *cru* of Clos Vougeot, without presenting arms.

Sins of omission and of commission were plentiful enough in my time among the students, as they had been probably since the first students sat on their tresses of straw and conversed in Latin in the rue de la Harpe, giving its name to the students' quarter, and as they are to-day within its enlarged boundaries; but over-indulgence in drink is not one of them, and it is as a somewhat extraordinary occurrence that I have ventured to tell this tale of "when the wine had done its rosy deed."

MONTIGNY AND GREZ

The following year our common existence experienced a change of scene, when a true Anglo-Saxon love of the water lured my friends to Grez, a village lying on the opposite side of the forest from Barbizon, and possessing, among other attractions, a small river flowing by the garden end of Chevillon's inn; where they elected domicile. A greater change in my own circumstances had occurred through my marriage; and, to be near our friends we had taken a small house in the adjacent village of

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Montigny-sur-Loing, also with a garden overhanging the river. There, in a vine-trellised arbor, which R. L. S. has celebrated in eloquent prose, we entertained our friends, and our life went on, with less change, through the advent of a new member of our little circle—of the opposite sex—than might have been imagined.

Though not living in Grez, much of it I saw and part of it I was, not infrequently; for no better conclusion to a day's work could be had than the pleasant walk thither, above the river bank and past the mill. At the crowded table places would be made for the newcomers, and a part of interest fell to their share in all the trivial concerns that made up the life, apart from the leaven of work, of the sojourners at Chevillon's inn.

One evening, arriving thus at Grez, when the company was already seated, we took our places near Bob, quite at the end of the table. Looking toward the opposite end I was surprised to see two new faces—the faces of women. In answer to my query as to their identity, Bob informed me that they were my compatriots, Californians, art students, and friends of one of the men with whom my own acquaintance was slight. They were mother and daughter, I was told, though in appearance more like sisters; the elder slight, with delicately moulded features and vivid eyes gleaming from under a mass of dark hair; the younger of more robust type, in the first precocious bloom of womanhood. I was gratefully conscious that my own infraction of the unwritten law, that had held woman apart from our circle, had been quickly pardoned, but I was equally conscious that our continued welcome therein was due to the possession on our part of a certain amount of tact—a quality, as my friend Bob had informed the insufferable cad at Barbizon, more necessary in such a society than in one more formal in its customs.

Questioning Bob on this delicate subject, I was at once assured that the newcomers were "of the right sort"; that they had quietly taken their places and shared the life led around them with easy toleration; joining in some of its activities and avoiding others in very sensible fashion.

It seems curious to me to-day to think how little during the remainder of the summer was my acquaintance with these ladies, for, as wife and step-daughter they were to become so closely identified with the life of Louis Stevenson; the one by the tie of which he wrote: "As I look back, I think my marriage was the best move I ever made in my life," and the other as faithful amanuensis, taking down his last message to the world. Louis was absent from Grez at the time, and none of us present at the table that night could know what the future held in store; and so it was many years after, under our roof in Paris, that we were to meet more intimately and cement a friendship which has outlasted the life of the husband and friend around whom our affection centred.

At the time it was natural enough, as Mrs. Low then ignored my native language. Consequently, the conversation, when she was present, was carried on in the idiom of France, and at the other end of the table English was in use for the same reason; as it was in that alone that the ladies there were fluent.

As I have said, Louis was not at Grez for some little time after the advent of the woman for whom he was to dare so much, to receive in turn such entire devotion; and to leave in prose and verse, as in his uttered words to all his intimates, a tribute such as few women have been privileged to receive.

He had been absent for some little time on a wisit home that summer, for I think that his biographer, Graham Balfour, is mistaken in placing the meeting between Stevenson and his future wife at the time: "when Stevenson and Sir Walter Simpson, the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette*, returned from the "Inland Voyage" to their quarters at Grez."

He was with us at Montigny in the spring and early in the summer, but in the "Letters" (pp. 132–133, Vol. I) I find letters dated from Swanston Cottage, Lothianburn, in July. This coincides with my recollection, for about this time I was called to Paris by the necessities of my work. I had a picture under way for which I needed a model unprocurable at Montigny, and for a month I was at work in the city.

It was during this period that I remember Louis coming to Paris, and I recall his start of surprise and alarm as, among the events that had transpired during his ab-

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Reredos by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

Modelled in Paris, 1877, for St. Thomas's Church (recently destroyed by fire) New York City. Photographed from the original models as placed on the studio wall in Paris.

sence from Grez, I reported the invasion of the theretofore Eveless Paradise.

I gave him what comfort I could, based on the information I had received from Bob, aided by my own observation of the general air of contentment that appeared to reign on the border of the river Loing; and assured him that he would find life there but little changed. All this seemed to avail but little to lighten the comic apprehension of the professed woman-hater. "It's the beginning of the end," he averred —little knowing how truly, nor in what sense of the truth, he spoke.

Of the events of the next few weeks I was not a witness; but on my return to the little house at Montigny, and on my subsequent visits to Grez, an inkling of the state

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Rêverie—in the time of the First Empire. Salon of 1876 and N. A. D. exhibition, 1877.
From the painting by W. H. Low, in the possession of John Boyd Thacher, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

of affairs in so far as my friend was concerned, dawned on me. Soon after Louis and Walter Simpson departed on the "Inland Voyage," in early autumn the house at Montigny was closed, and on our return to Paris, when later in the season Louis appeared, his daily pilgrimages from our quarter to the heights of Montmarte told the story clearly; and for male companionship Bob and I were left alone.

As has been made manifest throughout this recital, project compared with accomplishment occupied a disproportionate place in the activities of our circle. So paradoxical indeed were the conditions under which we lived, that it seems almost logical that the most absurd of these projects should have come the nearest to realization. Its full history can never be written since its master projectors are all gone, but here and there in Stevenson's writings, there are slight references to the

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scheme and, as its birth took place in the leafy arbor of our garden at Montigny, I may add my quota to its important history.

The conversation had turned upon what I may call fixed charges. Bob held that a gentleman, possessed of the requisite coin, could eat his dinner in comfort because the hour of payment was close at hand, but that many other periods of settlement, for value received, were so remote that it was but natural that one, with a brain occupied with other and more important matters, should forget these recurring periods, dispose of his substance otherwise, and find himself at the end without what "you Americans call 'stamps'" to pay his just debts. He accepted the correction that the system of long credits had worked beneficently in the case of inn-keepers in the country; but, in contrast, cited the Paris landlord, who was deplorably deficient in the virtues that had so endeared the Sirons and the Chevillons to our little band.

The remedy, however, he continued, he had evolved, after giving the subject much thought; and, like many other solutions of knotty problems, it was extremely simple. "In the first place, the requirements of a decent habitation called for water near at hand. The land was overcrowded, and the acquisition of realty and the subsequent bricks and mortar were not only expensive operations, but, if accomplished and your house paid for, you would always be tied down to one place like a mere banker."

On the other hand, the water ways were free, and a slight charge of demurrage,when you wished to stay for a period in one place, would hardly count. Barges were often owned by canal boatmen; a class that was notoriously as impecunious as artists and writers; and, consequently a barge, conveniently fitted up as a place of residence, would be well within the means of these last. Thus, in the fruitful brain of Bob the project had conception and, by his prolific elaboration of details, the embryotic idea grew until it looked to us all as though it might live. No one, for that matter, could be more industrious than my friend, when it came to the patient building up of something probable upon the airy foundation of the impossible.

I remember an even more ingenious scheme for avoiding the fogs of London, of which he wrote in later years: "We live wrapt in Cimmerian gloom. Fogs as dense as gruel hang above the city. Painting is impossible. Gas goes all day. All rational pursuits are interdicted and alcoholic intoxication is the sole recreation suitable to this condition of things." The simple solution of this problem was to be found in an artistic colony, living and pursuing its avocations in captive balloons, high above the strata of fog!

The barge project was more seriously studied; and, even in the face of failure, it has its possibilities which I generously pass on to the present generation of dreamers.

Maps were consulted and canal and river routes over the greater part of Europe were laid out, the cost of wharfage in Paris and various cities was learned, and the charges for towing barges were inquired into. Visits to various ship yards and centres of construction were made, and figures tabulated that were so mendaciously encouraging that the avoidance of this superior manner of residence by the majority of mankind was difficult to understand. We were all intensely interested, I, who had absolutely no available capital, no less than the others. These calculations occupied Bob during the summer at Grez; but, after the return of Louis and Simpson from the "Inland Voyage," their practical study of the subject along the canals they had traversed was pressed into service.

Simpson, who had not only the most practical mind, but was the only one at all liberally supplied with money, suggested the formation of a limited partnership; each member contributing an equal amount for the purchase and fitting up of a suitable barge.

The winter passed with the project still in our minds, but it was not until the summer of 1877 that the barge was purchased, one that was almost if not entirely new, never having served to carry coal or other cargo that would render its hold difficult to transform into habitable living quarters. Of the manner of its purchase I remember little, having two excellent reasons for non-participation in any transaction of that nature, the first of which was my inability to bear my share of the expense. The project of having a fairly large company who would live on the barge at intervals,

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dividing their time of occupation, had been voted down, and the eventual ownership was vested in four persons: Bob, Louis, Simpson and Enfield. My second reason for remaining outside of the society was that it was essentially an enterprise for the unmarried; but, while in substance this was held to be sufficient to excuse a continued stay, my friends one and all insisted that as it was to be their permanent home a guest room was a primal necessity. Moreover it was proposed that the guest room should harbor married couples of good repute and congenial nature—and, to ensure my association with the enterprise, this room, to be known as the "bridal chamber," should be decorated by my hand.

It was even decided that the work which I should thus execute was to be taken in lieu of a material contribution to purchase my membership in the association.

"Pink cupids rolling around on pink clouds and that sort of ruck, the Boucher or Fragonard game," was Bob's cheerful suggestion; while Louis opined in favor of nothing less than a modern version of the "Voyage to Cythera" by Watteau.

The capacious hold of the barge was to be roofed over, partially with glass, the whole made sufficiently low to pass under the bridges along the canals, and to be in sections so that it could be taken down and awnings substituted in fine weather. Rooms were to be built at either end—four in number; the existing cabin at the stern was to be used as the "bridal chamber"—"flower pots in the stern windows," suggested one, "and a canary in a cage" added another; thinking perhaps of his visit to the barge on the Sambre and Oise canal. A large room was to be left in the centre to serve as studio and lounging room, "with lockers—plenty of lockers to store things." Trips were projected: "the South in winter, working up gradually to Paris for the opening of the Salon"; perhaps they could moor alongside the Cours la Reine in the rear of the Palais de l'Industrie?

Thus the dream acquired, or seemed to acquire, substance; each added detail making it appear more and more pausible. A steam launch, the gasoline variety was not then invented, was considered as a future acquisition—"think of the economy of towing," urged the archdreamer—until even now, as I recall these half-forgotten elements of the carefully elaborated scheme, it seems more than half plausible.

The barge in truth became a reality. It was taken to Moret, a river town near Grez, and work actually began on the changes by which it was to emerge from its humble condition as a goods-carrier to a more glorified state; when it would be freighted with youth, ambition, ideal friendship and genius—or at least with some of the kindest hearts, if not the wisest heads in Europe.

But it was not to be; "pink cupids on pink clouds," or their more serious prototypes were already busy with some of us; and the realities of life were closing in on us all. The projected "old age on the canals of Europe" when "we should be seen pottering on the deck in all the dignity of years, our white beards falling into our laps," affords no clew to the after experience of the puppets, who were thus allowed their merry May-day dance in company; only to be torn apart—each dangling at the end of his separate string—by the hand of destiny.

It was a number of years after that I learned the end of the story I have essayed to piece together, as it is told in the dedication to the "Inland Voyage." This dedication, to the address of Sir Walter Grindlay Simpson, Bart., is, for some reason unknown to me, not printed in the definitive editions, the Edinburgh and the Thistle, of Stevenson's works; though it is one of the most charming of his felicitous epistles to his friends. Therefore the conclusion of the episode can be told in better words than mine.

"That, sir, was not a fortunate day when we projected the possession of a canal barge; it was not a fortunate day when we shared our day-dream with the most hopeful of day-dreamers. For a while indeed the world looked smilingly. The barge was procured and christened, and as the *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* lay for some months the admired of all admirers, in a pleasant river and under the walls of an ancient town, M. Mattras, the accomplished carpenter of Moret, had made her a centre of emulous labor, and you will not have forgotten the amount of sweet champagne consumed in the inn at the bridge end, to give zeal to the workmen and

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speed to the work. On the financial aspect I would not willingly dwell. The *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* rotted in the stream where she was beautified. She felt not the impulse of the breeze; she was never harnessed to the patient track-horse. And when at length she was sold, by the indignant carpenter of Moret, there were sold along with her the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette*, she of cedar, she, as we knew so keenly on a portage, of solid-hearted English oak. Now these historic vessels fly the tricolor and are known by new and alien names."

"YOUTH NOW FLEES ON FEATHERED FOOT"

The autumn of 1876 saw the end of the constant companionship, the daily meetings, and the material identity of life of our little circle. I was, and should have been, the last to complain, for in some way I had set the example, and found compensation in a closer tie for all the brave joys that the friendships of youth afford. Louis in his journeys to and from a strange quarter, for it is curious what a *terra incognita* Montmarte was to us dwellers on Mont Parnasse in those days, was, however, the most conspicuous delinquent. Not that there was anything changed in our spirits on the rarer occasions when we came together, but Bob and I both recognized how serious a passion held him all impossible of realization as it then appeared to be; and whatever sympathy we could express was only mutely shown in respectful recognition of that greatest problem in life which a man must solve for and by himself.

There were still cakes and ale on these rarer occasions and one such incident may be told here; typical in its sequel of that gift of the fitting word, that was constantly evident in the talk and even in the most carelessly written letters of Louis Stevenson.

We were dining with him at the Café of the Musée de Cluny, then one of the famous restaurants of the *rive gauche* on the Boulevard St. Michel, and it amused Louis to describe to the young wife an apocryphal incident in her husband's career.

It happened, *selon* R. L. S., that we were dining together in some restaurant famous for its cellar, and, though the greatest care had been taken to select the very best wine on the card, and though Stevenson professed that his simpler taste had been amply satisfied; yet his critical companion insisted that lurking somewhere in the cellar there must be a bottle of rarer vintage. To settle the question the head-waiter was called and, at the very first words of the inquiry, he paled and said, with visible perturbation: "Gentlemen, this is a question that cannot be decided by me—I must call the proprietor."

When this worthy appeared, he first gave a searching glance to decide whether the two *convives* were worthy of the supreme effort that was demanded, and then, after a brief consultation with the head-waiter, he said with a sigh, "The gentleman has divined our secret; if he will be pleased to wait a moment, his commands shall be obeyed." After a period, a procession appeared, headed by the *sommelier*, carrying a bottle on a velvet cushion, followed by the proprietor and the whole staff of the restaurant, including the cooks and all the waiters. Here Stevenson gave a most minute description of the *sommelier* or cellarman, describing a venerable person bent with age, with beard reaching to his knees, cob-webs in his hair, and with eyes blinking in the unaccustomed light, for he had lived many, many years underground. The description of the venerable bottle was no less minute; a painstaking intricate bit of still life, such as a Dutch master would have delighted to paint.

The *personnel* of the restaurant ranged themselves around the two friends; but, before opening the priceless bottle, the proprietor made one more appeal; asking with emotion if we felt ourselves really worthy to partake of this glorious vintage? To this the victim of this fairy tale was said to have replied "with that fatuous proud look of his" that *that* went without saying. *Bien*, assented the cowed proprietor and with infinite precaution the wine was opened; and two slender-stemmed glasses were filled.

The solemn moment when the wine first touched our lips—for, hardened epicures that we were, even we were moved—was then described with consummate art, conveyed with easy spontaniety in my friend's precise, measured, but perfectly idiomatic, French.

"As a smile of satisfaction replaced the critical frown on your husband's counte-

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nance," he concluded, "a long-drawn sigh of relief went up from the restaurant force —a prolonged Ah-h! like that of the crowd when the first rocket illuminates the upturned faces at a fireworks show."

Thus the rough draft of my friend's spontaneous invention, as he told it, with mock seriousness and appropriate gesture, over a bottle of less precious vintage than that which he described, one evening in the winter of 1876–1877, for the temporary amusement of his guest.

Ten years later, in the summer of 1886, again at dinner—but this time in our little house in the rue Vernier in Paris, where Stevenson and his wife were staying with us—Mrs. Low asked him if he remembered the story that he had "made up" to amuse her. "Made up!" exclaimed Stevenson, "it was Gospel truth"; and then and there, to both of our memories recalling the slightest incidental detail, apparently without the change of a word, the tale was retold. We listened intently, his feminine hearer absolutely entranced till at its conclusion, until then keeping close to his text, he added after the long-drawn Ah-h: "the *sommelier* dropped dead" The words were hardly uttered before he caught on my wife's face the shadow of surprise at this divergence, and as instantly replied to her unspoken objection, "that last about the *sommelier* isn't true; the rest is Gospel!"

Here was the survival of the child who entertained himself with pirate stories in bed; the stickler for accuracy, in later life, looking up from his writing to another child who, tired of playing Crusoe on his island within the limits of a sofa, slid to the ground and started to walk away. "For Heaven's sake; at least *swim;* remonstrated the imaginative realist.

The march of time finally brought the moment when I must return home, and the summer of 1877 saw me busied with the preparations for newly affronting the conditions of life as I would find them in our new land—reluctantly enough as I now look back—though I hasten to add that the subsequent years have shown me that fate had kindlier intention than was disclosed to me at the time.

How little we ever know what fate has in store for us! Here was a youth who had become, as may be gathered from the preceding pages, strangely alien to his native country and to his early associations, whose active life seemed centred in a foreign land, and whose dearest friends by a cruel decree—which he as openly resented as he blindly obeyed it—were to be separated from him by three thousand miles of ocean for a long period—perhaps forever.

Yet, while thus deploring the sundering of these ties, a new friend was already on the ocean, voyaging almost unwittingly to my door; one who in these subsequent years has been a precious influence in our art, whose friendship has been no less precious and stimulating to me and to others; and to whom—or to fate—I was to open my door at "eighty-one" one morning that summer.

The wise proscription, that we must not speak of the living, leaves many blanks in this record, the names of good men and good women who have been my friends; but, as I have sought to weld together the loose links of the chain that leads backward to my student days, one name was in later time so closely linked to that of Louis Stevenson, that I was determined to break this rule in his case. I had foreseen and rehearsed the arguments by which I would overcome his essential modesty; would wrest his permission to treat him, in the eminence which he had attained, as a public character concerning whose personality a genuine and legitimate interest was permissible—within certain bounds—which he might trust me not to transgress.

All these precautions are useless, now that "the noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched" (in the words which Louis might well have written of our friend, words so often applied to and typical of himself), "when trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred full-blooded spirit" has shot "into the spiritual land." It was Augustus Saint-Gaudens to whom I opened my door that summer morning, and who, with that straight-forward simplicity that he retained through life, greeted me:

"Your name is Low, is it not? You had a bully picture in the Academy of Design last spring, and I wanted to come and tell you so. My name is Saint-Gaudens." "Come in," I replied, "*I know you very well.*"

And so in fact I did. From the earliest

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days of my sojourn in Paris, often, when the question of the talent of any of the younger sculptors came up among my French friends, the remark would be made: "So and so is very well, but do you know, or do you remember, Saint-Gaudens?"

The curious reputation of the ability of a man in his student days; the place which among the younger painters, John Sargent so rapidly acquired, and which, later, Saint-Gaudens' brilliant pupil Macmonnies inherited in a large degree, had been awarded Saint-Gaudens in the atelier Jouffroy, where he had studied, and the appreciation of his talent had been handed down as a tradition of the schools.

I had heard of it before I left New York, from Warner, and, once when with him, in the old Knoedler art gallery, then at Twenty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, he had left my side to greet another visitor; and then, calling me over, had introduced the stranger by the name which I at once recognized as that of the crack-student of whom Warner had so often spoken—a meeting which I afterwards learned had passed from Saint-Gaudens' memory.

But it was not many hours before we knew each other well; his long absence from Paris, his residence in Rome, and his sojourn in New York—whence he was newly arrived, bearing a commission to model the statue of Farragut—had little changed him; and we might have been students of our respective ateliers meeting for the first time, and establishing that almost instantaneous footing of intimacy which between kindred spirits was not unusual in those days.

And soon, not at once, but gradually unfolding before my mental vision—as my new friend in the days that followed described incidents and conditions in the art life of that strange city of the new world, whence he came and where I was to go—a new outlook on life was presented to me.

Vividly presented, for in a manner unlike any I have known Saint-Gaudens had a gift of making one "see things." He, in all simplicity, believed himself to be virtually inarticulate; and for any personal exercise of the spoken or written word, he, quite honestly, professed much the same aversion as he, the skilled artist, would feel for the bungling attempt of the ignorant amateur.

But it was precisely because he was so intensely an artist that his mental vision was clear, and that which he saw, he in turn made visible, there is no other word, to others. How, it is hardly possible to describe, but I have heard many others who by common consent would be accounted better talkers than he, endeavor to repeat some story or incident, originally told by Saint-Gaudens; and the contrast was painful between the vivid full-colored image of the one and the pallid copy of the other.

At the time of our meeting he was filled with interest in the revolutionary movement in art that was then gathering weight in New York.

It is ancient history now: the story of the six or eight young Americans who, without preconcert, had sent home pictures, the first fruit of their study abroad, to the spring exhibition of the National Academy in 1877. Their reception from the Academicians of those days who, lulled to ease in their handsome Venetian palace had to some degree ceased to put forth the continuous effort that alone ensures the well-being of art, was discouraging; while the press, unaccustomed to the bolder efforts of the newcomers, was equally hostile.

This evidence of a probably hostile reception at home was not calculated to cheer a returning pilgrim, as my picture, "Reverie—in the Time of the First Empire," which had gained me his friendship, was counted among the offenders; but Saint-Gaudens brought other news of a more comforting nature.

He told of a circle of younger artists, with whom he had been intimately connected, and who, in company with some of the more liberal spirits in the Academy, had formed a new Society to hold exhibitions, where art upon the ideal basis of "Art for art's sake," was to find expression. It was still in the first stage of formation when he had left New York, but he held out to the home-goer the prospect of finding kindred spirits who would welcome him to their ranks, and drew a cheering horoscope of the future; which had the result of creating a hope that, as a worker in such a cause, a larger and more useful field of endeavor lay before his hearer than he could ever hope for as an alien in a strange land.

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The shackles of independent, unrelated effort were weakened, and the virtually selfish desire of the artist to perfect his own production, and leave the general advancement of art to take care of itself, appeared for the first time in less alluring colors than they were wont to wear, and gradually the conclusion forced itself upon me that in whatever measure I could be of use, the activities of art in our new world held compensation in some degree for the superior civilization by which I had lived surrounded.

Fini de rire, yes, laughter and many delights were to be put by; but there was work to do, and I knew that in some of it I should be allowed to assist—probably counting on doing it better than the event has proved—and so I prepared to enter into a new world—a new phase of life.

A NEW FRIEND, AND HIS WORK

Fortunately for me, the return home was to be delayed for three months; for in that interval I saw much of Saint-Gaudens. The lease of my studio at "eighty-one" lapsed soon after our first meeting and, not to renew it even for a short period, my new friend invited me to share the large studio which he had taken in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and live in the little apartment on the Boulevard Pereire where he had set up housekeeping. In this daily contact it may be imagined that our intimacy progressed rapidly; and I soon knew his whole life history; narrated during the progress of our work in the studio, with the picturesque presentation of which he was master.

I saw the little New York boy who lived down town in Varick or Lispenard Street, in a part of the city which was already "old-fashioned" in the later days of the Civil War. I shared his delights in following, as fast as small legs could carry him, the exciting progress of the "Masheen," on its way to a fire, pulled by the heroes of the Volunteer Fire Department; for like glories had been mine in my inland town in my own day of "short pants." Escapades on the docks, and the thousand and one adventures of the public-school boy, of which he had a fund of recollections, followed. Born in Dublin, of mixed French and Irish parentage, Saint-Gaudens was not only American, but he was one of the very few genuine New Yorkers that I have ever found—for like Paris, which proudly shows, in niches along the façade of its Hôtel de Ville, the statues of one hundred and ten noted Parisians, of whom only a small proportion were born within its walls; many are called to New York, but few are in fact the children of the city.

Through his apprenticeship to a cameo-cutter—less an artist than an artisan—the development of his talent through working at night in Cooper Union, and in the school of the Academy of Design; through the awakening of his ambition which finally landed him in the atelier Jouffroy in Paris, his recital went on bit by bit. Of course, this was quite without autobiographical intention; but I was anxious to learn all that I could of New York, for, despite my two years experience there, the city seemed exceedingly remote in the nearer memories of my five years in Paris. Interchange of confidences carried my friend along to tell me of his student life in Paris; where, meagrely supported by his cameo-cutting, his hardships had been such that I found my experiences were as nothing in comparison. An early commission had taken him to Rome, where he had executed what he called, "the necessary mistake of every American sculptor—the figure of an Indian." This, a statue of "Hiawatha," was the only nude figure that he ever finished, with the exception of the "Diana," which soars so proudly over Stanford White's beautiful Sevillian tower on Madison Square. Another statue of "Silence," he modelled about this time, or a little later, in Rome, and years after, swearing me to secrecy, he took me where it stood in the Masonic Temple; in a semi-public position here in New York. I should keep the secret, even now, but many of my readers will have seen it, before these lines are printed, in the Memorial Exhibition of the works of Saint-Gaudens, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and will have found it to be a more than creditable work; which, in common with the "Hiawatha," the sensitive sculptor persistently undervalued; for the comparison which he made, with later and more mature work, was eminently unjust. In banter, the "Silence" was dubbed the "dark secret," and the threat of its disclosure was enough to excite very real distress on the

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part of the sculptor, whose self-criticism of his production grew with his years.

I watched with interest the first work which I saw him undertake, the first measure of his talent that I could form, for he had arrived in Paris almost empty-handed, so far as his previous efforts were concerned —some small portrait medallions being the only examples of his art which he had brought.

This first work was, to my delight, decorative in character, and was to be placed as a reredos, between two large canvases by John La Farge, in the chancel of St. Thomas's Church in New York. The reredos consisted of a composition of angels kneeling, symmetrically disposed two by two in panels one above the other, around a cross extending from the top to the bottom of the united and superimposed panels. It was to be cast in cement, and to overcome the contrast of its whiteness in juxtaposition with the painted decorations which flanked it on either side, Saint-Gaudens proposed to gild it, and then tone it down to harmonize with La Farge's work.

To this I proffered the objection "that it would look like a sham bronze" and suggested that a treatment of the surface in polychrome, avoiding any naturalistic tinting of the flesh or draperies, but giving the whole a vari-colored subdued tone would be better. Saint-Gaudens at once adopted my suggestion and asked me to treat the surfaces of his bas-reliefs in color as I proposed; thus affording me my first opportunity to put into practice the decorative theories of which in an instinctive and vague fashion I had long enjoyed a monopoly among my comrades, all more interested in realistic work than I.

I admired from the first the easy competence of my friend for the task before him. The figures in the relief were of life size, and their attitudes were similar as they all knelt in adoration of the cross. Without a preliminary sketch, not using a living model I watched the bevy of angels grow, and, by a turn of the head here, a variation of the attitude there, by differing dispositions of the hands or the folds of the drapery, sufficient variety was obtained to break the rigidity of a voluntarily formal composition.

Destined to be seen in a subdued light, strong accents were left, and little subtlety of form was attempted; but, as I saw the clay become vitalized under the deft touch of the sculptor, I realized that the tradition of the school concerning his talent reposed on a firm foundation, and that he possessed his *mêtier*, as I knew very few, even of my French comrades, possessed theirs; although this quality was more common in the French sculpture of that period than with any other nation or at almost any previous epoch of art.

I insist upon the facility of Saint-Gaudens's work at that time, as well as upon the extreme rapidity of his execution of this reredos, because later in his career, when in the tide of production of the great works by which his name will be preserved, he became the fable of the studios and the despair of the committees; who were forced to wait months and years while the fastidious sculptor apparently hesitated, changed his purpose, tore down all but completed work and, but for the complete success with which he emerged from this cloud of indecision, appeared to retain but little of the direct method of his earlier work. But it is to be remembered that he was then comparatively fresh from school; where technical qualities are alone considered important; that the reredos was, with all its charm of sentiment, merely an enlarged sketch of decorative intent; and that few of the graver problems of his nobler work were present before him as, with a fine facility, these angelic figures fairly sprang into existence.

The type of the figures thus evolved possessed a strange charm: an early evocation of one which in his later work became thoroughly his own; and which, with differing expression and variety of character, can be traced in the Victory preceding the grim general on his march to the sea; in Death hovering over the boy-warrior at the head of his negro soldiers; or in the enigmatic figure that guards the tomb in Washington.

In these later evocations the Celt can be discerned—I have seen a drawing which the son made of his Irish mother, in which something of this wistful beauty of expression was latent—though an element of resourceful serenity, a confident outlook upon life, also present in this composite type, I would fain claim for America.

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And so these figures grew; one for each day's work. The sculptor meanwhile chatted gayly, first in French, then in English, with idiomatic command of the slang of either language, with graver intervals when he told of the projects of the little band at home, and the purposes of the new Society. He had much to say also of the painter whose works were to form the major part of the decoration in which his bas-relief was to figure, to which I listened intently, for before I had left New York, a single visit to the studio of this painter, and the few works which I had seen by him elsewhere, had given him a high place in my appreciation. He told me of the decoration of Trinity Church in Boston, under the control of this master, aided by a number of the men I knew or had heard of; among them Saint-Gaudens himself, for the time being, turning painter—and as he told the story it sounded like some tale of Renaissance times taken from the pages of Cellini or Vasari.

When the various panels of the bas-relief were finished in the clay and cast in cement, they were placed on the wall at the end of the studio, arranged in the order they were to be seen in the chancel; and my part of the task began. Gradually the chalky white of the cement gave way to a more sombre richness of hue, and high on my ladder, with Saint-Gaudens at the other end of the studio directing me to darken an accent in one place, or lighten a plane in another, I tasted for the first time the sweets of working upon a generous scale, and o harmonizing masses of color to form a rich pattern over a great surface.

One evening, when the coloring was finished to our satisfaction, we made a visit to several neighboring grocery stores and purchased a large part of their stock of candles in order to try the effect of the artificial light, under which the work was to be seen in the chancel of St. Thomas's Church. The candles were set up in lumps and strips of clay, as temporary holders, and then lighted. We opened the big studio doors looking out on the passage way to the street in order to judge the work from a distance; and the soft illumination of the candles, they were more than a hundred, was extremely satisfactory to the two decorators.

This illumination naturally created a certain interest among the rare passers-by, one of whom, an old woman, promptly dropped to her knees and uttered a prayer. Saint-Gaudens asked her, when she rose, if she liked the work—he welcomed, then and after, the *naïve* criticisms of the ignorant—and she exclaimed: "*Mon Dieu, comme c'est beau!* It is like Heaven!"

Saint-Gaudens was occasionally absent from the studio, of course, and it so happened that on three or four occasions I was visited by either Bob or Louis Stevenson when he was away; so that he never met Bob, and ten years were to elapse before he and Louis were to become friends.

Like Charles the Second, I had been long in relinquishing my hold upon life—the life of Paris—but at last the moment came. I had one more long and serious talk with Louis Stevenson, seated on a bench in the Parc Monceau. None of our many confidences have left so strong an impress, save one other; when on a star-lit beach we walked and talked, the night before he was to leave the quiet countryside by the sea, where we had passed a happy month, to cross the Continent and take ship for the South Seas. This farewell over, one evening Saint-Gaudens accompanied me to the Gare St. Lazare. There we said good-by to each other and I left Paris—the richer for a newly gained friend.

(To be concluded.)

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A MISTAKEN JEST OF MONSIEUR BONAMY

By William R. Hereford

Illustrations by Anita LeRoy

IF you ever go to Zunderdam on the Zuyder Zee (and I commend it to your distinguished attention as an ultimate Haven of Rest) you will undoubtedly lodge at Mynheer van Delen's Family Hotel, and, in that, you will be doubly fortunate. Indeed, I find myself envying you your prospective pleasure, for you will meet Papa van Delen and Mamma van Delen and their five lovely daughters: Johanna, Francina, Rika, Kaatje and Aaltje; as fine girls, I venture, as can be found in all Holland; rosy-cheeked and fair and smiling, and such story-tellers as you have never heard. You will like them and I am sure they will like you, for they like all who are not uncharitable or sour or dull, and you will quickly be made one of the large family that gathers in the summer under Papa van Delen's rambling, hospitable roof. You will meet also artists who have come from Paris or Vienna or London or New York to paint pictures of Zunderdam fishermen and their wives and children in the quaint Zunderdam costumes: the men with the fur caps, bright jackets and wide trousers, and the women and children with the stiffly starched lace caps that curve in points about their ears, all wearing, of course, the inevitable sabots, as you have seen them in a hundred pictures. In the evenings, when it is too dark to paint, the artists gather in the great hall that serves as reception-room, billiard-room, sitting-room and bar of Papa van Delen's Family Hotel, and there, with much laughing, some famous stories are told.

Papa van Delen is a good story-teller, as one should be who is a master-mariner, descended from master mariners as far back as that Willem Schouten who named Cape Horn after his native town. In a direct line, too, Mynheer van Delen counts his ancestors from that Dirck van Delen whose masterpiece hangs in the art gallery of Haarlem; and if to have sailors and artists for one's forebears should not make of one a good story-teller, then I know of

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nothing that should. Papa van Delen's daughters can tell a story as well as he; better, say many of the artists. They have all lived in London and New York and Paris and, so, have learned something of the world, but they weave their best stories, not so much from their knowledge of distant lands as from the experiences of their daily lives, colored by a lively good humor which is, after all, I take it, the true art of the story-teller.

This story may be Rika's, or it may be Miss Mary McCabe's, or it may be Walter Pennington's or, indeed, it may be Monsieur Bonamy's. I have never been able to determine to my own satisfaction, whose story it is. I fancy that very young girls will say at once that it is Mary McCabe's and no one else's, but that older girls will consider it Rika's, while men generally will maintain it is, of course, Walter Pennington's. A few old bachelors, it may be, will argue that it is Monsieur Bonamy's story. For my own part, I think that, perhaps, it belongs to all of them; to one no more than to another, but of that you must judge for yourself. Here is the story:

When Walter Pennington, standing before Dumay's justly celebrated painting of Zunderdam in the Luxembourg in Paris, decided that he would rather go to Zunderdam than to any other place in the world, he telegraphed to the Hotel van Delen for rooms, an extravagant thing for an artist to do, as all the artists at Papa van Delen's, discussing his telegram, agreed. Bonamy, whose jests had long since passed into a proverb, hailed Pennington's despatch with glee.

"I make not a doubt, Mees McCabe," he said in his best English, an accomplishment of which he was boyishly proud, "that thees Meestaire Pennington is a countryman of you. He is vairee reech, of course, or why does he send a telegram when a *carte postale* for two sous would do as well? Only the Americans send the telegrams to Zunderdam. How happy we shall be to have *un milliardaire américain*. Ah! We shall make great fun with thees Meestaire Pennington."

Monsieur Bonamy blew the smoke from his cigarette and followed it upward with his droll brown eyes, allowing a chuckle of content to escape him as he stroked his big brown beard. Under his smiling taunt Mary McCabe reddened. A ripple of rose raced under the tan from her chin to her straight eyebrows.

"Oh! no;" she said, with an assumption of indifference which the acute Bonamy was quick to detect. "An American, but not a millionaire. Mr. Pennington is one of the exceptions."

"You know heem, then?" Bonamy asked, the raillery suddenly gone from his voice.

"Y-es; n-o," Miss McCabe hesitated. "That is," she explained, "I did know him when I was a little girl, a very little girl, which was a long, long time ago."

Mathewson and Varden, two English artists, starting with "Oh! I say," rushed together at the obvious opening with such unwonted impetuousity that every one laughed, and when Miss McCabe spoke again her color had died away to the faintest pink and there was no trace of her recent hesitancy. She felt out of patience with herself that she should remember at this late day her humiliation when a sturdy, wilful little boy in inappropriate velvet, teased by an indulgent father, had stoutly declared he would never, never marry Mary McCabe and that he would rather be put to bed than have to play with such an ugly little girl.

"Mr. Pennington's father, however, is a '*milliardaire*,'" she continued, smiling directly at Monsieur Bonamy; "so you were not so far wrong. Mr. Pennington, himself, is, I believe, an artist. They do not get along very well together. The father does not approve of artists."

There were delighted cries of "Bravo," and a chorus of laughter.

"Like an American who was here one summer," Rika began, "who said artists were in trade just as much as shoemakers or butchers and that, although they talked in a high-falutin way about working for fame and glory—I give you his own words—they were all really working to get higher prices for their pictures. He tried to buy some of the pictures hanging on the walls here, which the artists gave Father, and when Father refused to sell, he said that proved his contention."

Pennington came to Zunderdam by *trekshuit*, which, indeed, is the only way you can come unless you walk along the level

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"Rika," he stormed furiously, "Rika! Why is it you make so long?"—Page 348.

road that skirts the canal. The cabined canal-boat loomed up in the darkness, out of all true semblance to its real diminutiveness, and the man propelling it with a pole from the bank, humming a sprightly tune as, bent to his task, he trudged along, stood out blackly against the night. It was late when the boat arrived at Zunderdam, and Pennington was led rather than guided by the boatman to the hotel. As the door was swung open a block of light fell upon the paved dike, half-blinding Pennington, so that he stumbled and almost fell into the main room. He was cross from hunger and delay, and the titter his precipitate entrance caused did not conduce to better temper. He went to his room, but was soon down again, demanding dinner of his host.

"Rika, Rika," roared Papa van Delen. "The American gentleman is hungry and would eat. Conduct him to the dining-room." Again there was a suppressed

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titter, but Pennington was far too absorbed in the problem of getting dinner to pay much heed. The hot onion soup, the fish, fresh caught from the Zuyder Zee, the *ève des marais*, the roast and the red wine went far toward obtaining Pennington's forgiveness for the merriment his advent had caused.

"Did they find me amusing?" he asked Rika, who, having served him, was seated across the table from him as he drank his coffee.

"You were so terribly angry," she laughed, "and no one is ever angry here." It was delectable to have her smile so frankly, and Pennington lingered.

"So you are Rika?" he mused. "It is a pretty name. What does it mean?"

"The Laughter of Life," she smiled.

"The Laughter of Life," he repeated after her slowly, and might have gone on repeating it had not Monsieur Bonamy thrown open the door.

"Rika," he stormed furiously, "Rika! Why is it you make so long? You are lazy. You talk too much. You are a vairee good-for-leetle girl!"

Now, of course, Pennington had no way of knowing that this was only one of Bonamy's mad pranks, but I think the Frenchman's studious care to use English and his exaggerated wrath should have made any one suspicious; but, instead, Pennington grew hot all over and, as Bonamy continued to storm, could, at last, bear it no longer.

"May I ask, sir," he blurted out, "by what authority you speak in this manner?"

"Autorité, autorité!" gasped Bonamy, apparently surprised past coherence by the interference; "autorité! I am thees girl's grandfather!"

At that Rika giggled openly, for any one could see that Bonamy, despite his big beard and his deep voice, was very young. "I mean," corrected the artist, "I am her step-father."

"Your behavior is true to traditions," said Pennington icily, "but if you wish to continue your abuse, I warn you not to do it in my presence, for, frankly, I do not like it."

"You do not like it," Bonamy sneered; a fine, curling sneer that never failed to set the studio in a roar. "Ah, no, you do not like it; but you do like Rika, eh?"

"You are insufferable, sir," retorted Pennington. Then, turning to Rika, he said gravely, "I am very sorry if in any way I have brought this upon you." But by that time Rika and Bonamy were laughing so that they could no longer dissemble.

"Fine," applauded Bonamy, "vairee fine."

"It's just a joke," the girl explained, when she found breath. "Always when a new artist comes the others have their joke as they do in the *ateliers*, and this was the joke they arranged for you. This is Monsieur Bonamy. I am not his step-daughter, I am glad to say," she added maliciously. "He is only an artist come here to paint, like yourself."

They shook hands all together and Bonamy called in Mathewson and Varden and Schreibel and Lacroix and the other artists from the salon, and he whirled Rika round the room for good measure. When at last she was released and came to the seat beside him, breathless but with the most entrancing scarlet flushing her cheeks, Pennington asked her the question that had been puzzling him.

"Rika, how did you know that I was an artist and that I had come here to paint?"

The girl was visibly embarrassed. "Oh," she temporized, "all who come here are artists and they come here to paint. Besides," she added with more deliberation, "there is some one here who knew you when you were a little boy—Mary McCabe."

"Mary McCabe, Mary M—— Oh! I remember a Mary McCabe who used to live in New York and who is now an artist, with medals and diplomas and all sorts of things. Is she the one?"

Rika nodded. "So you haven't entirely forgotten her?"

"Not entirely," confessed Pennington, "but I dare say I shouldn't know her now. I remember her as a little thin, brown-haired girl, inclined to freckles and with long, thin legs."

"She wasn't pretty, then?"

"Not as I remember her," Pennington admitted with brutal frankness. "But then that was, let me see——" The door opened.

"This is Mary McCabe," said Rika. Pennington rose as the girl came toward him. She was smiling and rosy and blond

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"So this is Mary McCabe," he echoed, rising and holding out his hand toward her. "No, I shouldn't have known her."

Miss McCabe was vastly amused, and so was Rika, and Pennington found their amusement contagious. Later they told every one in the great room about it, and one or two called it Monsieur Bonamy's jest, which puzzled Pennington, but Bonamy, raising his shoulders and rolling his droll eyes, said that only a part of the jest was his, and that the best part belonged to "Mees McCabe." And in that, as you will see, he was nearer right than he knew.

That night Pennington dreamed of a beautiful girl in a Zunderdam costume, wearing wooden shoes, who said her name was Mary Rika McCabe and who tearfully begged him to protect her from an irate step-father.

It was only natural after that first evening that Rika and Pennington should become excellent friends.

"You were very funny—terribly funny," she had said to him soon after the night of his arrival. "But, just the same, it was fine of you to want to protect me and I am as grateful as if there had been real need of it."

"I fear you and the incorrigible Bonamy succeeded in making me only ridiculous," had been Pennington's comment—he had shown no disposition to revert to the affair—"but if you and he will forgive me for being stupid, I'll forgive you and Bonamy for making me ridiculous and agree to cherish no scheme for revenge."

They shook hands as a pledge of good faith.

Often, when the steepled villages and windmills on the western horizon were etched by the late afternoon light against a copper sky, and the intervening meadows lay cool and damp and clean, Pennington would swing his easel over his shoulder and trudge with his models back to Papa van Delen's, there to seek out Rika, and together they would walk along the great dike that protects the lowlands from the treacherous waters of the Zuyder Zee. On rare occasions—occasions Pennington remembered glowingly long afterward—Rika went with him and they painted together. Such days were like the singing of birds in his heart.

"You were born to be a great artist, Rika," he told her one day in an outburst of enthusiasm. "You *are* great, and it seems a pity that you should occupy yourself with the work of the hotel when you can do this." He pointed with the pride of a discoverer at her canvas.

If, however, these shortening days brought high spirits and the joy of life to Pennington, they were far from having the same effect on Bonamy and Miss McCabe. Monsieur Bonamy spent much time alone and it was now weeks since any jest of his had produced more than a tolerant smile. Miss McCabe had grown reserved, and she, too, was much alone. True, Papa van Delen had still the same sly wink for Monsieur Bonamy when they passed, and the same smile of secret understanding for Miss McCabe, but their answering smiles were weary and forced, as if the jests to which Papa van Delen's wink and smile referred, whatever they might have been, had run their course. Mary McCabe and Rika, formerly inseparable, were now rarely seen together. Another change that was noticeable was that Miss McCabe seemed to avoid Pennington who, puzzled not a little, contrived excuses for seeking her company. After the first few questions, the girl had shown no apparent desire to resume discussion of the brief period of their acquaintance as children, shifting the subjects of their talks to days less remote, and to circumstances that concerned him rather than her. One day he found her on the dike, painting in rain-swept clouds above the gray waters of the Zuyder Zee. There had been a shower, but the sun had reappeared, and now fell dazzlingly on the white and dully on the red and black sails of the distant fishing boats. He sat at the foot of her easel, his legs stretched upon the stones that armor the dike. He had heard much of her success as a painter, but her work seemed to him uncertain and monotonous, and, although he tried to avoid the comparison, inferior to Rika's.

"I see very little of you these days," he began. "When I first came, I thought we were to be great friends, but, of late, you are never to be found."

Her color had heightened at the personal trend of the conversation, but she showed no disposition to divert it. "You have looked for me?"

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"Yes, often," he answered, without a trace of embarrassment, adding quickly: "See that white and magenta sail on the same boat."

He did not notice her frown of annoyance, or that she did not reply. He watched the curious effect of light and shadow for some time before speaking again. "Yes," he said eventually, unconscious of his own interruption. "I have looked for you more than once. It was foolish of me, perhaps, but I even suspected you were trying to avoid me."

"Would it be so foolish in your opinion, then," she asked, her mirthless tone carrying the insult with it, "if one should seek to avoid you?"

He looked quickly up and then rose. "I beg your pardon," he said simply, "I didn't mean to—I hope you don't think I'm quite such a conceited ass as that." He held out his hand. "We are fellow countrymen, but—you don't like me. Good-by."

Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. "I am sorry," she faltered, "I didn't mean it; really I did not. It was unkind of me, but—I haven't been at all well lately—I have not been myself. I hope you'll not think I meant it. I do like you. We should be friends."

He released her hand. "Do you wish me to stay?"

"No," she answered quickly, "not now. Do go."

The tears welled again to her eyes, and when his distant figure was a small and indistinct silhouette on the dike, she threw herself forward on her easel and wept.

After that, Pennington saw less and less of Mary McCabe, and, partly in consequence, more and more of Rika. The days wore into October, and still he tarried in Zunderdam. Other artists departed, but Pennington, Bonamy, Schreibel, who always remained late, and Miss McCabe lingered. The days when Rika and Pennington sketched together became more frequent, and to Papa van Delen's sly questionings as to the probable length of his sojourn, the American gave indefinite answers.

Now I or you, or any one else, could have told him he was in love; but there are certain things every man must learn for himself, and that is one of them; but it is a strange thing, I take it, that when a man is in love, he is the last one in the whole world to know it. Pennington may have realized his condition dimly, but it was not until October was waning, and winter's prophecy was in the air and in the faded green of the grass, that he admitted it to himself. He and Rika had gone to the island of Marken in a small sail-boat which Pennington had purchased early in the summer from Aert Pietersen, a daring young sailor, whose recklessness was the scandal of the staid Zunderdam mothers, but whom Pennington liked and trusted and had more than once befriended. Returning, there was a strong fair wind, and Pennington leaned against the tiller as the boat rippled through the water. He had been talking of leaving, and Rika had taunted him lightly for remaining so long. There had been many silences, and it was after one of these that Pennington blurted out without warning:

"I love you, Rika; I love you. I can't help it, but I love you."

Now I hold that when a man loves despite obstacles, when the strength of his passion breaks down the barriers opposing it, like an ungovernable flood, the woman he loves should consider herself more highly honored than if love came to her as a following tide, a current flowing easily, and without interruption toward its goal. That, I take it, should be the logical attitude, but logic and woman I have found, alas! are in different volumes of Life's dictionary. Rika was mightily offended, or else, pretended to be.

"Help it?" she demanded with a fine show of scorn. "And would you help it?"

Pennington looked straight at her hopelessly. "Indeed, I would if I could. I have caused my poor father no end of uneasiness as it is and now, Rika, can't you understand, when I tell him I have fallen in love with a girl who is not rich and is not an American, how disappointed he will be? And when others tell him, for you can be sure he will spare no pains to have it all put before him in as unfavorable a light as possible, that, besides that, her father is the proprietor of a small country hotel which she helps him manage, poor Governor, poor old man—you must not blame him, Rika, these are his traditions—I fear his heart will be broken."

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The girl heard him through with impatience. "So you are ashamed?"

"Not ashamed; proud," he interrupted, but she paid no heed.

"Does not your father know that the van Delens have their traditions and are as proud as he, and that we were distinguished when his ancestors were in obscurity?"

"But—" protested poor Pennington.

Rika waved the explanation aside. "I wish to hear no more of it. I consider such a declaration of love shameful."

They said no more, and Pennington brought his boat through the narrow entrance of the harbor and made it fast in silence. There was a curious fever of excitement manifest in Rika's face, and her eyes betrayed the joy she sought to hide, but Pennington, occupied with his defeat, saw neither her beauty nor the light of victory that enhanced it.

"Good-by," he said solemnly, as she stepped upon the narrow planking that led from the boat's mooring to the shore.

"Good-by," she flung after her.

At the dinner-table Pennington's place was vacant, and he did not appear during the evening. Monsieur Bonamy strove in vain to coax mirth into the small assembly gathered about the great stove. The wind, which had freshened during the afternoon, had now risen to a gale from the north-east, bringing with it wintry cold from the North Sea. There had been general comment on Pennington's unusual absence and, in spite of Papa van Delen's assurance that he must have decided suddenly to go to Amsterdam, there was present an apprehension which Rika's assertion that she had left him standing on his boat in the Haven did not serve to allay. Rika, pleading fatigue, had withdrawn from the little circle early, and she was followed almost immediately by Mary McCabe. Papa van Delen went often to the door to watch the rising storm.

"The first bad one of the winter," was his weather-wise verdict. "The waves are already coming over the breakwater. It's likely to be a bad blow."

Monsieur Bonamy smoked a great deal, yawned, drank a second *petit verre*, which was unusual for him, and presently went whistling off to bed, the gay tune of his melody converted into a thin and melancholy air by the contrasting emptiness of the great house, and the fury of the wind beating against the windows.

All night it blew, and the first pallid lifting of the dawn showed fisherwomen watching with strained eyes from the protected inner shore of the little Haven for signs of their husbands' boats. Early as it was there were rumors of disasters, and one vessel that had crept into the Haven early in the night reported having passed a Zunderdam sloop, believed to be that of the two Spaander boys, apparently in distress. At their own peril these men had put about, but the blackness of the night, unrelieved by lightning, soon hid the other vessel, and they saw her no more.

Papa van Delen was early astir, assuring the patient watchers. It was no new thing to him. He had beheld on many similar occasions this mute martyrdom of Zunderdam fisherwomen who accept bereavement as they accept their other trials, with silent stoicism. He knew that all night they had not slept, and that extra candles were burning before the altar of the little church whose gentle priest had kept open his door for consolation when the danger of the storm had become apparent.

As he passed among the women he heard that which made his heart leap to his throat in a panic of apprehension. Pennington, the evening before, had started out of the harbor in his little sloop with Aert Pietersen, the dare-devil.

"They'll never be coming back, I'm thinking," crooned an old dame. "And that'll be the last of Aert Pietersen."

"Hold your tongue," commanded Papa van Delen. "Aert Pietersen we can spare, but not the man who has so foolishly gone with him."

He hastened to the hotel with the news. Mamma van Delen and Rika gave way to tears, but Mary McCabe went up to her room and pressed a frightened face against the window that looked out upon the sea.

By now the entire village was alarmed, but immediate danger gave little time to dwell on the problematic fate of those at sea, for great waves, driven before the continuing hurricane, were pouring over the dike and sweeping down upon, round and into the clustered houses lying low on the other side. As the breakers came roaring in-shore, they seemed to be lifted up by the force of the tempest and hurled with the

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crash and groan of sentient things against the dike, hissing as they fell back into the churning waters at its base. At a distance these walls of water appeared to be moving slowly, stealthily, like harmless leviathans rolling their length lazily toward shore, but, as each wave grew nearer, its speed seemed greatly to increase until at last, leaping, frothing, it sprang suddenly forward, casting its immense weight upon the dike, as if to crush this sole barrier to the level lands stretching beyond as far as the eye could reach. Occasionally, rushing in from sea, a wave larger than the others would tower above the dam and flood across it, foaming into the houses of the frightened peasants and surging through the canals, terrifying the cattle which ran bellowing from the unwonted peril. Such things had not happened before in two generations.

Organized by Papa van Delen, men and children, and women whose own houses were not threatened, worked to repair the dike where the water had worn a passage, and rivulets were pouring down the other side.

During all that day the storm continued with unabated violence. No vessels came into the harbor and the watchers waited in vain for tidings. Rika and Mary McCabe, who had been much apart, were now constantly together, and, with arms round each other, remained during the afternoon and until darkness fell, at a corner of the Haven, where, partially protected from the wind and rain, they could watch the entrance of the harbor. From time to time they were joined by Schreibel and Bonamy. If you remember Schreibel's genre painting which he has called: "Waiting for news," and which is probably his greatest work, you will recall that little corner of the Haven where Rika and Mary McCabe watched. Indeed, it was then that the idea for the painting was born in Schreibel's brain. Poor Bonamy, I fear he was too much perturbed about other things to think of pictures.

While Papa van Delen directed the men in the work of saving the dike that night, candles burned in two rooms of the hotel, and two women with white faces looked out over the blackness of the turbulent waters. On the next day the wind moderated, but the sea was still high, and the waves beat heavily against the dike. As soon as it was light Mary McCabe took up her station at the Haven and was presently joined by Rika. Out far to the east, a fleet of vessels that had ridden out the storm could now be discerned.

The boats were too distant to make out their identity but joy illumined face after face as the men, straining their eyes for familiar lines, hazarded opinions as to those surely safe. While they were watching it became apparent that one boat had hoisted a small sail and, standing away from the others, was running before the wind toward the shore. In that treacherous water it was dangerous to risk a lee-shore, and one or two old men who had hobbled out of sick-beds to get the first tidings, shook their heads. "He ought to stand farther away till the blow is over. He's comin' too close," said one old man. As the boat came nearer she was recognized as Pennington's.

"It's Aert Pietersen's sloop!" The announcement was made by half a dozen at once. "It's Aert Pietersen's boat sure, and Aert's at the tiller."

As the small boat came racing on, now lifted to the crest of a wave, now lost in the valleys, every one in the village gathered to watch its perilous progress, even the men and women engaged upon the dike quitting their work. Driven by the hurricane, the sloop, triple-reefed as she was, would occasionally be forced through the opposing mountains of water like a wedge and then it seemed that, surely, no human being could retain his place on the deck. The question framed itself on a hundred lips.

"Aert's lashed himself to the tiller," explained a watcher. "And there's a man with him. They're both tied to the tiller. It's the stranger up at van Delen's," he announced as a lifting wave brought the sloop more clearly into the field of his glass.

"Pennington's with him. They are lashed together," repeated Monsieur Bonamy to the two girls.

There was a babel of voices above the tempest.

"He's going to try to come in! He's going to try to come in. Only Aert Pietersen's fool enough for that!"

"My God! I hope he will not attempt it," said Bonamy under his breath. Mary McCabe turned quickly up to him a face

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Pennington would swing his easel over his shoulder.—Page 349.

full of pathetic inquiry, but now, in the excitement attending the peril of Pennington and Aert Pietersen, Bonamy had forgotten her presence, and his straining eyes saw only the small sloop and the two men lashed to it. The opening of the Haven was very narrow and wave after wave was sweeping over the breakwater on which stood the light-house that marked the harbor's entrance. A miscalculation, even minute, would send the sloop in among the breakers to be dashed to pieces, for, staunch as she was, she could not have lived in that maelstrom. Even in fair weather it required more than ordinary seamanship to bring a vessel into Zunderdam harbor, but to attempt it now seemed to be courting certain destruction. There

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was, however, no room left to doubt the young skipper's intention. He had pointed the sloop almost straight for the light-house against which waves were dashing up to the high landing round the light, falling back in cataracts of foam.

"They'll be lost," declared the men on shore, veterans of many a storm. "They'll be swept against the light."

One man, moved to ecstasy by his fears, trumpeted through his hands, to the imperilled boat: "Don't do it, Aert! For God's sake keep her off!" His frenzied words were swept away by the wind, but Mary McCabe and Rika heard them and understood.

Even had it been possible to send a warning to those on the sloop it was now too late, for the little boat was already in the seething torrent of waters that lashed the light-house. As the cockle-shell was swept along like a helpless cork, Aert Pietersen and Pennington were seen throwing their combined weight against the tiller, and then boat and men were lost to sight as the deluge curled and fell over them with a crash that was heard above the storm. A moan of pity and horror rose from the groups of watchers.

"They're lost," wailed the women.

The spray and foam had swallowed the craft so that no part of her was visible. Rika buried her face in her hands as if to shut out the tragedy. With features set and gray, Mary McCabe instinctively grasped Schreibel's hand in her mute agony, her nails cutting into his flesh. Bonamy, breathless with excitement and oblivious of his surroundings, stared dumbly at the spot where the boat had disappeared. Then, when hope had been nearly abandoned, the watchers saw the sloop coming up as if from under the sea. Aert Pietersen and Pennington, standing in water to their knees, were still struggling with the tiller and pulling hard at the main-sheet. The great effort they were making was easily discernible from the near shore and, involuntarily, men stretched forth strong hands to them as if to aid. The tiny vessel quivered, came about, the reefed sail flapped for a moment as if exhausted, then filled and the sloop, keeling far over, swung into the calmer waters behind the light and came safely into the harbor. As Pietersen and Pennington brought the boat to the dock there were many ready to aid them, the men having run swiftly to the water's edge, cheering as they ran.

"Go fetch a doctor and quick," shouted Aert. "We've picked up Willem and Jan Spaander and they're hurt about the head."

Several departed at once to do his bidding, and others were soon aiding in removing the two unconscious men from the cabin. When it was learned that a rescue had been effected and the hazardous run to port had been made to obtain urgently needed surgical attendance for the two men, the taciturn fishermen surrounded Aert, silently grasping his hand, and shyly touched their caps to Pennington as he came ashore. Papa van Delen at once took Pennington in charge and, allowing little more than a hand-shake of greeting to the members of the small group that had been waiting for him, escorted him to the hotel and there insisted on putting him to bed and administering hot grog and gruel.

"There's nothing like hot grog when you've been wet," remarked the old man, "and there's nothing like hot gruel when you're tired."

Mamma van Delen lent her practised hand, and Pennington, exhausted by his recent experience, soon succumbed to their gentle ministrations and fell into a deep slumber from which he did not awaken until evening.

As Pennington stood that night in the glass-covered veranda and watched the moon and stars shining peacefully above the sea he had so lately battled with, some one came and stood beside him.

"It was foolish and very wrong of you to start out to sea in that fashion," she said, but though the words held a reproof, there was in the tone only an infinite tenderness and solicitude.

"Perhaps," he confessed, "but I found Aert ready to go and, of course, we did not know there would be such a storm."

They stood looking out into the night and neither spoke. Presently the girl ventured: "It was very brave of you to bring those two men home."

"It was all we could do," he answered. "It was only what any Zunderdam fisherman would have done. It was really

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Drawn by Anita LeRoy.

Rika and Mary McCabe were now constantly together.—Page 352.

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Aert," he added. "He knew better than I whether we could make the harbor. If it hadn't been for his assurance I should not have risked it, but I had confidence in his judgment."

Again there was a long pause. "Will you forgive me for a stupid joke?" the girl asked.

"A joke, Rika?" He turned toward her for explanation.

"I am not Rika."

She tried to meet his wondering gaze bravely, but failed.

"Not Rika?" he cried.

"No, I am Mary McCabe. Oh, if you will forgive me! It didn't seem such a stupid practical joke at first. We heard you were coming—your telegram told us—and I told them I had known you when I was a little girl and had not seen you since and—and—" In her effort to play out the explanation very fast the thread was becoming tangled. "Monsieur Bonamy—he is forever joking, and he suggested that Rika and I change places to confuse you and to see if you would recognize me. We had done it before and, when I consented, I thought it would be only for the first evening you were here, but you got so angry at Monsieur Bonamy, and when you said you remembered me only as a little girl with freckles and long thin legs, I—I—determined I would go on pretending to be Rika."

Pennington had not spoken. He was thinking of a hundred little things, clear enough now, that should have revealed the trick to him.

"Do you forgive me?" she asked at length.

"But on the boat," he interrupted; his mind and his heart, fearful, were accepting the revelation slowly.

"I was only carrying out the part. I am very sorry."

Looking at her, he saw that tears were in her eyes. He held out his arms toward her, and together they watched the moon and stars above the Zuyder Zee.

"How proud it will make the Governor," he laughed, when she had repeated over and over again the story of her masquerade. "It will be the return of the Prodigal Son."

Then he asked abruptly: "But about Rika, the real Rika, and Bonamy? Let us go and find them."

Rika and her sisters, and Bonamy and Schreibel and Papa and Mamma van Delen were all together in the great room, going over again the story of the day's adventures. Pennington made a little speech which called for hurrahs and bravos and cheers from everybody, Mamma van Delen included. Papa van Delen got out many bottles of his oldest Burgundy and drank the health of nearly every one in Zunderdam. Pennington stood on a chair by Bonamy's side and placing his hand on the head of the jester, announced a toast.

"To the health of Bonamy whose joke this was—to Bonamy and to the real Rika."

Monsieur Bonamy smiled bravely, but in his eyes was a mist that blinded him for a moment, and, in his throat, a pain that choked back the words. It lasted no longer than a shadow lasts on the surface of a lake when rippled by a vagrant breeze, and Monsieur Bonamy took the hand Pennington stretched down to him. His voice was even as he said:

"My fren', you haf *beaucoup de chance* —what you call lucky dog. My felicitations."

Then he went to Mary McCabe and held out his hand.

"I hope you will be vairee, vairee 'appy." He spoke slowly and solemnly, and, it may be, that he had not meant to say the second "vairee" at all, but that he repeated the word just to hide a catch in his voice.

Then he looked at Rika and smiled bravely again and, if there was a suspicious rain-cloud in Rika's eyes, no one saw it except Bonamy, who sees everything. He walked to her side and, slipping his arm gently through hers, raised his glass.

"I drink to the health of the true, the *vraie* Rika who has helped me in so vairee many good jokes. And there ees one beeg joke for her yet, eef she will change her name again; eef she will become Madame Bonamy."

Poor Monsieur Bonamy, he was forever jesting.

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AN OLYMPIC VICTOR

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. CASTAIGNE

XI

AN instant later warning signals were uttered, the pistol cracked, and the race had begun. For a few moments it was a great congestion of arms, shoulders and legs, but presently that was remedied. Even the most nervous and most unreasonable realized that the advantage of a few yards at the start was not likely to affect the result of a race of forty-two kilometres. Soon the runners settled smoothly to their task. There was evidence of a general desire to give as well as take.

All except the Frenchman took things more easily after the pistol cracked. He, with a backward look and call of defiance, went off like a wild goat in the lead; followed, and this after a moment of hesitation, by the Irishman, leaping like the puck of his own fairy tales to the challenging call, and by two or three less notable ones, who could see no better way to win this race than never to be far behind any leader, regardless of how that leader might act.

Behind that small first flying group came perhaps a dozen who proceeded rapidly enough, and with a moderation and judgment that boded dangerously for antagonists. Among them was Vanitekes. Behind that second group the men ran less compactly; in small clots of two, three or four for a time, yet so close together as to seem at a distance like one man; and here and there between these lesser bunches were many who ran singly, as if planning an independent pace, from which they were not to be diverted by the actions of would-be rivals.

Midway in the entire body were Loues and Christovopulous, the latter leading Loues by a shoulder and himself led by a party of four, on the heels of the last of whom he almost trod at every stride.

Back among these undistinguished ones Loues was well content to remain for some time, in obedience to a plan which he had determined after some process of thought as this: There is a certain average of pace which a man may maintain throughout a long race. What that pace is each man must judge for himself. On the truth of his judgment would largely rest the outcome of his efforts. Should he fall away from that pace, he would lose distance that he might never be able to make up; should he go beyond that pace, he would so rapidly deplete his reserve stock of energy, which he well knew would decrease in geometrical ratio to the demand beyond the normal—deplete so rapidly that there would be no replacing it if an emergency should soon after arise. And yet local and temporary disturbances, the force and direction of the wind, temperature, condition of the road, his own condition or distress—all would severally interfere with any set schedule of speed he may have made, and would have to be allowed for.

Far beyond any mechanical limitations or estimates it was more important to Loues that he have that clear knowledge of his larger self, of those inner feelings which inform a man far more accurately than any prescribed test of formula whether or no he is performing wisely; and no matter how distressed he might be he must not lose heart; and above all he must never quit.

All this was even more a matter of intuition than of reasoning with Loues, whose acquaintance with training for long-distance running had been acquired during his comparatively brief preparation for this very race; but he had pondered largely over what he had gleaned during this brief period from the related experiences of many of the strangers while within the Grecian borders for this race also. Above all he had learned from these strangers in these talks—and this was the most valuable thing they taught him—that the race was most likely to go, not most surely to the swift and strong alone, but to the swift and strong with whom nothing went wrong; that the

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most prolific source of defeat was the insane desire which seemed to possess men in the excitement of competition to run themselves off their feet, to give way to the temptation to which mettlesome men particularly incline, to allow nobody to pass them unchallenged on the road, to be a leader at every stage of the race, even though in their overwrought minds was running a premonition that their course was leading to disaster.

Loues' own notion of his own chances was that if nothing went wrong with him he *might* win, and therefore his main thought was to see that no accident occurred, to see that he ran well up to his limit of endurance at all times, but never entirely up; above all never to strain to go beyond it, if he should be so fortunate as to remain in the running to the end. And nearing that end to forget everything, if it had to be everything, but run, run, on and on, and on again, until nature failed or the goal was attained.

And so he forged along at such a moderate pace as to win from acquaintances who passed him an objurgation to hurry up. Heeding no advice he continued to run with greater caution, forgetting not that for three-quarters of the distance to Athens the road was somewhat upgrade, and hence all the greater danger of cramps and other disabilities to whomever should overexert himself in the beginning.

The first of the race was entirely in the keeping of that wild Frenchman and his recently made friend, the Irishman. The Irishman, accepting the Frenchman's challenge soon after they had freed themselves from the crush of the start, had said, "If nobody else will, then I'll go with you, Frenchie," and jumped up beside the Frenchman; and side by side the two ran, neither failing to beat time to a tread of the other with one of his own. Chck-k—chck-k—feet pounding the hard road for upward of twenty kilometres—they ran stride for stride; which was most foolish on the Irishman's part, for he was a heavy man, eighty kilograms, or about 175 pounds as we say; almost too heavy a man for a long race. And he with shoes (again the national carelessness showed) that did not fit him, but with every stride allowed the flesh and seams of leather to grind together, until long before they reached the half-way khan large blisters had formed on his feet, and from them the blood welled up above his shoes and spread over the instep.

This is mentioned in detail, because the story of the first half of the race is the story of the duel between these two men, the one short and slender and frenzied with liquor, the other tall and powerful and of a spirit that could brook no challenge, even though in accepting the challenge the future interests were sacrificed to the present vanity.

For all his moderation the first half of the race was not without its travail of body and spirit for Loues. There was the early troublous half-hour when the organs were striving to adjust themselves to the abnormal demands, when lungs and heart were pumping furiously, the lungs expanding as if they would never find room, as if they would burst the walls of his chest; and the heart, like the tightly enclosed piston-rod of some fiercely driven engine, ever seeking to burst through to where it might find freedom. But that was a slight matter and preliminary to the real work. That all were suffering in much the same way, he knew; and plodded on steadily, keeping ever in mind the thought that it remained for him to hold the unfaltering but not over-feverish pace.

Some there were who did not go far in that race, who even at eight kilometres were forced by their distress to stop. And, seeing them, idle spectators along the road could not forbear to exclaim against their presumption in entering the race at all. Even Christovopulous could not suppress a word against these weaklings. Loues too might have had scorn for these feeble ones, but recollecting how it had been with himself in the trial, when he too had almost succumbed early, he could not join his friend in this adverse judgment. They, too, might have had their trouble of spirit, of which none knew but themselves; and thereafter he found it not hard to spare a word of cheer or encouragement for the broken ones as he passed them on the road.

XII

TEN kilometres from the start Loues was no better than the thirtieth man in the race, but from that post on, as the others began to quail under the stress, he rapidly improved his position. Man after man he picked up and dropped. At eighteen kilo-

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metres he began to draw away from his friend Christovopulous. Thereafter he made no count of them, but so frequently and regularly did he leave them behind that he was prepared for the news which greeted him as he entered the refreshment room at the halfway post. "You are tenth," said the man in charge, and most joyfully because of the Greek flag on his breast.

There it was that Loues found the Frenchman, who was sitting in a chair with his head swaying helplessly toward the table beside him. His attitude was that of the utterly exhausted man, fagged in brain and body, completely dead to the fact that his chances for the race were gone.

"He had come in," explained the keeper of the khan, "he and the Irishman running wildly abreast, and he asked for a glass of cognac, and then another; after drinking which he had sunk into the chair, from which he was unable to rise, but there stayed, as you see him now, shouting gay songs senselessly."

There, it seems, the Irishman himself, refusing refreshment of any kind, had demanded a basin of water for his bleeding feet, and then decided that there was not time for that. "Good-by, Frenchie," he said, or so it was translated afterwards, "good-by, and good luck to you, though you and your cognac-healths and your wild bog-leaping have been the ruin of me, I fear."

This gossip Loues was treated to while hastily bathing his face in a wet towel and rinsing his mouth with the juice of two oranges and as much wine as a man might put in a gill measure. Trickling down his parched throat that drink was like nectar, in which he could then and there have bathed in delirious joy, but no more than that meagre measure would he take.

Deliberately, it was remembered later, Loues absorbed this gargle. Nothing seemed to worry him that day. Indeed, even then, he was wondering what Marie was doing at the moment. The khan keeper marvelled that he was not more disturbed. "Hurry, Loues, if you would hope to overtake them —" though plainly his tone was not that of one who had the least notion that this lad had the slightest chance to win. "Hurry, there is the Irishman, the Australian, the American, and Vanitekes, and Georgandus of Crete and some others—nine in all before you—hurry, hurry."

To Loues it seemed as if another man than himself were running this race. "How long ago was it that the soldier of Marathon paused here for breath?" he queried tranquilly. "Do not worry, friend—if it is in me I shall win. As the Irishman said—'It is a long road to Athens.' But now I go—adieu."

It was a picture of Marie before the altar in the church at Marousi that hurried Loues from the refreshment booth. Even now, doubtless, the multitude in the Stadium was awaiting anxiously for word of the runners.

Calmly enough for three kilometres or so Loues ran after that brief rest. Even on seeing one immediately ahead of him he did not increase his pace. If it were but a few kilometres that remained—but eighteen or twenty, that was another matter!

He passed that one, a countryman, and even then rolling from side to side in pain; but heeding not the advice of an attendant who was beckoning him to rest a while. With the brief word, "Courage," Loues passed on.

"No, no, Athens," mumbled the poor fellow, and then seeing that it was a rival who spoke, groaned as if he would say, "And yet another who outruns me." Loues felt for him, but was unable to help him, except that half turning back, he tossed to the attending friend one of the peeled oranges which he had taken with him from the refreshment tent.

Something further on was a hill to ascend. Up the sides of it were now toiling three men. Loues used them to measure his rate of speed; and discovering that he gained on them his heart grew light within him. But if he gained much ground in the ascent, they made up for it on the descent of the other side. Reaching the top he saw them flying down, at such a pace indeed that one of them could not remain upright on his enfeebled legs, but fell prone, and from there was unable to rise.

After the other two Loues went then, and making use of them as kilometre posts, to mark how the road was falling behind, he passed them on the next up-grade, which was slight enough, but too much for them after their foolish headlong flight down the slope behind. One of these was a Swede, who broke into raving as he collapsed, and, still shrieking, was carried to the shade

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of a convenient magnolia tree by two of the patrols.

There were five now before Loues. Came first a Hungarian, whom he overtook after a struggle that extended over two kilometres. He, too, crumpled up suddenly, but making no sound as he sank, only from out of the gray-white face, to be seen where the streams of sweat had washed away the dust, glowed two deep-set, shrunken, hopeless eyes.

Loues felt sorry for that poor fellow—such a pathetic glance as he caught in passing; but his work lay ahead. Now was Vanitekes and at least another Greek before him. The Irishman he knew could not last, despite his enormous vitality and courage. For as he grew more tired, his weight would fall more heavily and pound his feet to pulp on the hard road. No flesh and bone could bear up under that. And so it proved. A turn of the road and Loues came on him suddenly in the hands of some countrymen of his who had come out on the road to greet him, and finding him in such a pitiable condition, were bearing him off bodily. As Loues passed they were forcing him into a carriage. He was raving and striking at them; but they insisted, and really it was humane. The marks of suffering on his face were touching, and his bloody feet thrust out stiffly from his struggling legs were painful to look at. Loues felt sorry for him, but it could not be helped, and surely it brightened the outlook for Greece. The Irishman's friends gave Loues a cheer as he passed, and he replied with a wave of the hand.

It was Georgandus, the Cretan, who fell next. A broad-shouldered bulky body of a man, whom Loues remembered very well as a great patriot. He had come from his mountain fastness of his little island to run in this race. He was hardy as a stag, but again it was the story of a person too bulky to be carried over a forty-two kilometre course. A large man would need be of a superhuman endurance to do it, and, besides, men of medium weight or muscular development are apt to be toughest. He smiled weakly, did this Cretan friend, as Loues loped on.

And now Loues was aware of an immense fatigue. Had he given way to his weaker feelings he would have dropped beside the Cretan or rolled into the shade of the nearest tree, and there lain and given himself over to sleep. He was as tired and worn as that. And this despite the power that he had during the entire course been husbanding so skilfully. He was sensible, too, of a great drumming within his head, which was not strange, as he had been exercising his brain full as actively as his legs since the race began; and the sun, too, was intolerably hot, and the dust from the trampled road was beginning to choke his mouth and throat so that he found difficulty in breathing.

But he remembered, and it helped to give him courage, that he was not yet in the forlorn condition which had been his during the trial race. He could go further yet, and even at a more rapid gait if necessary. And coming onto the heels of the Australian in that frame of mind, he essayed a trial with him, who, poor fellow, could hardly lift his legs. One, Loues noted, seemed to be cramped. At Loues' coming to his shoulder he gathered himself together and ran on in the lead for perhaps half a kilometre, by which time he was leading Loues fifty metres. And then he looked back. And by that Loues knew that he was overcome. The man who looks back in a race when there are yet some ahead of him has given up all hope of victory. He is striving only for a place. He would come back, and rapidly, that Loues knew. And so it was. Less than another kilometre and Loues was beside him, and this time the Australian suffered the Greek to lead him, and once in advance Loues found it no trouble to draw away, for though the other had it in mind to stay with Loues his cramped left leg, which he carried bent at the knee, would not allow of it.

And now remained the American and Vanitekes, and the American fell to Loues at the next up-grade. The distance was proving too much for him also, for his style of running was not suited for a long race. He lifted his knees too high and he rose too far on his toes to endure a long going. Every step he took was agonizing to him; and suddenly, even as Loues was studying him, he keeled over, and, after an attempt to rise, which he did once, to his hands and knees, he sank down on the road again. The dragoons lifted him, as they had done many another that day, to a carriage, and there he was as Loues passed. He knew

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Loues, even smiled at him; but such was his humiliation, nevertheless, that he was motioning the guards to draw off his jersey, on the breast of which he wore the flag of his country. That flag he did not want to be seen on him, as he, a defeated man, was being driven into the city.

"Truly," thought Loues, "this pride of country, it adorns like a laurel wreath. No wonder the Americans are a great nation."

And now but Vanitekes was before him; and if no accident happened the victory was surely to Greece. And, exulting, Loues leaped on. Only eight kilometres remained and the steepest hills behind them. And they came to a village where was a great din with Vanitekes still in the lead, perhaps here by a hundred metres. Along the entire road during the race had been a few scattered peasants here and there; but approaching the city the spectators were thickening, and now at this village they were in such force as to line the course solidly for half a kilometre. Here was also erected across the road a triumphal arch, and under the arch Vanitekes passed as a victor, the populace hailing him wildly. They had remembered well that he had won the trial race and that he had been hailed from the first as the chief hope of Greece. Some ran before him now for a hundred paces or more, casting flowers before his feet as he ran. Even girls in numbers did this.

And Loues, seeing that, began to experience a sinking of his heart. 'Twas not alone that he felt jealousy; not alone as if the race were already over and this the ceremony of the flowers a tribute to the victor. It was not that; rather as one in a dream he saw that; for by this time he had reached the point where his limbs were working but automatically and his brain in a sort of haze. Here for the first time he began to fear that he might not finish the race. Another kilometre and he had not gained a foot on Vanitekes, who was still a hundred paces before him. Here again were villagers in force, and as Vanitekes drew near they handed him the victor's wreath of wild flowers, which he held in his hands for a moment and then with a significant gesture cast from him. They understood and bore no resentment; even cheered him. "Vanitekes ! Vanitekes—Nike, Vanitekes !"

Nike, Vanitekes! Loues would see. He shook his head, as might a horse with entangling mane. He who first crossed the line in the Stadium would be the victor, not he who led at seven kilometres away. With the vision of Marie waiting in the Stadium not far away, he set out deliberately to close in on Vanitekes. He had been content to lag that hundred paces behind, but now he was in a fever to be beside his rival, shoulder to shoulder, elbow to elbow, and with him run stride for stride, till one or the other should succumb. And so, insensibly to the other, Loues drew up, and at six kilometres from the Stadium he was within ten paces, where he stayed for perhaps another half kilometre, when—it was at the foot of a long ascent—he began to move rapidly up to the other's shoulder.

Vanitekes heard the heavy breathing and turned. He was startled to see who it was. "You !" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied Loues, whereat Vanitekes ran with lengthened strides until he once more led decisively—by twenty paces or more. Loues did not worry, nor hurry, at that. An inner intelligence told him that the other would fall back. And so he did presently, even though Loues did not increase his pace. Vanitekes simply had to decrease his. And again Loues was at his shoulder and their hot breaths mingled.

But Vanitekes could not brook that. Again he ran ahead and when he had secured a good lead looked back; and by that looking back Loues knew that if his own heart but bore up he would get him; and soon was gaining again and presently was once more to his shoulder. And now, summoning all his energy and will, he for the first time in the race forced himself. And Vanitekes likewise forced himself.

Both were now exerting themselves beyond prudence. And now was the real race. All preceding this had been not much more than a test of physical stamina and endurance. Now it was a trial of spirit. Legs were trembling, knees were shaking, hearts pounding, lungs expanding to such an extent that the walls of the chest seemed as if they would truly burst under the pressure; and with that was a stew of muscle, nerves and flesh; as if the spinal column would dissolve and the stomach tumble in beside it; as if the eyes would melt in their sockets and the brain above go mad for

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very aching; and down the face, neck and shoulders and breast and back, over every square inch of the body, ran streams of, not mere summer sweat, but of sweat that was salty, that smelt of dissolving blood, that was maddeningly thirstful where it touched lips and tongue. Respiration was becoming an agony, every lifting of the legs torture. 'Twas doubtful if the heart would stand it much longer—if the protesting lungs would not really burst their walls and let out at last the boiling blood. But this was for the glory of Greece, the love of woman, the proof of the better man, and so sometimes smiling, sometimes squirming, stride for stride, shoulder touching shoulder again, elbows knocking, the two raced up the incline.

And, arrived at the top of the hill, Loues involuntarily paused: for Athens lay before them—Athens with, foremost, the ancient immemorial Acropolis and, secondly, the now glorious Stadium. Not that he could see the beautiful new structure, but the banners from the flag-staff he could see and the people on the hills about, and evidently waiting.

Waiting for what? For whom? Why, waiting for—for sight of whomever first might reach the goal! And who would first reach it? For the first time in all the race the concrete picture of it stood clearly out in the fancy of Loues. For the first time he saw the actuality of the vision—himself first in the Stadium—himself or—he turned to Vanitekes—for the first time their eyes met fairly.

"Not you—" gritted Vanitekes.

"If not me, then you," retaliated Loues. His throat was dry and cracked as any bit of the hot, parched road itself—he spoke with effort—"if not me, then you. If not you, why not me?"

"Never you," snarled Vanitekes.

"Rather a Turk than you." And exciting himself incredibly ran ahead once more; and Loues, though he feared it was ill-judged ran to overtake him.

XIII

At eight o'clock in the morning of this last day of the Olympic Games there were five thousand people in line waiting for the opening of the ticket offices, this even though the Stadium was not to be thrown open until the noon hour, and the exercises not to begin until two o'clock. Even more prominent than the calm English or the impatient Americans in this long line were the country people from the hills, and dressed in the national Greek costume, which for this festival seemed so appropriate, although some foreigners there were who seemed to think this costume a great joke.

"But why?" murmured Euripides resentfully. Euripides had arrived in Athens by ten o'clock, and with Gouskous was wandering about the streets of the city.

"Why, Gouskous?" demanded Euripides.

"Heaven knows," responded the great one. "Possibly because it differs from their own."

"A foolish reason that. I know I am proud to wear it. "Look, there is one—" Euripides turned, and to the stranger in question, one who was regarding him impudently, he flashed a gaze most insolent. "And I feel upborne in my opposition, Gouskous, by the recollection that centuries ago, when the greater part of Europe was sunk in the brutality of the primeval ages, my ancestors and yours were enjoying what these foreigners must even now recognize as a high state of civilization. Since then we have been conquered and degraded; but every great nation of the past had to suffer that, as every nation of the present will, almost certainly, in time; and so it is good to remember that once to be a Greek was to be an honored man. And I know that through the minds of most of our countrymen there must be flowing some such idea; for they are bearing themselves, our peasants and shepherds of the hills, as though they were all chiefs and these upstart men and women in modern dress their vassals."

And truly, it was almost as Euripides boasted: to see them in the red fez with the tassel, the gold and black velvet coats, all back and no front, with the puffed-out white frilled satin shirt, the yards of white linen in folds; from the waist the great wallet hanging from the belt, and then the long black or white tight-fitting drawers, with the red slippers, stitched in colored threads and the gay blue pompon on the up-turned toe—truly these really seemed the only people appropriate to an Olympian festival.

Euripides and Gouskous found that the

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streets which led to the Stadium were jammed for a quarter of a mile from the gates. All people except royalty and the athletes were compelled to halt their carriages and proceed on foot the last two hundred paces to the entrance, where a double row of soldiers saw that order was preserved and a number of officials attended to the taking of tickets.

At two o'clock, the hour appointed for the opening of the games, the King and Queen and attending royalty alighted within the double file of soldiers and proceeded on foot down the centre of the Stadium to the raised seats, which, covered with heavy red robes, had been set apart for them. There was then an immense concourse of people within the Stadium, and another immense body of people, too late or too poor to get seats, looking on from the hills about. The outer wall of the Stadium, the great marble circumference which separated the structure from the hills about, was gay with the head-dresses of the patient thousands who had perched there early that morning to be certain of a point of vantage for the day. Above the wall were various flag-staffs from which floated the ensigns of all the nations represented by the competing athletes, and between were myriads of smaller flags with the larger ensigns repeated over and over again. Down below, in the centre of the Stadium, was the lofty flag-staff from which was to be flung the flag of the country of a victor, one after the other, as the events were decided. Just to look at it caused the heart of Euripides, and doubtless of every patriotic Greek there, to throb painfully and to wonder would ever the flag of Greece float from there because of any deed that day. And surrounding the immense flag-staff were a dozen of the best bands of Greece, three hundred pieces in all, consolidated into one harmonious body.

When the King and Queen were seated and all was quiet, a herald blew a long bugle call. A moment's awesome silence and then the great band broke solemnly into the strains of the Olympic March, composed especially for the games. The people with uncovered heads gave a hushed attention, and that ended, harkened to the Crown Prince, who, as referee of the games, delivered an address to the King; who, in turn, replied befittingly, and then the games began.

On that afternoon Marie and her father arrived early in the Stadium and took seats in the front row of that kerkide which was nearest the tunnel and almost opposite the line set for the finish of the race. Less than a hundred feet away sat the King and Queen. In the row behind Marie were Euripides and Gouskous. All four were thus assured a good view of whatever might happen. They came in good hour, but were amazed at the numbers before them.

At three o'clock, when the pole-vault, the last event to take place entirely within the Stadium, was begun, upwards of seventy thousand persons were admitted by ticket, and circulating around on the walk between the outer edge of the running track and the great marble base of the seats were several thousand more; and in addition to all these the wall above them was lined with an eager row of faces, so thickly set that not a patch of the white marble on which they leaned could be discovered at an ordinary glance; and the slopes and crests of the hills outside were also jammed with people. Altogether a hundred and fifty thousand men and women must have been there awaiting the outcome of the Marathon Race. The pole-vault was still undecided (although there was but small doubt as to its termination, for the superior skill of the American representatives was shown in every move) when the word was passed that a courier was arriving with news of the race. He was soon seen, a dust-enveloped man on a bicycle, and way was made for him. Soon his report was common property. He had been at the start of the race and had stayed with the runners until the fifteenth kilometre post was past.

"The Frenchman and the Irishman lead, then the Australian, next the American and Vanitekes together, with Georgandus, the Cretan, coming behind." Marie caught up the echo, "Ah, the Irishman and the Frenchman, and another terrible American!" and sighed. But more hopefully spoke the father, remembering the confidence of their late guest. "But Vanitekes, he is strong. Wait yet."

Marie sighed, and over her shoulder cast an appealing look at Euripides. Rather by her eye than her lips she asked: "And no word of Loues?"

Euripides shook his head.

Again another courier, and again the air

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full of gossip. This one had come from the twenty-one kilometre post, the half-way house. There the Frenchman had collapsed; but the Irishman, the Australian and the American had run on. The Irishman, however, had been forced to halt in an effort to heal his bruised feet. "Ah," they sighed, "one fearful foe is removed."

"But the Australian and the American had run strongly together. Vanitekes and the Cretan were yet behind, but running boldly."

Marie's father, at word of Vanitekes, was moved to rise upon his seat and proclaim to his neighbors his opinion. He was but one of some tens of thousands who were similarly occupied. "Mark me," he announced, "this Vanitekes of Megara—he is a very goat."

"Zeito Vanitekes!" shouted those who heard.

A long wait followed, and the spectators watched the pole-vaulting competition, in which was left only one Greek representative, whom they cheered incessantly, although it was almost certain he could not win.

At a quarter past four a courier arrived, and his message electrified the great audience. "At thirty kilometres the Irishman had been dragged from the race by his friends. Vanitekes then was but a short distance behind—in fourth place. But more—" upraised hands demanded silence—"at thirty-two kilometres the American dropped exhausted and the Australian had gone ahead. Only one man now between Vanitekes and the goal."

"The brave Vanitekes!" shouted Anninoe, and leaped into the air. "Zeito Vanitekes!"

"Zeito Vanitekes! Zeito Hellas!" cried the multitude.

Marie's father again leaped to his feet. "I know well this Vanitekes—he is my dear friend," exclaimed Anninoe. All about hastened to utter words of esteem for the friend of Vanitekes.

"But Loues, where is Loues?" queried Euripides feverishly.

"Hush, listen—" it was Gouskous quivering—Euripides was on tip-toe. "Listen."

"Not far behind Vanitekes was the Cretan, and closing in on him yet another Greek, running bravely."

"Who, who?" inquired everybody, but the courier did not know. "He was so covered with dust that at the distance, one hundred paces, I could not tell."

"God give him strength!" called several. From all over the Stadium were uttered prayers for the unknown Greek who was coming on so bravely. Gouskous gripped the thin shoulders of Euripides, who turned to see the great eyes glistening. "Something tells me that it is Loues."

"God grant it!" breathed the shoemaker, and Marie, unexpectedly turning, showered the big man with tearful smiles.

The silence became intense, painful. The Greek in the pole-vault failed in the final try, and the people groaned. "So will it be in the Marathon Race, and our country will be dishonored," said voices everywhere. "Greece that in ancient times was——"

Again a courier. "I come from thirty-four kilometres," he announced, "and the Australian is beaten."

"Such a yell! And then silence, followed by cries of "But who leads—who is it that leads?" while a thousand other voices implore, demand, threaten if silence is not held, and at once. "At thirty-five kilometres I looked back from a hill, and it was Vanitekes who led."

"Zeito Vanitekes!"

"Hush—hush——"

"And running two hundred paces away," resumed the courier, was——"

"Georgandus! O the brave Cretan!" anticipated the masses, and cheered the name of Georgandus anew.

"No, not the Cretan, but Loues, Loues of Marousi!"

The heavy hand of Gouskous smote Euripides. "What did I say, friend?"

Euripides solemnly kissed him. Marie extended her hand. Gouskous took it in both his own and patted it kindly, bent low and brushed it with his lips.

And now a courier dashed in and whispered to the judges. But what it was, the judges would not repeat. Insisting cries rent the air, but the judges only shook their heads—"Nothing—nothing—" they repeated with upraised arms, but so despairing were their looks as they said it, and conferring among themselves so earnestly were they, that the people would not believe. And soon the rumor spread. "Vanitekes and Loues have both fallen—almost at the entrance to the city. Overcome by exhaustion

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after a terrific struggle up the last hill, they fell together and could not arise, and rapidly coming up then were a group of foreign runners—the Australian, the Hungarian with strength regained—a Swede—" and so ran the rumors, and the people relapsed into utter gloom.

Boom! and again boom!

"The runners are at the city's gates." The word brought the crowd to their feet. Their necks craned toward the entrance to the Stadium. There the excited movements of the jammed multitude and the sharp actions of the soldiers on guard indicated that the runners were near at hand. The last courier to precede the runners dashed in. All gave him passage.

"It is the American—one of those terrible people again!"

"Or the long-bounding Australian."

"Or the great Irishman."

"No, no—it is a Greek—Vanitekes—or Loues—I cannot say which."

"Vanitekes of Megara!" and "Zeito Vanitekes—Zeito Loues!" roared the multitude —"Zeito Hellas!"

"God be praised!" panted Euripides—"Loues at last."

"Way—way—" came in tremendous tones from the Stadium entrance. "Way—way—" and the soldiers, with their muskets horizontal, pushed back the surging crowds.

"They come! they come!" was the cry rising like waves of the sea. "And who is it?" roared the ones less fortunately placed.

"In the lead is one tall and light bounding."

"H-m—the American and the Hungarian are tall and the Australian——"

"Tall? Vanitekes! Zeito Vanitekes, thou son of Greece! Zeito—Hellas! Hellas! O Vanitekes!"

And in another instant they caught sight of the figures. They saw through the dust, the grime and the sweat, the blue and white colors.

"It *is* a Greek! Zeito Hellas! Zeito!—a Greek who wins." And into the Stadium he came, streaked from head to foot and panting like an exhausted dog under the stress of it.

"Who—who—who—Loues or Vanitekes?"

But Euripides knew. "Loues! Loues!" he gasped. "My little Loues, O little heart child! Gouskous. great friend, I faint."

"Courage, father, courage—but a moment now."

Marie gazed about from one face to the other. It could not be true. Loues? A dream it must be.

And the people? With his entrance between the gates of the Stadium they rose together and in an instant a hundred and fifty thousand Zeitos! rent the air, and a hundred thousand little Greek flags flew wildly, and a hundred pure white doves were released and fluttered around the enclosure, from the seats on one side to the seats on the other; and wherever they alighted they were at once tossed aloft again every one with a beautiful little blue and white ensign of Greece trailing from the beaks. Women cried and caressed one another. Men hugged one another, tossed their hats into the air, and did not look to see whether they came down again or no. Strangers grabbed one another and kissed cheeks.

And down the track came Loues, the hero of Greece. His eyes were deep-set—hollow they looked—and his mouth open as if he could not get breath, but his legs were moving, and through all his weariness he smiled. And with one hand he waved the flag of his country. Glory to Greece! Was it not magnificent! Soul-weary, his very marrow aching it must be, but strength and courage he had summoned to wave the flag. "A man? No, a god! Soul of Homer, a god—yes."

"Loues! Loues! Loues!" It was like the ceaseless commotion of the surging sea, the incessant roaring, and the leaping and struggling multitude. "Loues! Loues! Loues of Marousi! Zeito! Zeito! Zeito! God in Heaven, but was it not a day!"

The Crown Prince, with Prince George the statuesque, and minor princes with the royal suite, rushed up to meet him at the entrance, and, circling about, they ran with him the last steps of the race, the length of the Stadium track, with arms extended, awaiting the moment when he should cross that they might grasp him. And as he passed along, men and women, young and old, ancient grandmothers and panting girls, leaned forward from their seats as if to draw him to them. The wealth they showered! Money, jewels, gold, one a diamond-studded watch. But to all this he paid no attention, only as he crossed the

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line and his form was enveloped in a shower of rose-leaves, he turned to where he knew Euripides and Gouskous and Marie should be sitting, and, though he could not see them, smiled—the smile of a man who is tired to death, but such a smile that all who saw cheered for the blessing of it.

Not a step beyond the finish line was he allowed to run. They bore him off the earth, the Crown Prince and his suite. Carried him up the steps, lifted him up bodily and stood him up where was the King, who arose and shook his hand and gave him words of praise. And the Queen arose and took his hand—and he a Greek peasant—and told him what a wonderful thing he had done, and how Greece was proud of him. And the King, laying a decoration on the sweat-covered breast of his jersey, was about to pin it on, when Loues, looking down and noticing where, raised a protesting hand.

"Not there, Your Majesty, but at this side, if it please you," and on the right side the order was pinned. That heart side—that was sacred to Marie's token.

And then the Queen placed in his arms a bundle of laurel, and Loues started for the dressing-room. And it was not until then, until he was almost in the shadow of the tunnel that led to the baths, and a mob about him were tearing the laurel from his arms—"A moment, a moment, O Loues!" they were crying—"A twig of that laurel that it may hang in my home an honored heirloom forever—" Not until then was he aware that the flag of Greece had gone to the top of the great flag-staff, and the great band of three hundred pieces was playing with wonderful energy the National Hymn, and surely a hundred thousand voices joining in. Not until then did the tears fall.

"Make way for Loues of Marousi," called the voices, and they parted to let him pass. "You should well be happy, O Loues," cried those about him, "for this day you have won the great honor for Greece."

"Truly I am happy," murmured Loues, and passed on through the tunnel.

Presently clear of the tunnel and treading the low-fenced path which ran to the dressing room, he was seen by the people of the hills, they who had not the money or were too late to purchase seats inside the Stadium and who now rushed tempestuously down that they might approach nearer to the hero. "Nike! nike!" cried these, men and women both, and tried to grasp his jersey, or his hand to kiss it; but blushingly he evaded them and ran to where the cooling bath and luxurious after-rub awaited him.

XIV

In the inmost room of the tesselated marble baths, ushered there by the adoring door-keeper, was Loues, now welcoming the delicious streams which from a hundred perforations in the silver-mounted piping poured over his dust-laden body. Not ten minutes were passed since that wonderful scene in the Stadium, and he was still smiling like a happy child in a happy dream when in rushed Gouskous.

But, at the very door hesitated this Gouskous who had it in mind to overwhelm his friend on sight, but did not. For it was a transfigured Loues he saw. Vivid hues of joy, pale shades of weariness, the light of wonder—these and the essence of a dozen holy beatitudes illumining the face of Loues, made Gouskous pause at the door; for a long instant it might be, and then—reverence fled before mortal friendship.

"Loues, Loues—to think that it is you—you who won. I said it from the first—but to have it happen so—O great soul—" and rushed on him and gathered him, all dripping and lathered though he was, and kissed him, one cheek and the other, again and again, and the tears meantime running into his dark beard.

Loues, struggling, crying and laughing too, called out—"But Gouskous—away from the shower—you will ruin—you have ruined your fine new uniform——"

"And what matter? A thousand such are reposing on dark shelves of the flag-ship. In a dungeon-like compartment below the water-line they are rotting away. Pff—mere money will buy them. But Loues, you Zeus-descended, you miracle, what shall Greece say to you this day?"

What she had to say she said in no uncertain tones. Not that day alone, but for many days. Thus there were banquets. At the royal palace for one place, during which all the visiting athletes rose and drank his health alone, and during which the King, after a long chat, asked him what

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he wished he should do for him, to which Loues answered that there was nothing; that he counted himself a fortunate one who brought a small merit to his country. And there were receptions and picnics by the royal princes; by various ambassadors and lesser dignitaries—mornings, afternoons—in one week more than two score. And a great ball, to which Loues did not go because in the meantime he could get no word in Athens of Marie, and he would not go where he might have other than his heart's desire for a partner. Everywhere he was proclaimed. Did he but drive through the streets—and during all that week he was not suffered to walk a step—everywhere the people cheered him. Nowhere his carriage appeared but it was tossing hats and loud acclaims always, not alone by frenzied men, but by outspoken women also—glances of flame and words more than friendly. And his picture, large as life, in every shop window; and not alone his picture but that of Euripides, because he was Loues' godfather—by day draped in the national colors by night decorated in white and blue electric lights; and never a window wherein his picture might be seen that the glass was not in danger of being crushed in for the pressure of the gaping crowd without. And when Euripides drove out with him he also was cheered and Gouskous likewise. And if the hero but entered into a shop to purchase a trifle, immediately the passers-by grew to the proportions of a mob, which had to be dispersed by the police before traffic could be resumed in the street. And he had no need to pay for whatever he purchased. One shop-keeper said: "All the clothes you wish for a year are yours, Loues." Another wished to be allowed to furnish him shoes for a year; another linen; and so on—collars, handkerchiefs, hats, canes. Even the barbers said: Let us shave you. The very newsboys refused pay from Loues. His mere glance was an honor, his word of greeting a decoration.

But this was not what the soul of Loues pined for. He enjoyed it—every breath of it. He was beginning to understand that phrase of his godfather's the evening before the race. "The purple light of youth," his godfather had said. But when he was given an hour for reflection he saw what it might mean.

"Oh, Gouskous," he said—they had escaped for the moment from a brilliant reception at what was said to be the finest residence in Greece, and were now in the garden, in a shaded portion farthest from the house. "Oh, Gouskous, I have had enough of this."

"Enough? but you are enjoying it?"

"Enjoying it too well—altogether too well."

"Then what is wrong?"

"It is not good for me. These ten days past it has been nothing but adulation, worship almost, wine, entertainment—by men and women, old and young, friends and strangers—and it is not good. Me, a peasant who was merely fortunate. And who has not himself to thank, but his friends, his counsellors, his—Ah—Gouskous—it is what our friends and family have been to us that makes us what we are, is it not so?"

"True, Loues—our friends, our own people—they are the inspiration of victory."

"Inspiration? Aye, the very *breath* of victory. And what have I done to requite them? Oh, Gouskous, but do you know during these ten days I feared at times that I would drift from them. There were hours when in my inflamed vision Marousi seemed but a most humble place. And not alone that but the monstrous thought has come that the companionship of the great ones of the world will afford me greater pleasure, joy, an outlook on a greater life than Euripides—or—or anybody in Marousi could give me. But in other hours, thank God, I don't think that. And now while I do not think it I am going back to Marousi. I have learned, Gouskous—I am not too young—that no doubt he is a great man who meets and conquers temptation, but he surely is a wise man who turns aside to avoid it."

The strains of the music came to them from the great mansion; soon came running down the broad steps young men and women, men of position, with decorations on their breasts, women in low-necked gowns—beautiful, clever, witty women—"Loues—Loues—where is Loues?" they called.

The seekers were nearing the refuge of the pair, but as yet they could not be seen. Loues looked about—above. The marble wall, without crack or crevice, twelve feet in height, loomed up.

"Gouskous—a hand."

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Without a word, the giant placed a palm under the upheld instep. A spring, a shove, a scramble and Loues was astride the coping. He looked down at his friend—"I go—at once—to Marousi. Good night."

"But to-morrow, Loues, they are to present you with the purse of gold—the fifty thousand francs of gold—think of it, Loues! —a hundred thousand drachmæ of our money—you will need never to work again. And to-morrow morning also the reception at the wealthy Madam Herikler's."

"There is one that the wealthy Madam Herikler will find much more to her liking when she comes to know him, Gouskous. She cannot help liking you, Gouskous. Everybody does. Good night, great friend."

Gouskous heard the crashing of the bushes outside the wall. "P-sst—" he muttered, "but such a passion for dropping from heights! I would not drop that distance to escape a million amazons."

XV

With flying feet, after the lights of Athens were behind, Loues made his way over the road to Marousi. It was his first step in a hurry since the race, and he never ran faster. In his impatience the road to Marousi seemed but a short jaunt.

He appeared before Euripides; and slept in the little back room that night, and in the morning was early abroad; but did not call at Marie's house then. A day by himself in communion with the old primeval forces was what his instinct told him he needed ere he should look on Marie's face again; and in the quiet of the woods, in the breath of the hills, under the light of heaven that fever disappeared—Marousi tugged at his heart-strings now. Late in the afternoon he descended the hill and knocked at the door of Marie's house.

It was her father who came to the door; and, seeing the idol of the mob, bowed low. "Welcome, hero of Marathon—welcome."

"It is no hero—" his eyes looked past the father—"no hero of Marathon, but Loues of Marousi who is come home again."

His voice trembled. "I've come to see Marie, if she will see me." The father, delighted, pointed the way, and Loues waiting till the father had retired, stepped noiselessly across the floor to the porch.

He saw her, sitting forlornly in the arbor of the little garden. He stepped nearer. His impulse was to fold her in his arms, but he still had doubts. After all, who was he that after ten days—? His fingers could hardly grip his cap, and he feared for his voice. But at length he managed.

"Marie!"

She leaped to her feet. "Loues—" and looked at him. "O Loues, Loues, but I thought you were never coming back," and the tears ran down her cheeks, and he held off no longer.

And there they were found by the Committee from Athens, the Mayor of Marousi and Gouskous, with Euripides as guide. And they made speeches, and handed Loues a check for the fifty thousand francs, payment in gold, which check, after a single glance, he handed back.

"I ran for no gold."

"What!" said the Mayor—who was also a capitalist—"a peasant's wage for a hundred years, and all in one lump!"

"I care not if it were a King's income—I ran for no gold."

"But what shall we do with it?"

"What? I care not. Anything but give it to me."

"But you must say what—it is yours."

"Then—m-m—endow some public building. Yes, that is it. Build a gymnasium with it, and encourage our youth to live as did our people of old. They will be better men for it and Greece a greater nation."

"Ah there were men then—and, please God, this will be a great step toward our having men again," breathed Euripides.

"And the wealthy Madam ——?"

Loues turned to Gouskous, smilingly.

"Ho, Gouskous! Ho, ho, Diagoras!" The Mayor poked the big one as little ones in power will. "Hah, I did hear something of that—You are to quit the Navy, they say."

Gouskous glowered at the Mayor.

"It is true at least that soon I am to be given, by virtue of the influence of our Admiral, an honorable discharge from the Navy."

And then the Mayor was for poking the giant again in the ribs, but Gouskous gently intercepted the hand. A slight grasp, a gentle pressure, and the mayor thought his wrist would crack.

"Madam Herikler has not, to my knowl-

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Athens lay before them.—Page 362.

edge, placarded her preference on the walls of Athens," said Gouskous, and a new dignity of manner swathed him like a becoming garment; after which the Mayor addressed himself more directly to Loues.

"And nothing we are to be allowed to do for you?"

"Nothing now," replied Loues, "but later—perhaps—if I can have the water privilege of Marousi. If one politician proves to have no more influence than another, and you think, Mr. Mayor——"

"It is but an humble position, Loues."

"It will suffice. By it I can live. The time has come for me to settle down. I have been but a careless youth, but now I must work—" he half looked toward Marie —"or others will starve."

And so it came about. Loues and Marie were married in that same little church wherein, on the day before the race, the two had received communion together. And the water privilege was granted him, and now any morning at dawn you may see him setting out from Athens with his little cavalcade, the four donkeys and four little carts, each loaded with the goat-skins of water; and if you follow him far enough you may see, long before you come to his home in Marousi, standing in the door the still young Marie, mother of his children; and those children, too—such as are old enough to be awake at that hour—you will see them come running down the road to meet him.

And Euripides? For the quality of his work Euripides is more renowned than ever. And commands great prices, for since the days of the Olympic Games he has been tre-

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mendously advertised; all without effort on his part, for the pair of shoes which Loues wore in the great race have become objects of reverence to Greece. And his time should be valuable, for he is one who trusts to no hireling; not a stitch from the time the green skin comes to his shop until the beautiful finished shoes go out that old Euripides himself does not begin and complete. And so his time *is* valuable, as he will tell you. He has now to work with a purpose; those children of Loues' and Marie's for instance. Even as he speaks there are probably two or three of them running about the shop. And he may even then be scolding them. But though his tongue may chide, his eyes will be regarding them rapturously. Those children—they must be looked after! The things they need!

And surely his time *is* valuable, but put to old Euripides, at any hour of the day or night the vital question, but let drop even the most casual comment on the overpowering subject, and at once all obligations are forgotten. The Mayor of Athens himself may be waiting—he will have to wait. At once are cast aside awl and needle, out from the glass case come the honored shoes, and away goes Euripides. And once again is rehearsed—and he goes clear back to the time that Loues and Marie, two wide-eyed little children, used to come toddling to his open door, and so on till it is all told, the story of that wonderful Marathon race which was so marvellously won by Loues. Ah-h—a man—for all his dreaming and gentleness, that Loues of Marousi! Aye—Loues his godchild!

Glory to Greece! was it not magnificent!—Page 365.

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GRAY MISTS

By Robert Alston Stevenson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP

BILLY stood on the dock and looked out over the lake. A soft, thin mist drifted across the still water, sifted into the pines on the opposite shore and rolled in long, lazy stretches over the valleys beyond. The slopes of Catlin melted into the gray-blue reaches of Santanoni and the top of Mt. Seward melted into the bigness of a soft, gray day. It was a quiet, gentle, gray day; other gray days he had known came to him; days that made the woods worth while; days one sees in the fireplace in winter. He felt himself a part of it all and knew that out there in the rolling mist somewhere he could find what he had often found before—lazy contentment and friendly silence.

He turned and climbed the bank to the camp above. The tents stood white and ghostlike against the spruces. A thin, blue ribbon of smoke rose straight into the air from the battered smudge pail and the embers of the camp fire lay desolate and forlorn. Even the fire in the camp kitchen crackled solemnly and deliberately, in response to the efforts of the guide who was fanning it with a frying-pan.

"John," said Billy, "I'm going fishing. It's my last day."

"Yes," answered the guide and continued waving the frying-pan. John was always brief in the morning.

"I'll get my duffle together while you get breakfast," said Billy.

"Eggs?" asked John.

"Two," answered Billy. "And what fly do you think——?"

"Good morning!"

Billy turned. Coming towards him from her tent was the girl who the night before had told him gently, but very firmly, that she could not play the game of living with him.

"Good morning!" he said, trying to be natural. "Bully day, isn't it?"

"Do you like it?" she asked, turning to the lake.

"Yes," said Billy. "Look at that birch over there poking its head through the mist."

"I see," she answered. "And how spooky the canoes look, huddled in the bushes. I've never been able to discover what overturned canoes look like. They look like something alive—but asleep."

"Yes," said Billy, but he was not looking at the canoes. He was looking at the girl in front of him. He liked the felt hat with the Parmachenee Belle in the bandanna band he had given her. He liked the dull-red mackinac jacket. He liked the rough skirt and the heavy boots. He liked the way she stood, with her hands in the pocket of her jacket, straight and tall, looking out into the day. He knew she appreciated it, understood, and that was one of the reasons why he had taken her out the evening before—but that was all over now.

"Fried or boiled?" asked John abruptly, from the kitchen.

They took their places at the table as they had often done before and, while they ate, watched the white layers of fog drift through the trees behind the camp.

"Let's go fishing!" said Billy finally. "Days like this should not be neglected."

"You'd talk and spoil the day," she said thoughtfully.

"You can't talk on a day like this," he answered. "You think."

"Promise!"

"I promise," said Billy. "We'll take our lunch. The rest won't mind. They'll play bridge and wonder why they ever came to the woods."

"I shouldn't think you would want to take me. Why do you?"

"Because I do not have to give you a diagram to make you understand what all this means." He pointed to the lake. "Besides——"

"Besides?"

"It's the last chance I'll have to take a trout this summer and you know how to behave in a canoe."

"Oh!" said Betty. "I'll go."

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She met him at the dock a little later, took the paddle he handed her, and together they drove the canoe off into the mist.

Betty paddled well—Billy had taught her—and as the canoe slipped silently along, the shore line fading behind them, he watched her rhythmical stroke—the steady pull, the quick recover, her blade taking the water true and strong, and he felt comfortably sad. She was a good pal in the woods and he had discovered that she knew them as well as he, their moods and gentle influences, and all the plans he had made for just such days were now as misty and fading as the day about him.

"Betty!" he said.

She trailed her paddle and turned towards him. Something in his look caused her to shake her head, and holding up a warning finger she turned again to her paddle.

"All right," said Billy, taking a long breath, and once more the canoe glided on its way.

Around them the mist trailed slowly into their wake; the trickle from their paddles seemed loud in the damp, soft air; the tumble of a little brook into the lake off the slope of Catlin sounded now like the roar of a water-fall; and they both rested when out of the stillness behind came the weird note of John's breakfast call, made on a broken bottle, and they waited for the echo they knew would come from the cove to the left.

As they neared the inlet Betty shipped her paddle, and Billy, intent on the narrow channel, felt the canoe quiver. It was a signal he had taught her, and meant quiet and caution. Tense and silent, she was pointing towards the shore. Billy nodded, and they glided noiselessly towards the splash, splash, that came from the lily-pads. The splashing stopped suddenly. Betty signalled again, and Billy, with a final shove, sat motionless. Ahead, seemingly taking form from the drifting mist, a doe faced them. Raising her head gradually from the lily-pads, she took one step backwards as they floated towards her, and then catching the upper scent, she turned and floundered to the bank. Again she stood, alert yet rigid, then whistled angrily and thrashed into the underbrush. A moment later the canoe grounded softly at the landing for the Fish Pond trail.

"Isn't this a dreamy day?" said Betty, as Billy shouldered his pack.

"It's queer," he said, "how the woods get into one sometimes. I had a day like this on the Tobique last summer. You seem to get nearer to things."

"I know," said Betty, following him into the woods.

Out on the lake there was space and sky; they had lured her thoughts to the full enjoyment of all she liked and felt in the open. But here, on the trail through the hard wood, the dim shadows and narrow outlook forced her thoughts in, and she thought of Billy who was trudging ahead. It was only fair to him to send him away. She had wondered and wondered for three long months; she liked him better than any man friend she had, but she couldn't give him what he wanted—all the free life that was hers. It wasn't fair, she had told him. She liked him too much to pretend, and why couldn't they go on being good, understanding friends.

"Because," Billy had said, "I won't. I'll take my medicine."

And she knew that he was taking it as he broke trail for her through the wet ferns and the long grass, as he helped her over the rough places, as he swung down the hill from the dense woods into the burnt timber by the stream. Suddenly he stopped and waited for her.

"Isn't this weird?" he said, when she came up.

Around them the trees, blackened by the fire, stood straight and still, their roots exposed in strange, gnarled forms. There was no murmur of the breathing branches. The mist, rising now, drifted through their tops, and a Peabody bird, somewhere in the distance, whistled its plaintive call.

"What is it like?" asked Betty simply. "I always feel it, but it eludes me."

"It's like walking through a lot of lost memories," said Billy. "But——"

"What?"

"Don't you think we are talking too much?" He reached for his pipe.

"Perhaps," answered Betty. Billy put his pipe back in his pocket and trudged on.

He did not stop again until, dropping down a little hill, they caught the glimmer of Fish Pond through the trees and came out to the landing.

"We'll set up our rods here," he said.

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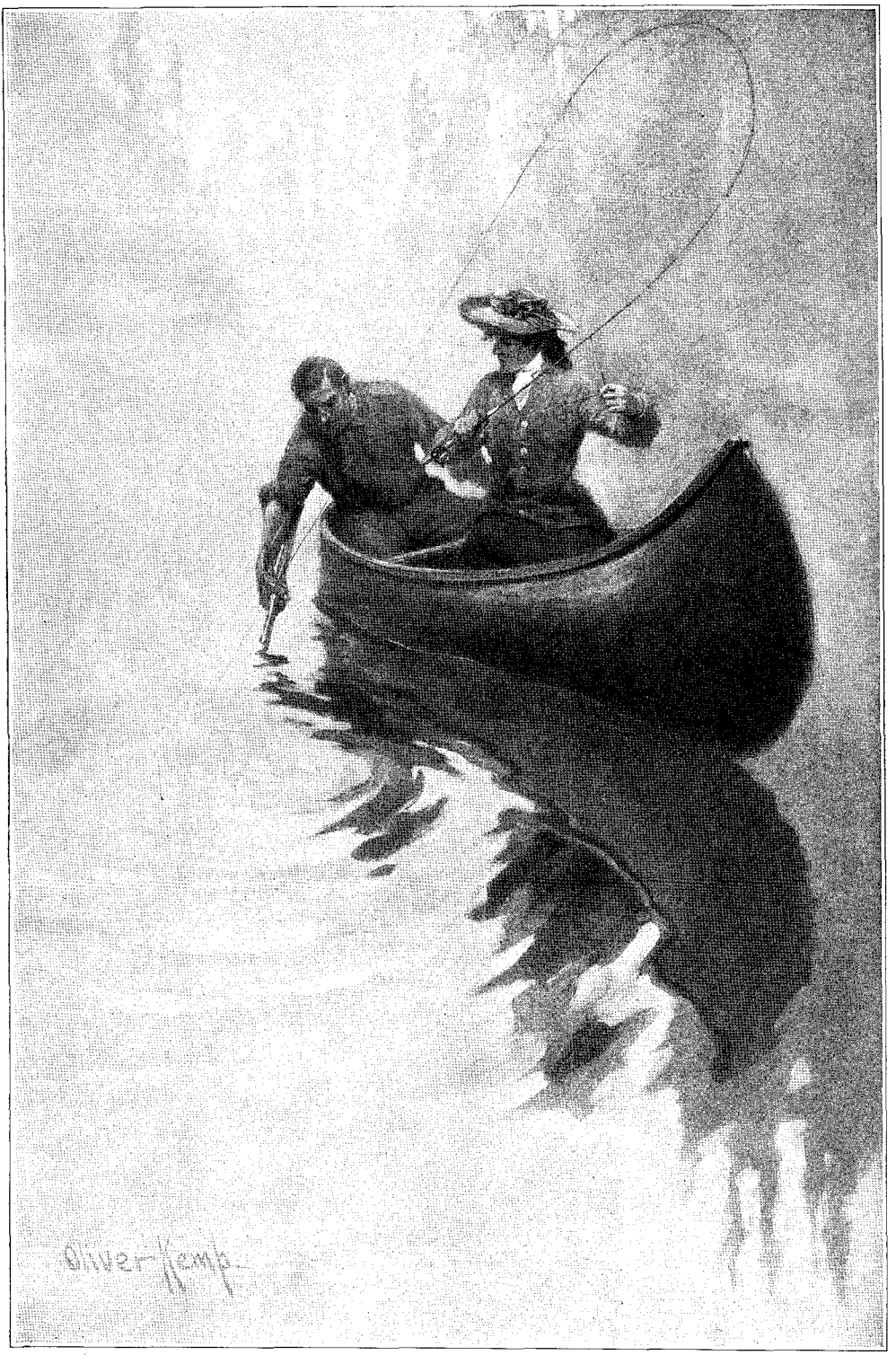

Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

Slowly she coaxed the trout to Billy's net.—Page 374.

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"There's a whale of a trout in the spring hole off the end of the pine stub."

"I really believe," thought Betty, as she drew her rod from its case, "that he's getting excited about the fishing." Billy was deep in his fly book.

But Betty was a fisherwoman and, notwithstanding her moods and the day, the old excitement of preparation came and, when she stepped into the canoe, carefully guarding the dry flies, she was thinking of the trout. As they neared the hole she prepared to cast and was measuring the distance when from behind she heard Billy say tensely:

"Betty!" She turned quickly.

"He strikes once and that's all."

"Oh!" said Betty, and just then she did not care whether she hooked the trout or not. He might at least be interesting!

When she faced the fishing again her spirits rose. She felt the day, and with her first cast she knew that her wrist was right, and that brings joy. With lengthening line she felt for her trout, the canoe answering her every move—Billy was certainly a good paddle—and she was glad they were there alone. At last she dropped her fly just on the spot where she knew the flash would come. It was like the word that need not have been spoken, the answer she knew was coming. She knew the trout was hers before she struck and then—she felt the canoe back away into safe water, Billy never overran her fish—a wild wish to get the trout seized her; if only to show him that she was the good sport she knew he thought her.

Only once did she fear the lily-pads as she fought carefully, glad of the sport, the lonely lake, the quiet, gray day. Slowly she coaxed the trout to Billy's net and with his "All right" she dropped her rod and watched him as he deliberately untangled the fish and held it up. It was her first really big trout.

"Billy," she said, "if you had spoken I would have jumped into the lake."

"I promised not to talk," he answered. "That boy," he added critically, "weighs three pounds. But I did talk."

"I didn't hear you."

"I said 'You're all right, Betty,' eleven times."

"I'll paddle now," said Betty.

"All right," he answered, and reached for his rod.

As she paddled slowly along the lily-pads a lazy feeling of comfort stole over Betty. She watched Billy's slow, lazy casts; she followed the line curving gracefully into the back cast and forward again, dropping with the gentle spread he was so proud of. Without a word she netted his fish, glad to be the good comrade.

And the day! One soft tone sank into another. Billy's green mackinac shirt blended into the ragged spruces along the shore line; the gray-green slopes melted into the soft sky; and all around was the silence of the lonely lake. She knew he was lost in the day and his thoughts—as she was. No other pal she had seemed to know how she liked the open, how she liked to take in the bigness, the lovableness of deserted places. He always understood without asking. Why hadn't she been able to make up her mind! Perhaps they would have done this sort of thing together! Perhaps, if Billy had been willing to wait—but he was so final. She saw herself tramping and fishing with him, and somehow the picture kept coming back through the long morning. She found contentment in it and more peace than she had known for days. At times she found herself regretting that she had asked him not to talk.

"Betty," he said suddenly, as if in answer to her half-formed wish.

She leaned forward, waiting.

"Have you got a match? My box fell into the water."

She handed him her match-box—one of the things that attracted him when he first met her was the fact that she always carried matches in the woods.

"This is fine," he went on, as the blue curls from his pipe drifted lazily over the pond.

"Let's go ashore and get luncheon," said Betty. And as Billy reeled in his line, a loon, aggressively mournful, laughed from the opposite shore.

After their luncheon they sat watching the fire Billy had made. With her hands behind her head Betty leaned against a tree and followed the smoke which, driven by the breeze that came down now from the slopes above, eddied and twisted into the woods. There was something in the quiet, in the isolation of the spot, in the comradeship,

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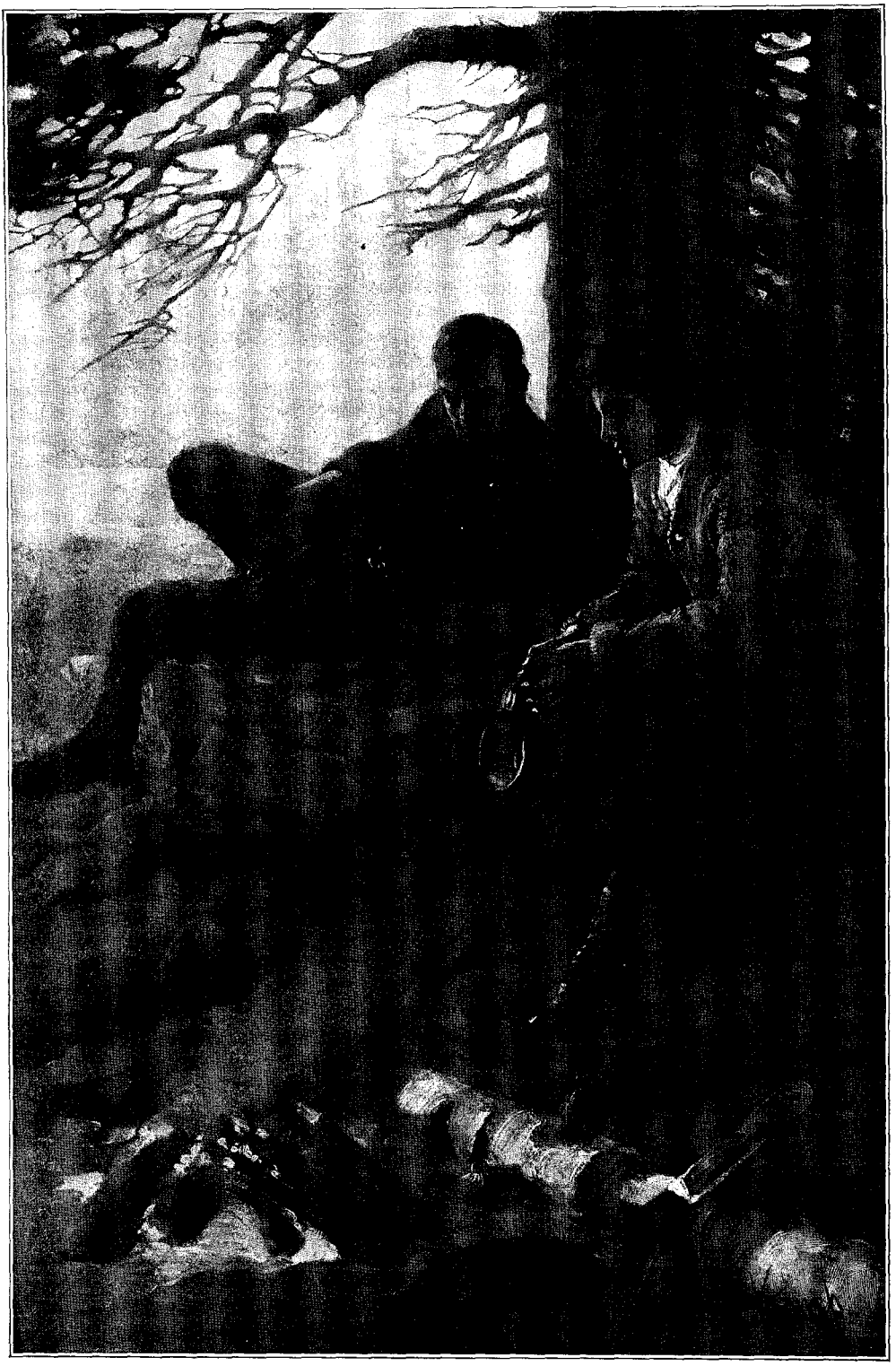

Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

"They have been good days," said Betty.—Page 376.

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that seemed to be answering the questions that had worried her so long. She looked at Billy. He was leaning against a tree trunk, his hat drawn over his eyes, gazing at the fire. She wondered whether he, too, was thinking of the things that might have been.

"This is the sort of thing I thought we would do often," he said abruptly. "Do you know," he went on, "I was foolish enough to plan out our wedding-trip. A long canoe trip with days of the woods and —you."

Betty did not answer.

"And," continued Billy, "it was a dream. Something that will come back, as to-day will come back and the other days we have played together."

"They have been good days," said Betty.

"But they're over now. Day after to-morrow I'll be hanging to a strap in the Subway." He rose suddenly. "Do you know it's raining?"

"No!" answered Betty almost impatiently. She felt that she had lost something. She thought of the woods with Billy gone. This was their last day together and already he was drawing the canoe into the water, just because of a little rain. They had often fished for hours in the rain.

"Come on!" he called. "We'd better make for camp.

"I'm ready," said Betty, taking her place in the bow, with a feeling of loneliness that hurt.

When Billy shouldered his pack at the trail she turned to the lake. The fog was rolling down from the hills in heavy clouds and settling into the spruce tops; a little ripple fled before the wind; the loon laughed again from out of the driving rain; and the pines above began to murmur. It was all her own fault! She had told Billy that it was best for him to forget and now that he was forgetting she could not blame him. He was going away and she felt with a sudden, deep realization, all that he was taking with him. All the gladness, all the sweet dependence, all the sympathies and tenderness of their fellowship came to her with a quick rush of memory, and she followed him up the trail with a warm glow that she had never felt before. She could not do without Billy.

And when they came to the burnt timber she thought of what he had said about lost memories. The trail seemed alive with them now. The day they climbed Attean; the day they were caught in the storm; the wild half-hour in the driving wind; the day they waded the brook; the long camp-fires; the evenings on the lake when they had watched the sunsets; Billy's thoughtfulness for her; his understanding; his care for her.

"Billy," she said, stopping, "I understand now about the lost memories. Look at them." She sat down on a log by the trail.

Billy turned, hesitated, and then sat down beside her.

"I'm glad you stopped," he said. "I wanted to." He slipped his pack and together they sat for a moment without speaking.

"Look at them," Betty repeated, pointing to the dead trunks. The trees seemed to be floating by in a white river of mist, gently, quietly.

"They look like ghosts, lonely ghosts," said Billy.

"They've haunted me all day," said Betty.

"They—have?" Billy looked at her quickly. She was looking into the mist.

"Yes!" she said slowly. "And I understand what you meant this morning."

"Do you, Betty?" Billy was almost afraid to trust his voice. "Then won't you let me try again? Won't you let me try to make you feel as I do? I've kept my promise all day. Won't you let me talk?"

He leaned towards her and waited for his answer. The woods seemed very still then.

"Please do," she said, turning to him, away from the lost memories.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

ONE of the most familiar and plausible of Matthew Arnold's generalizations is that one which sets forth that "literature is a criticism of life." But also it is one of those of his generalizations which most easily lend themselves to disparagement, and may come to seem *dicta* highly *obiter*—"superior" remarks, like "I do not even call Carlyle a great writer;" remarks which might make the disinterested "Continental," to whom, in fact, Arnold was always implicitly and often explicitly appealing, reflect upon the extent to which the Britannic "morgue" had succeeded in imposing itself and its really provincial estimates. Remarks which recall Crabb Robinson's "criticism" of their author: "Probably the ablest, and certainly the most consequential, of all the young persons I know;" or even Tennyson's demurrer to meeting him: "I said I didn't much like dining with gods."

"Criticism" or "Escape"

Even as to acknowledged masterpieces, which have stood the test of time, in what sense, to what degree, can you call the "Arabian Nights," criticism of life? "Howin" is the Faerie Queene, with all that it connotes, a criticism of life? Howin, again, does the definition square with its own author's description of the *milieu* of poetry, a description which carries instantaneous conviction: "The rest is a world of divine illusion."

At the same time, it has to be acknowledged that the definition belongs to an order of ideas which is just now circulating around the world, or in the literary circles thereof, the notion that a man is "responsible" for his literary pleasures, and that he has "no right" to take pleasure in trash. Careful statisticians estimate the amount of time that the average, let us say "commuter," wastes on newspapers, railroad whist, and yellow literature as we say now, or yellow-covered as we said a generation ago—and compute how in six months he might have put that squandered time to use in, let us say, mastering Gibbon. They exhort the commuter to repent and straightway addict himself to Gibbon, or author "to that effect." They assure him that if he will addict himself to the acknowledged masterpieces, he may become even as they, not apprehensive of the fate of the temperance reformer in the "Bab Ballad" who offered that inducement to the navvy, only to be assured that the navvy had not the slightest desire to resemble him.

Truly, the concern of the average busy man in his hours of ease is not to "criticise" life. He leaves that to persons whose vocation and not avocation it is. His concern is to get away from life. It is quite likely that he may not "admire rightly." A demonstration that he didn't, if he followed it, would not annoy him much. He might, if he knew enough, quote the great Goethe to the effect that wonder-working pictures are commonly bad paintings. At any rate he would have got his particular equivalent for the bad book he had read, or the bad play he had ignorantly admired, and would be in a position to snap his fingers at the cognoscenti. He would tell them that he read or went to the theatre to be amused, and that he had been amused in spite of them. Only the other day, a man who had been pathetically unlucky in life remarked: "I find I can lose myself only in Homer." All the better for him. He was getting some equivalent for the expensive education which possibly accounted in part for the unluckiness. In that case the expensive education owed him something in the way of consolation. All men are not so. As Stevenson hath it, "We do not all feel warmly towards Wesley or Laud, we cannot all take pleasure in 'Paradise Lost.'" But what though? Because some are exigent, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Because one declines to go on "criticising life" after the business hours in which he has been criticising it to the extent of speculating whether the man who was trying to sell him something, or to buy something of him, was or was not lying, and why, shall he therefore have no literary or dramatic recreation?

On this point the "secure world" has already judged, and keeps on judging, every generation for itself. And the man reproached in 1908, upon the ground that the book he has been reading, or the play he has been looking at, will not probably be read or shown in 1958, has his answer ready. It has amused him for its hour. It has not made him think, but it has kept him from thinking. If literate enough, which by hypothesis he is not, he might

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come down on his critics and those of "life" with the ponderous equine sense of Dr. Johnson,—"No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures." After all, what better, what else so good, can you say of a book than, or as, that it has helped you over a bad hour? This equally of the responsible literate and the irresponsible illiterate. It is true that this confession and avoidance cannot decently be pleaded by that "monstrous regiment of women" who read current trash, not as an avocation but as a vocation, if any. "But," says Mr. Kipling, in that lovely introduction to the Outward Bound Edition, "but the chief part of our business lies with men who are wearied at the end of the day." Also "but," it can be pleaded by busy persons of either sex. A famous and hard-working British judge of the last century recreated himself with great quantities of the fiction of his day after taxing his brain very severely in his judicial work. Probably his fiction was not "select." What then? It had served its turn.

In fact, a paradoxer, and not so very paradoxical, might make a plausible case with the thesis that bad literature has been more beneficent than good. We all remember Lord Macaulay's pretty little letter—to his niece, wasn't it?—professing his gratitude for his unfailing interest in reading. Again, according to Matthew, he did not read to much purpose. But he never wrote more sincere, and not often more eloquent, words, than those in which he celebrated literature, not as a criticism of life, but as a refuge from life. "Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens."

Travellers' Letters

I AM not a travelling person, but many of my friends are, and as the season of the year arrives when they are saying good-by and departing to the ends of the earth, I am depressed. Let no one misunderstand me. I am not depressed because of the good-bys. I love my friends, and it gives me a pang to see the gang-plank pulled in, but after they are gone and I have taken up my placid way again, I am well content in a realization of their existence and their welfare. Nor is it the outward ceremonies, the pomp and circumstances of departure that I envy them. My small contributions to it—boxes of candy, baskets of oranges, modest pints of champagne—these I send cheerfully, nothing grudging, though I confess to regret when they miss fire, or are absorbed by the steward on the way.

Nor, lastly, do I envy them their travels. The ends of the earth to which they wend are, no doubt, pleasant; but my end is pleasant, too, and I do not repine that my summer paths are the quiet, homely ones of old New England.

No, my depression arises from none of these things. It comes—I hesitate to confess the brutal truth—from the thought of the letters my Summer-in-Europe friends will write me. There! It is told!

And yet, I insist, I am really not a brute. I love my friends dearly, and when they go away to certain places—Maine, or the White Mountains, or Cape Cod—I love to get letters from them. But not when they go to Europe. There is something about Europe—and, I may add, California and all World's Fairs—that works mortal havoc with the friendly letter. I might almost say that so far as I am concerned a real, genuine friendly letter *from Europe* does not exist, unless the writer has settled down and lived in Europe until it has become home. Perhaps this is the real trouble. My friends galloping about the map are not at home. They are alert, beset with outward experiences to which they are giving continuous, restless response, and their letters are correspondingly rapid, restless, external, full of places and things and people, viewed rapidly and superficially; and all, no matter from whom, bear a strong family resemblance—they are travellers' letters. They reek of hotels and trains, they suggest monuments, museums—in a word—"sights."

Now, I have no objection to "sights" as such, nor to hotels and trains and museums. Monuments, indeed, of all sorts—except the Pyramids—I do hold in execration, but I try not to be unpleasant about them, and it is only when these things are offered me as a substitute for friends that I protest.

I am not unreasonable. I do not expect all my friends to be brilliant letter writers. A dull letter from a dear friend is one of the commonest—and pleasantest—things in life. But I want to feel my friend, not Europe, at the other end of the letter. If she is at home, in her habitual courses, she writes me little, pleasant humdrum things about her life, gives me a glimpse of her moods, of her real welfare. She does this even, as I have said, if she is at Cape Cod, or down in Maine. But abroad

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she cannot do it—instead she tries to serve up Europe to me! And Europe I can do without, at least Europe in just this form. Parts of it I, even I, have seen. And for the rest I am content to wait, or if, meanwhile, I grow impatient, and wish to learn more about Venice or Paris or the Tyrol, about this picture or that cathedral, I know several ways of finding out. From my friends abroad, all I ask is a friendly letter now and then, but, ah me! this is the very thing I never get! Why, it passes me to say. Is European travel a universal leveller, blotting out all individuality, an encouragement of the commonplace and the external? Is every one uninteresting away from home? I have sometimes thought so, as I have surveyed a steamerful of people or an automobile-load of tourists. And yet this does not seem wholly probable. At all events, though I cannot account for them, I am sure of my facts. Already I feel in anticipation the dreariness of those first letters that will come travelling back to me—letters written usually in pale ink or in pencil, on very thin paper, and usually cross-lined. Perhaps, now I think of it, this adds a last touch of exasperation to my feelings—this thin paper and bad ink. If they would only use a good, thick, cream-white sheet and write half the amount, I should take it kindly, but I find it doubly irritating to spend an hour, in a good light, deciphering things that are entirely indifferent to me when read. It tries me, when I want to know from Beatrice whether Hero's hair is growing in curly or straight after her fever, to work painfully among cross hatchings, only to discover that "we took the train at five P.M. and arrived at seven, in time for supper on the summit—the view was magnificent—wish you were with us!"

There are, of course, exceptions. One of my friends once spent a long summer in a tiny village in the Black Forest. She wrote comfortable, homey letters about nothing in particular, and I treasured them. But this exception only proves my point—she did not write travelling letters because she did not travel. Again, another friend once sent me a letter from Florence that was a gem. Pictures? Monasteries? Olive groves? No, none of these were remotely mentioned—thank fortune! Her letter was one long tirade against the habits of a certain group of foreigners—I will not say of what nation—in regard to their use of the toothpick! She was in such a state of exasperation when she wrote it that she was absolutely herself. I felt as if she had sat beside me, temper and all, and I had heard and seen her talk. I did not care in the least about foreign manners, but oh, that was a good letter! Which again, I think, proves my point.

Yes, my summer letters are dreary affairs. And of late years my troubles are aggravated by that last insult to friendship, the "souvenir" post-card. At this point language fails me. I have no words in which to speak of this abomination. It symbolizes the triumph of the commonplace, of the cheap-and-easy, the utter capitulation of individuality. And they will pour in upon me—post-cards in black and white, post-cards in colors, post-cards of all the famous pictures, of all the cathedrals, views, mountains, hotels, donkeys, peasants, in all tourist-Europe, and occasionally, horror of horrors, comic post-cards! On their edges will be scrawled flying words, and some initials, and as I decipher them I can see the counter where the things were purchased—the crowd of tourists choosing "sets," some for collections, some for poor absent friends like me; I can see them scribbling their messages, with ink and pen furnished by the provident shop-keeper, and then hurrying on to their trains or their boats or their trams. Souvenir post-cards indeed! To me who loathe the very name of souvenir! To me who so dearly love a quiet letter from a friend, written infrequently, perhaps, but in peace of spirit!

There seems to be no hope ahead. As the summers pass my trials of this sort grow greater rather than less. The letters grow more and more rapid, more and more restless, more and more external, and the post-cards pile up *ad nauseam!* I have never protested before, except in spirit. I can do so now only under the shelter of anonymity. If I criticise my friends it will pain them, and, I persist, I love my friends dearly. And so as the season comes round, I am depressed. Some summer I may even be driven to go to Europe myself!

What's in a Name?

FOR a man of letters a strong name of striking originality is a precious possession; it is a pearl beyond price, the attainment of which is well worth a resolute effort. An author is fortunate if it is given to him by descent and by baptism—John Milton, for example, or Francis Parkman, names combining vigor with a certain distinction. He is lucky if he can achieve it by arbitrary suppression of a superfluous given name, as Bret

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Harte did and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He is even justified, if he manufactures it for his own need as Josh Billings did and Artemus Ward. And it is difficult to chide the songster of Sierras when he cast away the Cincinnatus H.—whatever the H. may have portended—which had been inflicted on him by his godparents. After all, Joaquin Miller is more like the name of a poet than ever Cincinnatus H. Miller could have been. Even though poets must be born, their names can be made, if the intending poet knows how to go about it and if he has the courage of his convictions.

Lowell did not hesitate to express his belief that Keats was sadly handicapped by his name. "You cannot make a good adjective out of Keats—the more pity," he declared; "and to say a thing is *Keatsy* is to contemn it. Fortune likes fine names," and "Fame loves best such syllables as are sweet and sonorous on the tongue." There is a noble stateliness in *Miltonic*, a restful dignity in *Spenserian*, and a distinguished lordliness about *Tennysonian*. Beside these lofty adjectives, poor *Keatsy* trembles into insignificance. Even *Burnsy* is better than *Keatsy*, pitiable as it is in itself—pitiable and yet harshly sibilant. And what is the adjective that describes the cunning craftsmanship of Alexander Pope. Is it *Popeian?*—a monstrous vocable; or is it *Papal?* Nor is Poe any better off in this respect; the most one can do is to make shift with *Poe-like*, an unsatisfactory subterfuge.

It is in this same essay on his favorite Keats that Lowell suggested that when the fairies came with their gifts to the cradle of the born poet, one of them, wiser than the rest, should "choose a name for him from which well-sounding derivatives can be made, and best of all, with a termination in *on*." But even a termination in *o* will serve on occasion, and *Platonic* is as elevated a title as *Napoleonic*. It is in another essay of his, on another of his favorites, Walton, that Lowell recurs to this thought and asks "how should Brown or Smith or any other dingy monosyllable of Saxon indistinction compete for conjuration with Pelopidas or Timoleon? Even within living memory Napoleon had a prodigious purchase in his name alone, and prettily confirmed the theory of Mr. Shandy." Indeed, Napoleon is a style and title that swells imperially. Beside it how thin and watered is the name of his pinchbeck nephew, Louis Napoleon. Perhaps it was because they could not deny the loud-sounding majesty of *Napoleon* that the British opponents of the Corsican adventurer, a hundred years ago, insisted on calling him *Buonaparte*.

Besides being sonorous a man of letters, whether a poet or a prose-man, is blest when his name is also aggressively individual, when it belongs to him and indicates him, and him alone, and no one else. Is it mere fanciful association that makes us feel the eternal fitness of the stalwart Mark Twain to the beloved septuagenarian who has made it a household word? Is it merely an *ex post-facto* discovery that Rudyard Kipling is exactly the name that ought to belong to the author of the "Jungle Book," and that Rider Haggard is exactly the name that ought to belong to the author of "King Solomon's Mines"? For some of us it will be a sad day when the ex-pilot no longer marks twain and when the rudyards cease from Kipling.

If it is a misfortune for a man of letters to be born with a dingy Saxon monosyllable for his name, it is a double misfortune if he has to share both of his names with some other seeker after fame. Smiths and Browns there are plenty, and of an inexpugnable indistinction—but Sidney Smith and Sir Thomas Browne managed to snatch victory from prenatal defeat. Even with a dingy monosyllable something may be achieved, from time to time, but what misfortune and disaster follow fast and follow faster a couple of men who have only one name between the two of them! There is a certain American man of letters with leanings toward politics who has the same names, family and Christian both, as a certain British politician with leanings toward literature. Who shall distinguish Dromio of New Hampshire from the Dromio of Birmingham? As the American girl in Paris said after she had matched her own hair with a borrowed braid, *On ne peut pas dire qui est qui.*

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THE FIELD OF ART

MODERN FOREIGN PAINTINGS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL

THE FIELD OF ART has already devoted several papers to the American paintings at the Museum, and it is the purpose of this department to pass in review the most important acquisitions by modern foreign masters.

It is perhaps the French School which has most strongly influenced the art that is now practised by our painters.

The French is the one single nation here most largely represented in its art; but even in this school there are vacancies which it is most desirable to see filled. These occur rather in the art of the early decades of the century just passed, but are also to be remarked among the experimentalists of the *fin-de-siècle* period, while among the later painters it may be a cause almost for astonishment that one becomes aware of the fact that the Metropolitan Museum does not own a single example of Jean François Millet. As these notes are made only on the actual permanent possessions of the institution, this star in the firmament of French art of the nineteenth century may not be described, as it is irrelevant to the subject in hand.

Of those, however, that are here, and for which we are duly thankful, we look to see other and more fully representative examples. For instance, there was a time, before their reputations demanded a constant output, before indeed, they became fashionable, when Gérôme and Cabanel painted works of an intellectual and artistic vigor and sincerity that quite surpassed the skilful but more or less perfunctory canvases that they produced in their later years.

This cannot be said of Millet, who was always profoundly moved before nature and sought to express his emotions to the last. Cabanel and Gérôme, well-trained draughtsmen, achieved a virtuosity that possessed a market value, but in their younger days did actually more than this; and it is examples of this period that it would be most interesting to see here.

The dignified portrait by Cabanel of Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, for whom the Wolfe galleries are named, is in line with the serious work of this portraitist *à la mode*.

The elegance and distinction of pose, the workman-like qualities of drawing, modelling, and differentiation of textures mark it as a fine example of this popular painter. But when we go on to "The Shulamite," a subject painted to order, illustrating verses from the Song of Solomon, we see Cabanel in all his perfunctory annual-Salon manner.

In striking contrast to the above painter we have here Manet, he who infused new blood into painting at a time when Cabanel was nominally and officially the head of French art. Without the academic correctness of men trained as were Bouguereau, Hébert, Gérôme and Cabanel, Manet, on the other hand, looked nature squarely in the face and painted facts as he saw them. The result was that human beings existed before you in all the vividness of life. He believed it was the business of the painter to paint; and so his "Lady in Pink" and the "Boy with a Sword" are masterpieces of frank vision achieved by means of pigment. Faulty often in drawing, he built up his presentations by sound construction and faithful color, attaining in the course of this effort certain captivating passages of paint that recalled at times a no less skilful manipulator than that wizard of eighteenth-century art, Fragonard himself. One has but to study the integrity of color in his "Boy with a Sword," the tonal quality of floor, background, and blue hose, and the marvellous painter-like quality of the half-peeled orange in the "Lady in Pink" to become conscious of his faculty for painting which I am endeavoring to suggest. It belongs to the great traditions of the painter's craft.

We find in Gérôme in the "Prayer in a Mosque; Old Cairo" an excellent example of this most intelligent painter. Although not gifted with a sensitive color sense, Gérôme, by close observation did much truth-telling of the more obvious kind; and the logical folds of rich materials, the metallic or lithic qualities which he gave to respective substances gained for him a public of enthusiastic admirers. He was more than a technician, however, for

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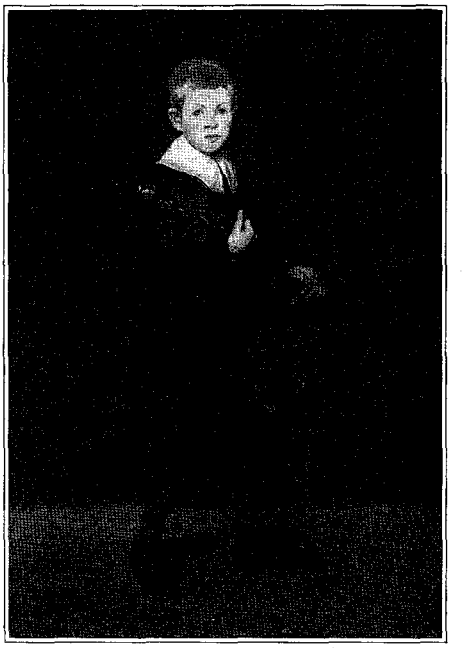
in his best canvases he has shown a splendid sense of graphic composition. The painting of the figures and the details of the architecture in this picture are worthy of all praise.

Fromentin, that sensitive and brilliant writer as well as painter, is well seen in a little picture entitled "Arabs Crossing a Ford." His palette vibrates with delicious and pure color, in spite of a certain *ficelle* or method of painting which he has evidently evolved to secure particular effects, namely, the superposing of atmospheric tones on an under preparation of tender browns for mountains and distances. This method pervades all his work; but it must be admitted that in his hand it is highly successful. The movement, the delicate drawing of horses and riders, and the opalescent charm of the color make of this picture a veritable gem.



Boy with a Sword, by Edouard Manet.
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Jules Breton, that happy painter of French rural life, is represented by two canvases. The larger and more characteristic was fully described in these pages on the occasion of his death, 1906. The other, a small work, "Peasant Girl Knitting," is not so successful in the luminous quality of out-of-doors, as Breton in many of his pictures has led us to expect from him. It is rather heavy and dark in color, but honest in sentiment and feeling.

And while we are on the rural side of French painting we must pause to admire the partly mystical but largely realistic work by Bastien-Lepage, the "Joan of Arc" which, at the time of its production seemed the last word in *plein air* painting. Has it grown darker with time, or are our eyes, through Monet and others, keyed to a lighter scale of color? It is full of treasures of observation, and is of the intimate and familiar school of what might be termed *heroic genre*. In any case it is a memorable work for any age.

There was a painter whose technical achievement was perhaps as great as that of any contemporary Frenchman, who for long years pursued his profession undisturbed by the task of imparting his knowledge to a following of pupils such as Bonnat, Gérôme, and Cabanel directed by choice and an apparent desire to instruct. This man was Meissonier. For ability to impart to small pictures a largeness of handling that partook of the amplitude of life, Meissonier was unrivalled. Not always fine in color, he was usually a good colorist, while for strength of drawing and vigor of action he was singularly impressive. A picture here, small in dimensions, "General and Adjutant," is a marvel of sunny breadth and largeness of painting. The heads are constructed in a massive manner, with a landscape of admirable quality and truthful observation. His "Friedland, 1807," is a canvas more important in size than is usual with Meissonier; no finer in quality than the little canvas, mentioned above, although better known. Here is seen the great Napoleon at the zenith of his glory at the battle of Friedland, a little removed from the field of actual engagement, receiving the enthusiastic salutes of his Cuirassiers as they dash before him through a field of unripe wheat. It is said that to study the lie of the grain thus trampled on the artist paid a farmer for a field of growing wheat near his studio in the country, and secured a company of cavalry from a neighboring army post to charge through the field. From this havoc of the harvest he made studies for the foreground of this work.

In spite of this apparent desire to be faithful to the facts of nature his pictures are examples of astonishing technical skill, without any great constructive use of chiaroscuro enveloping and uniting the whole.

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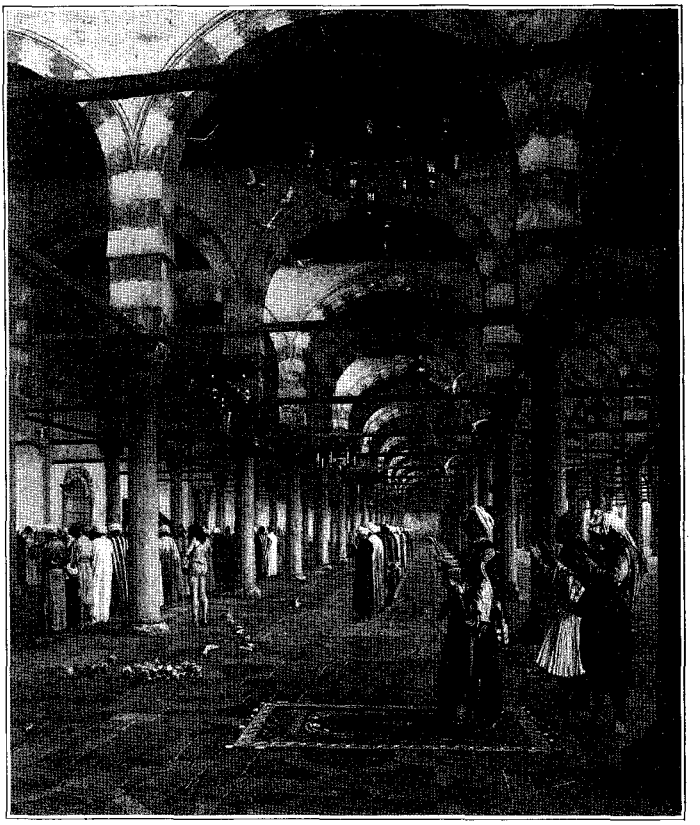

Prayer in a Mosque, Old Cairo, by Jean Léon Gérôme.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

In striking contrast to Meissonier is the earlier Delacroix, whose delight in massive composition and vehement presentation is often at the expense of fidelity of form. There is nothing of the deliberate correctness and security of touch which always mark the work of Meissonier; nor of the diminutive size in canvas; but where the latter leaves you cold Delacroix stirs the emotions by even the nervous agitation of his stroke. He is too much carried away by his theme to be troubled by lapses in vocabulary, so to speak; but he moves by his eloquence.

"L'enlèvement de Rébecca," a subject from Scott's "Ivanhoe," is a newly acquired work, and is a fairly good illustration of this virile painter. Delacroix led French art as opposed to the colder and more correct method of Ingres; and it is to be regretted that the Museum has no work of that valiant conservator of form who, at a time when the newer impulse of Delacroix was felt in French painting, kept unswervingly to drawing and beauty of line.

Coming on later than Delacroix, but reaching his apogee early, it was to the surprise of many that in 1879 they heard of Couture's death. He had influenced a number of Americans who admired his method and who had followed him to his retirement. The picture here by him is a characteristic one. Although somewhat sentimental in subject, "Day Dreams" exemplifies all this painter's mannerisms. Painted on a prepared canvas in which warm brownish tones predominate, the lights loaded and the shadows transparent, the picture is agreeable in color, but, from the present attitude of painters toward natural effects, not veraciously "seen."

Of Bonnat and Bouguereau there are canvases that represent them in their more or less popular and mercantile light; accomplished work of accomplished men, but yielding little that is distinguished in subject or color.

It is among the landscapists such as Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Jules Dupré that we must now look for appreciative and emotional expressions of nature.

Corot is seen in a typical view, "Ville d' Avray, near Paris." The general tone of this picture is of that silvery-gray which is what Corot loved to paint, although at times he was very happy with a lighter and gayer aspect of nature. It is to be hoped that the Museum will later extend its examples of this joyous and fine temperament and secure some of those in which his sentiments toward the outside world have a wider and fuller expression.

Jules Dupré was attracted by a richer and more dramatic appearance of the world. Powerful color, stormy skies, massive foliage

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appealed to him and he manages to make them appeal to the spectator in a powerful and graphic way. "The Hay Wagon" is a good specimen of his opulent sense of form and color.

Daubigny is a lyrical poet of the country. His painting is of the finest quality at times and, while subtle and rare in color, possesses a charm of pigment and swiftness of touch that mark the craftsman of high order. His "On the River Oise; Evening," is of this united quality of sentiment and workmanship —it is poetical in feeling and full of charm for the professional painter.

Rousseau's penetrating glance at the world, his vigorous feeling for the constructive forms of natural objects in landscape, be they of tree, rock, or sky, or the organic mass of all these, as felt in the retreat of a plain or the general physiognomy of a country-side, where no salient foreground is made use of for pictorial effect—this glance, this well-defined feeling of corporeity and volume of a scene in nature, is well given in the canvas by him entitled "Edge of the Woods."

The dark, yet well-modelled group of massive trees to the right, the brilliant and vital sky, so light that it seems to throw the terrestrial portion of the picture into a low-toned structural mass of brownish-green, give an impression of solidity and force that hints at the longevity and slow growth of the planet itself.

There are few such draughtsmen to be found among landscape painters, and few such sturdy craftsmen as Rousseau. In addition to his sound sense of color, he gives the feeling, in all he does, of being dominated by a mighty will.

This account of the French painters to be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art has to do with names of long-established reputation and long-established practice. Nothing has been said of new methods and the new sense of "seeing"; and for the very obvious reason that this new school is not to be found among the possessions of the institution.

What of Degas, Monet, of Sisley and Cézanne; what of Besnard, Carrière and Carolus-Duran?

There is nothing by them here, the only one of the school being by Renoir, rather recently acquired—a vibrating portrait group.

Let us hope for more work by these men to whom modern painting is largely indebted.

FRANK FOWLER.

Edge of the woods by P. E. T. Rousseau.

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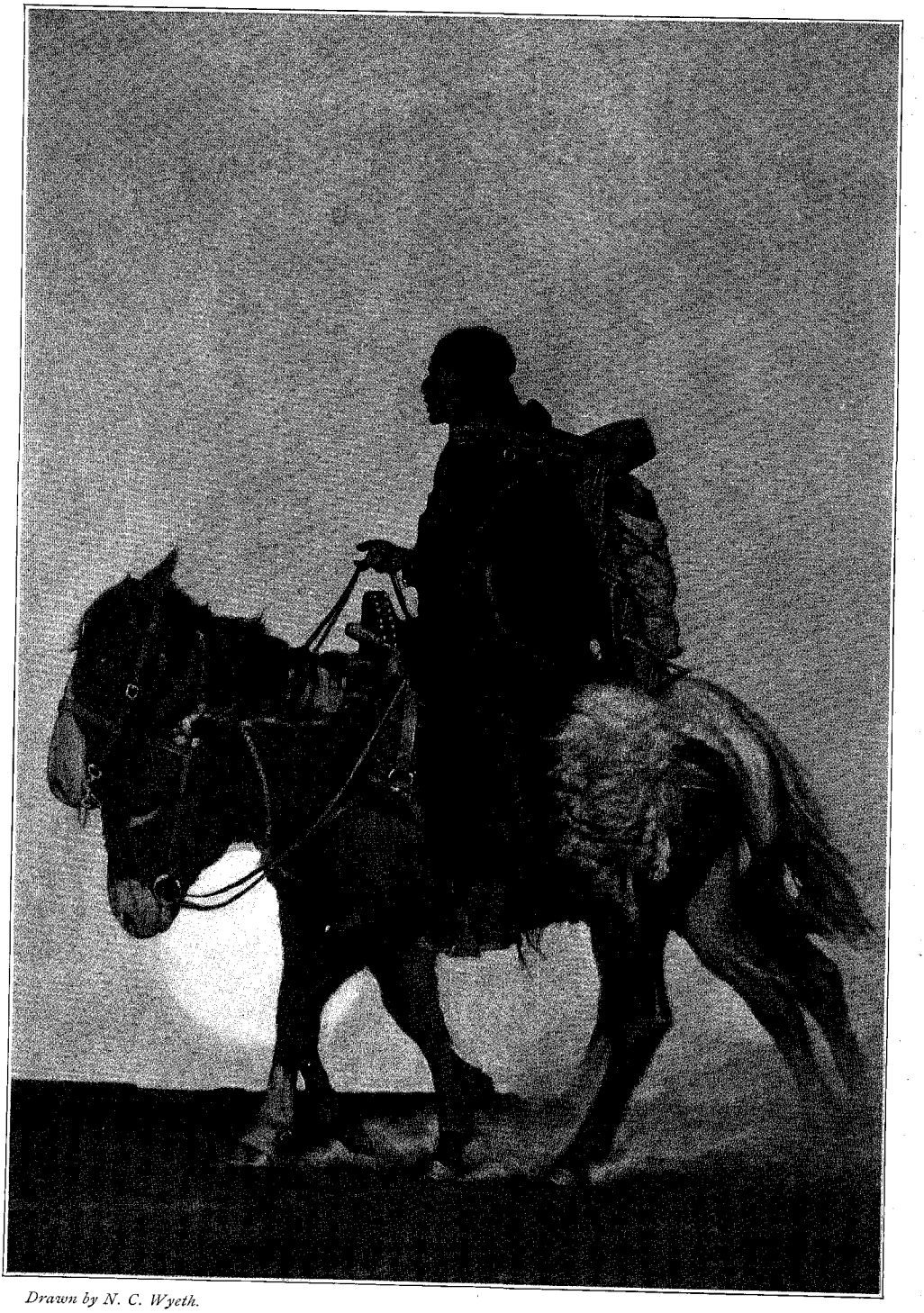

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

ON THE OCTOBER TRAIL.

(A Navajo family.)

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